

Unequivocal endorsement of reforms

Thatcher gives full support to Gorbachov

FROM MARY DEJEVSKY AND ROBIN OAKLEY IN MOSCOW

THE Prime Minister yesterday gave an unequivocal endorsement of President Gorbachov's "remarkable" reform programme and, at a Kremlin dinner in her honour, expressed confidence in its eventual success.

She said the Soviet Union had chosen "an historic new path for the future" and offered a powerful boost to the Soviet leader at a time when he is beset by domestic problems.

As though recognizing Mr Gorbachov's difficulties — with an economic reform programme widely regarded as inadequate and likely to be defeated in parliament, panic buying in anticipation of price rises, the election of the radical Mr Boris Yeltsin as President of the Russian Federation, and renewed ethnic violence in the Caucasus and Central Asia — Mrs Thatcher said: "I wonder if you know, Mr President, how

many well-wishers you have the world over, willing you and your people to succeed."

Mrs Thatcher pointed to a new constitutional relationship between the republics and the central government, a new political structure based on multi-party democracy and a new economic policy based on the market. Any one of those changes, she said, would be startling seen against the legacy of the past. "Taken together, they are really remarkable."

Mrs Thatcher had earlier told Mr Gorbachov that the reforms he had begun amounted to one of the greatest achievements of the twentieth century. And at a meeting with the Soviet Prime Minister, Mr Nikolai Ryzhkov, Mrs Thatcher predicted the Soviet Union would end the century on a high note. "You will do it!"

do not at the moment see these common bodies emerging," Mr Gorbachov, noting that the Prime Minister was a more experienced politician and perhaps more cautious, expressed his enthusiasm for integrating the two alliances in a pan-European structure and pointed out that she had not excluded the idea for all time.

Earlier in the day, Mrs Thatcher met the new mayor of Moscow, Mr Gavril Popov, and discussed plans for a British Soviet trade centre in the capital. Mr Popov is the leader of the reformist group, Democratic Russia which won the majority of seats in the spring elections for the Moscow city council and has promised widespread privatization of business and services in the capital.

Yesterday morning, Mrs Thatcher and Mr Gorbachov spent two-and-a-half hours in talks dominated by the future of Germany and Europe. Mrs Thatcher voiced understanding of Soviet objections to Nato membership for a united Germany and offered assurances that Soviet security interests would be fully taken into account.

Mrs Thatcher also had meetings with Mr Ryzhkov, who assured her that future laws on joint ventures would allow foreign ownership, foreign managers and the repatriation of profits, and the Defence Minister, Marshal Dmitri Yazov.

The two leaders later held a joint press conference at which Mr Gorbachov concentrated on the need for economic reform, while Mrs Thatcher defended the Western view that a united Germany should be in Nato if that was what the Germans decided and her view that effective security required strong defences.

Mrs Thatcher was reported to have mentioned to Mr Gorbachov Britain's determination to keep an independent nuclear deterrent. "We have an independent deterrent and we intend to keep it at the minimum credible level," Mr Gorbachov did not apparently raise the question of "non-circumvention" of the projected agreement reducing strategic range arms (Start), the codeword for Britain's plans to purchase the US-made Trident missile. The issue of Britain's deterrent was reportedly raised at the Washington summit.

The leaders publicly acknowledged their differences on a framework for European security. Mrs Thatcher opposed the idea of the Warsaw Pact and Nato operating as parallel linked bodies and rejected calls for the common security system favoured by Mr Gorbachov. She said: "I

President Gorbachov responded to the move with equanimity. Speaking at a press conference with Mrs Margaret Thatcher, he said: "Nothing has so far been passed that contravenes the USSR constitution. I am 100 per cent certain that neither the Russian Federation Congress nor the Russian Supreme Soviet will pass laws that would damage the Federation or jeopardise the process of its renewal."

Earlier, Mr Gorbachov expressed the hope that Mr Yeltsin would act constructively and in the spirit of perestroika.

There was no room for personal emotions in such matters, the Soviet leader said in a BBC interview. The issues before them were not insurmountable obstacles. But, he said, solutions would depend on the line taken by Mr Yeltsin. What Mr Yeltsin had said in the days before his election as chairman of the Supreme Soviet of the Russian Federation were one thing. The way he would act in the future was another.

REVIEW

The shame of Waterloo



There will be a mock battle next weekend to mark the 175th anniversary of Waterloo. There is another battle still to be fought to clear up the mess the battlefield has become. Michael Binyon reports. Page 32

Village that saved its lighthouse

When a Norfolk village was told its lighthouse was to close some people wrung their hands and others rang alarm bells. Brian James reports on a unique campaign. Page 29

Edwina Currie

If I were David Owen: Page 30

Is wine such a liquid asset?

Drinkers may dream of laying down wine as an investment. Jane MacQuitty says it might make merry, but it won't make money. Page 35

SPORT

Robson on Robson

England captain Bryan Robson talks to Stuart Jones about the World Cup — and about his manager Bobby Robson. Page 48

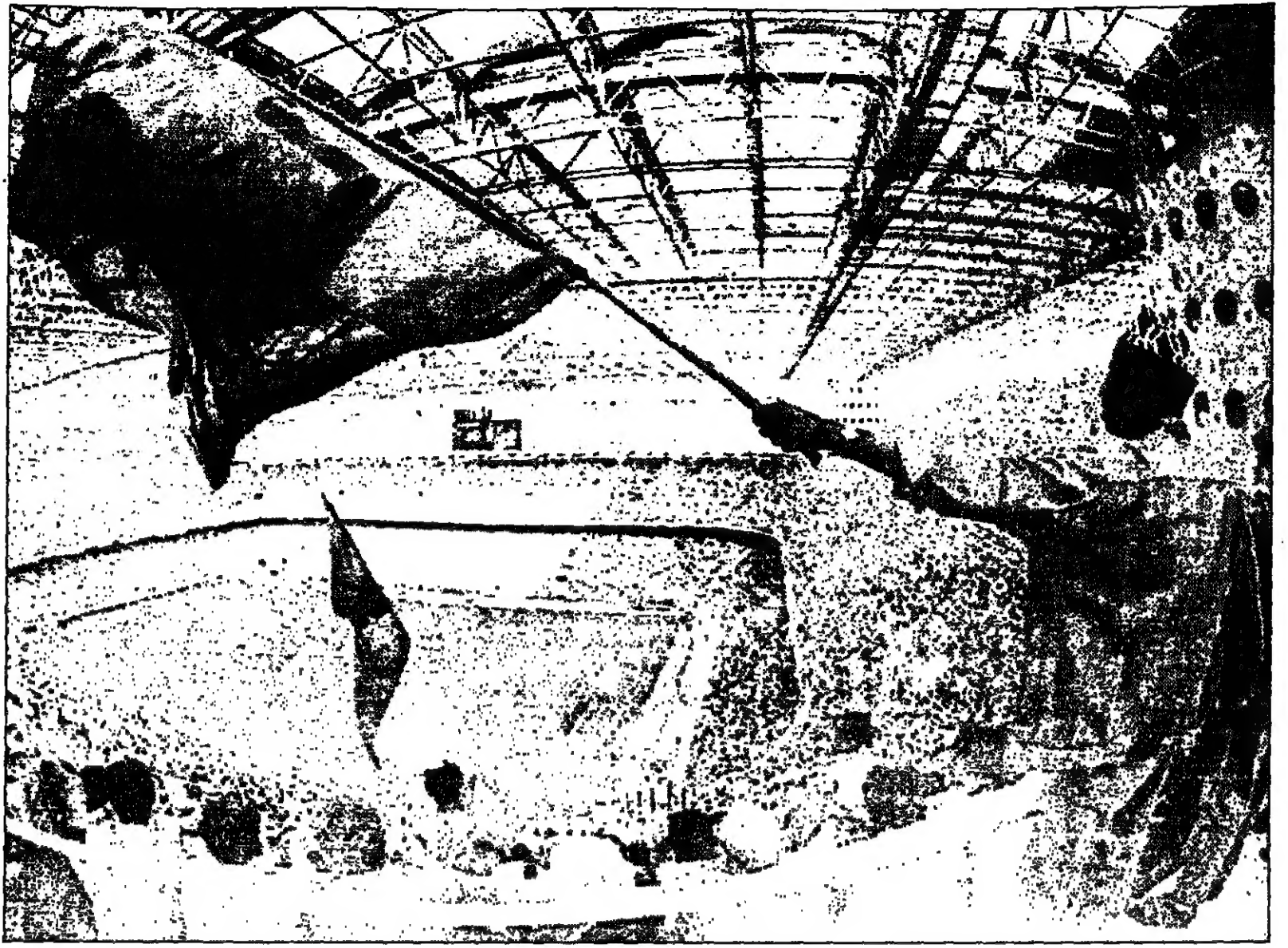
CLASS LISTS

The first Class Lists from Oxford University, in natural science, pure and applied biology and zoology, are published today. Page 12

Throughout the summer The Times will be publishing degrees from all United Kingdom universities, together with first class degrees from polytechnics.

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Wave of support: A Cameroon fan waving his national flag at the World Cup opening ceremony in Milan's Menzina stadium

Russia votes itself supreme

FROM MARY DEJEVSKY MOSCOW

THE Russian Federation yesterday proclaimed that its constitution and laws should take priority over Soviet laws in the event of a conflict. The announcement came in a declaration on sovereignty submitted to the Russian Federation Congress (Parliament) meeting in Moscow.

The article on the priority of Russian laws was approved by 544 votes to 271. The declaration as a whole still has to be passed by the Congress's editorial commission before being resubmitted next week, but there is no doubt that it will be passed.

At present, the laws of the Russian Federation barely differ from those of other republics, as they proceed from a "basic law" common to the Soviet Union. Now that Mr Boris Yeltsin is president, however, and has committed himself to rapid economic and political reform, conflict between the centre and the Russian Federation cannot be discounted.

President Gorbachov responded to the move with equanimity. Speaking at a press conference with Mrs Margaret Thatcher, he said: "Nothing has so far been passed that contravenes the USSR constitution. I am 100 per cent certain that neither the Russian Federation Congress nor the Russian Supreme Soviet will pass laws that would damage the Federation or jeopardise the process of its renewal."

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IRA's bomb expert is jailed for 30 years

By STEWART TENDLER, CRIME CORRESPONDENT

THE man who organized an IRA bomb factory designed to supply a mainland campaign two years ago was sentenced to 30 years imprisonment at the Central Criminal Court yesterday after being found guilty of conspiracy to cause explosions.

Nicholas Mullen, aged 42, a dealer in electronic equipment, of Wood Green, north London, was found guilty by a majority of 10 to 2 at the end of a trial that lasted more than five weeks. Eamon Wadley, aged 36, also of Wood Green, was found not guilty of aiding terrorists and was cleared of four charges of making property available for terrorism.

Sentencing Mullen Mr Justice Hidden QC said: "I am satisfied you are a very dangerous man. You combine a high degree of criminal cunning with commitment to a political cause."

The judge told him that but for good fortune there would have been a deadly bombing campaign and "for the death and destruction and the maiming and mourning that would have followed you

would have been every bit as responsible as those who set off the bombs."

The sentence is the most severe handed down to anyone convicted of aiding and abetting IRA activities on the mainland and is clearly aimed at warning members of the terrorist support networks of the penalties they may face. Mullen was arrested by Scotland Yard's anti-terrorist branch last year after police stumbled on one of the biggest terrorist caches seen in mainland Britain, in a south London flat Mullen had rented for a terrorist unit.

Police also discovered evidence linking Mullen to plans for the construction of homemade mortars, which had never been seen on the mainland, and might have been used on a variety of targets. Mullen, thought to have been a "sleeper" activated in 1987 or 1988, provided hideouts, money and vehicles for the IRA campaign.

Police entered the flat in Clapham just before Christmas 1988 after a shooting incident. They found evidence

that the terrorists were building a bomb when they were disturbed.

Searches revealed lists of targets, including the Prime Minister, other politicians, military commanders and VIPs. The material could have been used to create 40 bombs.

Detectives investigating the bomb factory soon discovered that Mullen was the organizer, and that he was supported by a network of hideouts, financial back-up and cars. In the autumn of 1988, he arranged the rental of a Clapham flat, which became the main depot for an intensive attack scheduled to be launched over Christmas that year. He prepared calculations for homemade mortars and hired a workshop in east London that was used to make weapons. The plans collapsed after police accidentally discovered the Clapham flat when one of the terrorists, on watch outside, was disturbed by a passer-by and opened fire.

Nitro test, page 3

Cameroon upset champions

FROM JOHN GOODBODY IN CAGLIARI

TINY Cameroon brought the first big upset in the World Cup yesterday by beating the defending champions Argentina in the opening game. Oman Biyik's 66th-minute goal brought victory to a team reduced to 10 men after Kana Biyik was sent off in the second half of the match in Milan.

The 14th World Cup tournament had earlier opened with a ceremony of Latin colour and pageantry, mixing spectacle with the music of Verdi. The presidents of Italy, Brazil, Romania, Argentina and Cameroon, attended the ceremony. The World Cup anthem, *An Italian Summer*, was followed by a parade and the release of balloons.

The final on July 8 is expected to be watched by an eighth of the world's population.

ROME: Sales of alcohol will be banned in Rome and the surrounding province for 41 hours when matches are played in the city.

Swindon mourns, page 2
Opening match, page 45

Car blast 'for animal rights'

By DAVID SARSTED

A GOVERNMENT scientist, who has received repeated death threats for her work on laboratory animals at the Ministry of Defence's Chemical Defence Establishment at Porton Down in Wiltshire, narrowly escaped death when a bomb destroyed her car as she drove to work, police disclosed yesterday.

The attack on Mrs Margaret Baskerville, a veterinary officer at the top-secret base where animals are used in germ warfare research, was being regarded last night as a sinister development in the long-running campaign against scientists involved in animal experiments.

Last night, an anonymous caller to the BBC in Southampton claimed animal rights activists had planned the

IRA-style device. The caller, who had a northern accent, played a tape which said: "It was a mercury tilt device but the plan to kill Mrs Baskerville unfortunately did not materialize this time. Now everyone who works at the Porton Down base is a target."

Mrs Baskerville, aged 49, had just backed out of the driveway of her home at Winterslow, near Salisbury, when the device detonated. Inspector Graham Chivers of Wiltshire Police said: "As she selected first gear to drive away, there was an explosion and she saw flames behind her. She escaped through the driver's window as the force of the explosion had buckled the door frames and blew out the front and rear windows." She suffered from shock.

Meanwhile, back at the Lazy Cowboy...

FROM MARTIN FLETCHER WASHINGTON

THE American cowboy, symbol of the rugged individualism which made this nation great, is disappearing. The truth is that no one wants the job these days. From Texas to North Dakota, young men raised in the West are turning their backs on the buckaroo's rugged life. They no longer want to spend their days on horseback — rounding up, branding and castrating cattle, mending fences and clearing corrals — and their nights in the bunkhouse.

have, for the first time in their history, begun legally to import cowhands from Mexico and Peru, with ranchers in Texas, New Mexico and Utah likely to follow suit.

In Wyoming, the state with a cowboy on every vehicle licence plate, Miss Oralia Mercado, of the Mountain Plains Agricultural Service, advertised for six cowhands on behalf of ranchers earlier this year, and says she received no reply.

There is high unemployment in Wyoming, "but evidently they don't want this kind of work," complains Miss Irene Redland, who has a few thousand acres and several hundred head of cattle.

"I think our country is getting lazy. I think the people in our country are real lazy." The unemployed, she says, prefer to receive welfare and the few who apply for the jobs she advertises

are "not worth a dime when you get them."

Mr Chandler Keys, spokesman for the National Cattlemen's Association in Washington, says that it is becoming "harder and harder" for ranchers to hire good men. "It's tough work; not a lot of pay; long hours; a lonesome 365-day-a-year job with only a horse and dog for company. You can't just take off for Florida for two weeks."

Mr Jerry Jack, executive vice-president of the Montana Stockgrowers Association, speaks of the difficulty of bringing in outsiders to replace skilled men. "There ain't no college in the nation can teach you to handle livestock or break horses."

According to Mr Greg Baker, foreman of the 50,000-acre Le Barr ranch, which spans Wyoming and Montana, the gringo cowboy is a

dying breed. "The American rancher is raising his children to be doctors and lawyers, and hell, when the ranch kids are becoming doctors and lawyers, who's going to run the ranch?"

Mexicans will. They can earn between \$600 (£353) and \$800 a month plus board, lodging and travel to and from the US. They can stay for three years. If they are lucky, their bunkhouse will have a satellite receiving dish for television. That is not much to an American. "You can get better pay cleaning cars in a country gas station," says Mr Richard Rattenburg, curator of history at Oklahoma City's National Cowboy Hall of Fame. But it is four times what Mexican vaqueros could hope to get back home. Ranchers are also changing techniques, rounding up cattle by helicopter, pick-up truck or even cross-country motorbike.

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Labour seeks ban on ex-ministers joining privatized firms

By RICHARD FORD
POLITICAL CORRESPONDENT

THE Labour Party yesterday called for a ban on former ministers taking jobs on the board of firms privatized by the Government until the introduction of rules for such appointments.

Mr Gordon Brown, the trade and industry spokesman, has written to the Prime Minister seeking an assurance that no former ministers were about to join the board of a privatized company. He demanded regulations similar to those which apply to civil servants, particularly senior officials who must seek permission before joining a company within two years of retirement or resignation. Figures show that the number of applications dealt with under the Civil Service rules rose by 13 per cent last year to 989.

Ninety-three applications came from the top three grades of the service, 339 from grades four to seven and 558 from the rank of senior executive officer and below. The figures show that 59 per cent of applications were dealt with by the Ministry of Defence.

Mr Brown said that people were told privatization was about making industries efficient, but that it now looked like "jobs for the boys". He added: "Too many departing Cabinet ministers are moving straight from the Cabinet room to the boardroom of our privatized

companies. Once our nationalized companies were the final responsibility of Cabinet ministers who were to account for them in the public interest. Now it seems increasingly the boards of privatized industries are being staffed by retired Cabinet ministers advancing their private interests.

"Privatization began with the selling of the family silver," he said. "It is now ending in the farce of golden parachutes for departing Cabinet ministers."

The appointment of a number of former ministers to the board of privatized companies has fuelled opposition protests and demands for regulations. Just over a month after he resigned from the Cabinet, Mr Peter Walker, the

former Secretary of State for Wales, Energy and Agriculture became a non-executive director of British Gas, which was privatized while he was at the Department of Energy. He saw through the privatization legislation and the subsequent privatization of the company.

In May, Mr Norman Fowler was appointed a non-executive director of the National Freight Corporation. Mr Fowler, who resigned from the Cabinet in January, was a Minister for Transport at the time that NFC was being prepared for privatization. Mr Norman Tebbit, who was responsible for privatizing British Telecom, became a non-executive director of BT after leaving the Government in 1987, and Lord Joseph,

formerly Sir Keith Joseph, joined Cable and Wireless as a part-time consultant in 1986 after leaving the Government in May of that year.

Mr Brown said in his letter to the Prime Minister that it was important for there to be regulations governing former ministers who wished to take appointments on the boards of privatized companies. They were, he added, in a "unique situation" as the companies they joined had been privatized by Mrs Thatcher's Government.

Under civil service rules all applications to join a commercial body from permanent secretary, second permanent secretary and deputy secretary level are referred to an advisory committee on

business appointments. Applications from lower grades over which there are doubts or potential difficulties are dealt with by the Cabinet Office. In 1989, 246 applications were referred to the Cabinet Office, including 50 from members or former members of the forces.

The result of the referrals was that two were approved with the maximum two-year waiting period, 123 approved subject to conditions with a marked increase in the use of waiting periods, and 121 were approved unconditionally. The figures from the Cabinet Office reveal an 17 per cent increase in applications to which conditions were attached compared with 1988.

Clarke says consultants cannot veto opt-outs

By JILL SHERMAN, SOCIAL SERVICES CORRESPONDENT

HOSPITALS will be allowed to become self-governing even if the majority of consultant staff are opposed to the move, Mr Kenneth Clarke, the Secretary of State for Health made clear yesterday.

Mr Clarke stressed that consultants would not be able to veto a hospital proposal to set up as an NHS trust, even though he expects senior medical staff to be closely involved in the new management of these hospitals.

"No group can have a veto on these things," Mr Clarke said. "The views of consultants are an important consideration that we will have to bear in mind but that does not mean consultants will be given the right to veto any changes." If they had been given this right in the past, doctors would have vetoed the creation of the health service in 1948 and the introduction of general management in 1983, he said.

Speaking at the Institute of Health Services Management's annual conference in Torquay, Mr Clarke dismissed

a survey of ballot results showing that consultants were overwhelmingly against the idea of self-governing status in 21 out of 28 of the hospitals which are frontrunners to become NHS trusts next April. The figures were published by the British Medical Association on Thursday.

Opinions were still being formed, he said, and it was hardly surprising that doctors were opposed to changes when they were being told by BMA leaders that these would herald the demise of the health service. "BMA campaigners descend on these places with their roadshows and say 'this is the end of the world as we know it', and then ask them if they think this is a good idea."

In many hospitals consultant opinion was divided between those in academic positions and those who admitted patients to hospitals. In addition many of the ballots had included the views of medical students.

Mr Clarke was confident that 70 or 80 hospitals would still put in formal applications for self-governing status when the NHS and Community Care Bill receives Royal Assent but he was unclear how many of these would be given approval.

Earlier the health secretary made clear that the NHS reforms would go ahead under the planned timetable from next April but he did not expect significant changes in the pattern of hospital and community services. The Government was aiming for a straightforward transition to the new system following careful planning - "a smooth take-off with no surprises".

He said, though, that he did expect to see differences in some areas, such as quality standards. "Duncan Nichol [health service chief executive] and I remain firmly resolved to break the present mould and create the new style NHS from April 1 1991," he said. "I have never seen myself in the grand old Duke of York role taking them to the top of the hill merely to take them down again."

However, he warned of the risks of being complacent and doing nothing, which would eventually lead to the deterioration of the health service and a rapid growth of the private sector as a more successful competitor.

He also stressed the need for a firm financial base for the reforms and urged health authorities to balance their books by the end of this year. The NHS could not afford to go on living beyond its means and the elimination of underlying deficits was now an urgent priority, he said.

Mr Clarke maintained that authorities had not had their resources squeezed this year, and argued that managers should not be cutting back services to balance their books. "I do not accept that the only way of making savings is to reduce services. Within some areas the manpower payroll is out of all proportion."

Desolate Swindon fans mourn loss of league place

By MICHAEL HORSNELL

FLAGS flew at half-mast from the civic centre in the old railway town of Swindon yesterday as thousands snarled from the pain of the wound inflicted on their football club. For the fans, wandering desolately around the shabby County ground in pouring rain, their team's double-relegation was more like a death in the family than a sporting disaster.

A bunch of pink and white carnations perched on a shelf beside the entrance to the directors' box, accompanied by a funeral card bearing the words: "With Deepest Sympathy".

As the club chairman, Mr Gary Herbert, vowed that the board would resign if that would resolve the crisis, the mayor and the local MP joined in to vent their concern at the club's "death sentence".

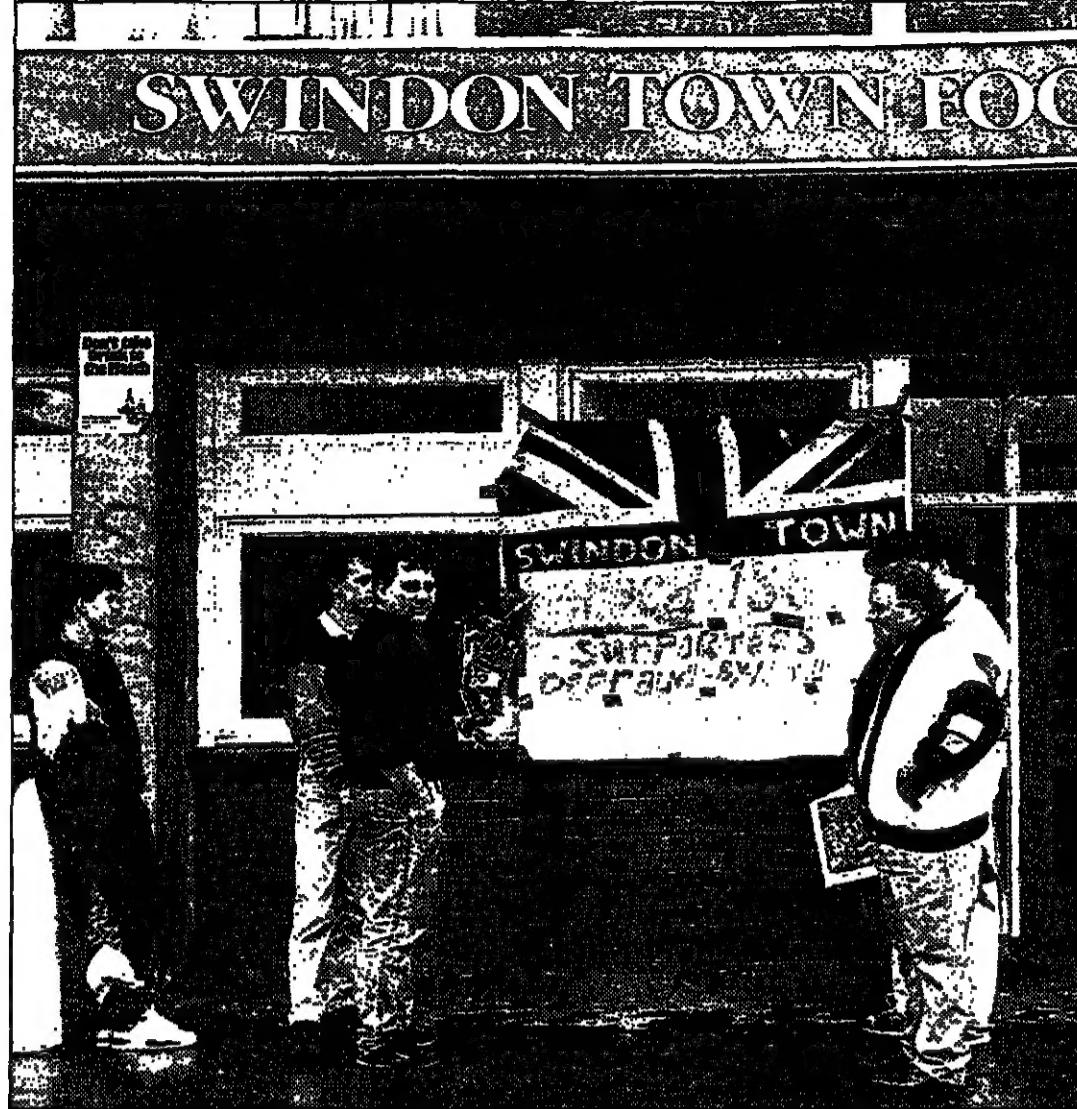
Absenteeism at the town's thriving industrial estates was said, too, to be up as the whole community mourned. Mr John West, aged 23, a software engineer from nearby Wootton Bassett, maintained: "I had to take the day off work because I just could not concentrate. I think what's happened is barbaric and completely unjustified. I cannot see how the Football League can have taken it away from us at our moment of glory."

The League's verdict on the financial scandal at Swindon encouraged hundreds of fans, many of them in tears, to besiege the ground where they chanted hopelessly: "The Reds are staying up". They stopped the traffic and later, two were arrested for allegedly breaking windows.

A gate was opened in the early hours and supporters poured onto the sacred pitch where the team had performed miracles of glory last season. About 300 paraded volubly but peacefully before sympathetic police ushered them out about 30 minutes later.

Yesterday morning they returned to the ground to listen to the players, who also arrived to await the latest news. Chris Calderwood, the club captain, went on to the pitch to read a prepared statement from the team, a number of whom then repaired to a local golf course to ease their cares.

Calderwood said: "On behalf of all the players we are quite naturally devastated at the result of the Football League inquiry, after all the efforts of the past 10 months. "However, after seeing the



Despairing fans express their views as they gather yesterday outside Swindon Town's ground where the flag flies at half mast

response of people within football, especially the Swindon supporters, the board and the Professional Footballers' Association, we are glad the club is appealing to the Football League, and we pin our hopes on the football authorities to impose a more appropriate and reasonable penalty."

At the civic centre the mayor, Mr Denique Montant, disclosed he was embarking on a campaign to reinstate Swindon to the First Division. Mr Montant, who cancelled his arrangements for the day and asked his officers to do the same, said: "Rough justice has been handed out by making us pay the price of other people's wrong-doings. It is a very sad day for Swindon."

The Wiltshire town probably deserves the prestige of First Division football for it has pulled itself up by its bootstraps since the industrial depression of less than a generation ago.

Swindon was scarcely more than a village until Brunel chose it to build his locomotive works in the mid-19th century after which it boomed as a famous railway centre on a par with Crewe.

Its more recent civic forebears however had the perspicacity to realise the need to diversify the interests of this one-industry town as employment from the railway works declined. Today it has a burgeoning industrial base - high tech as well as heavy industry. Honda and Austin Rover are amongst the bigger employers, together with computer software houses and insurance companies attracted by the green fields they could not find in London and lower local costs.

Today, Swindon is an emblem of the Thatcher revolution with high employment and the reputation of one of the fastest-growing towns in the country.

Mr Simon Coombs, the local Tory MP, has encouraged its transformation but even he knows the importance of its football club to the community.

He said: "I am very sad and very angry at the decision that has been taken. The present board of directors and the manager have not had the finger of suspicion pointed at them. They, the players and the fans, are being punished for the alleged sins of other people. I just hope the Football League will think about this and reduce the sentence."

As the board met in emergency session at Swindon Town FC (formed 1881, average crowd last season 9,500) the sudden fans stood in small groups in shallow puddles waiting for they knew not what.

News reached him and the others that Ossie Ardiles, the popular Argentinian manager of the club, was flying home from a holiday in South America after his assistant Mr Chic Bates had managed to locate him by telephone.

Mr Bates described his own reaction to the League's punishment as "just like death", and added: "Everyone connected with the club - players, staff and supporters - must all be suffering in the same way. To be put in the Third Division is scandalous."

Meanwhile, a group of season-ticket holders was seeking legal advice on suing the League on the grounds that many of them spent an average £100 per head watching the team play at Wembley recently to win a play-off place in the First Division, from which the League took a substantial profit.

Mr Chris Scott, chairman of the Supporters' Club, said: "The punishment does not fit the crime. It is a savage sentence and what the league has done is to punish the loyal fans of Swindon. We are devastated."

Manager flies back, page 45
Leading article, page 11

Action to obtain submarine logs

AN ACTION requiring the Ministry of Defence to hand over the logs of any submarines which might have been operating in the Irish Sea in September 1988 was adjourned at the High Court in London yesterday.

Mrs Wendy Webster, whose husband David was one of three men who died when their fishing vessel, Inspire, was sunk by a large wave in the Irish Sea off Fishguard harbour, and Mr Sam Skinner, the sole survivor, believe the documents may show the possible involvement of submarines. The 28ft crabber from Fishguard sank off the Cardigan Bay coast on a calm day in September 1988. The Ministry of Defence insists that no British or Nato submarine was within 150 miles of the Inspire when it sank.

Last July verdicts of death by misadventure were returned at an inquest in Lampeter, Dyfed, on the boat's skipper, Tony Jones, and two crew members, Ronald Laugharne and Mr Webster, aged 42.

Master Grant, a senior High Court official, yesterday adjourned the application for an order requiring the ministry to hand over any submarine logs at a brief private hearing. No date was fixed for the resumed hearing.

Afterwards Miss Jane Deighton, solicitor for Mrs Webster and Mr Skinner, said: "The logs may provide the evidence we need to launch a damages action alleging negligence against the Ministry of Defence."

Law may force car tuning

By KEVIN EASON, MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

DRIVERS will be forced to keep car engines tuned under regulations aimed at cleaning up motor vehicle emissions. Department of Transport researchers believe that proper tuning could reduce emissions by 4 per cent.

The Government has enforced tighter standards required by the European Commission, which mean that new cars will have to be fitted with catalytic converters from 1993. Cars registered from June 26 will also have to meet stricter emission level and drivers of cars that pour fumes into the atmosphere will be liable to prosecution. Although most new cars should easily meet the levels, police will be able to check emissions and ensure that models fitted

with equipment such as catalytic converters, which absorb 90 per cent of noxious engine gases, are working.

The regulations are also seen as a first step towards making emission controls part of the MOT test. This would force motorists to keep their engines in the most fuel-efficient state, adding to fuel economy, which cuts output of carbon dioxide, a gas contributing to global warming.

Mr Robert Atkins, Minister for Roads and Traffic, said in a written parliamentary answer yesterday: "The regulations require the user of a vehicle to keep the engine in tune and any emission control equipment, such as a catalyst, in good working order. It is important for drivers to recog-

nize this responsibility and it is in their own interest to do so. Keeping an engine in tune helps reduce fuel consumption as well as keeping emissions down."

FORD, Britain's biggest car company, has reacted swiftly to the slump in new car sales, which show a 13 per cent drop in May. It is offering free insurance on three of its best-selling models in a scheme which could cost it more than £30 million.

Buyers of Fiesta, Escort and Orion cars will be offered one year's free cover. Ford estimates that the saving on fully comprehensive insurance on a 1.3-litre Escort would average £300, though the value for the high-performance Fiesta XR2i could be £1,500.



Two traffic wardens in Gloucester, who are the first in the country to have the use of mopeds

Strip mill closure affirmed

By KERRY GILL

BRITISH Steel yesterday reaffirmed its decision to close the strip mill at the Ravenscraig steel plant with the loss of 770 jobs, bringing more angry reaction from leaders across the political spectrum in Scotland.

Mr Michael Liowarch, chief executive of British Steel, said: "The board has taken its decision. It is the board's responsibility to make sure that we make the business as competitive as we can."

Mr Malcolm Rifkind, Secretary of State for Scotland, said: "If Mr Liowarch is willing to speak to the media, he should be willing to speak to his own employees."

Bros settle claim

The pop stars Bros ended their dispute with their former management company 3 Style Ltd at the High Court after agreeing to pay £42,564 in settlement of the firm's damages claim. The company had sought £1.2 million from Matt and Luke Goss, alleging breach of contract.

Airline cleared

The Australian airline Qantas was cleared by the Civil Aviation Authority after one of its jumbo jets came close to running out of fuel over London after a flight from Singapore. The authority said the plane had sufficient fuel on board to meet international safety requirements.

£40m left in will

Lady Teresa Agnew, who died last September aged 56, left £40,030,307 net in her will, published yesterday. Her first husband, Viscount Calway, died in 1971 three years after the couple had established the Melbury Park Stud in Dorset. She then married Lieutenant Mark Agnew.

Benefit increase

The Government yesterday announced an increase of £7.10 a week in welfare benefits for disabled teenagers aged 16 and 17. Mr Nicholas Scott, Minister for Social Security, said the extra benefit would go to about 4,000 teenagers, increasing the rate from from £37.30 to £44.20 a week.

Rising crime 'threatens rail safety'

By MICHAEL DYNES
TRANSPORT CORRESPONDENT

RIISING crime rates are threatening the safety of passengers and increasing the prospects of a major railway disaster, a report by the British Transport Police said yesterday.

Overall offences increased by 4.6 per cent in 1989, but attempts to obstruct the railway were up by 35 per cent and offences endangering passenger safety such as stone throwing increased by 39.5 per cent. The report, compiled by the force's chief constable, Mr Desmond O'Brien, said: "Increases of this scale are of concern to both the police and the industry. The potential for disaster in each and every incident is clear."

The derailment of the Oxford to Paddington express at West Ealing, west London, last August after action by vandals was described as a chilling example of railway obstruction, which prompted police to start a series of rail safety lectures for schools.

Sexual offences were up 60.9 per cent

on British Rail and 46 per cent on London Underground, although most of the increase was attributable to "indecent exposure" and "importuning", which had been targeted by officers. The number of sex offences on BR was 1,075, compared with 668 in the previous year, while the number of sex offences on London Underground increased from 432 to 631 over the same period, the report said.

Reported rapes on British Rail increased from 13 to 16 and remained at three on London Underground. The report recorded "sharp rises in cases of indecent assaults, in particular a 100 per cent increase on London Underground". Attributing the increase in sex offences to higher than normal levels of disclosure, the report said: "No doubt the increased presence of uniformed officers from Metropolitan and City of London police forces encouraged victims to report such offences."

Mrs Joan Ruddock, Labour's transport spokesman with responsibility for London and the South-east, said: "These

alarming figures will confirm women's worst fears. A year ago the Harris report found that over 50 per cent of women tried to avoid public transport after dark. Now women will be even more likely to accept a self-imposed curfew."

"In the light of these figures BR's decision to continue their policy of detaining stations outside peak hours is highly irresponsible. BR and London Transport should put staff back on to stations, put guards back on to trains, and immediately end the use of single carriage trains," she said.

The report showed that violent crime, which includes all categories of assault from actual bodily harm to murder, rose by 11 per cent, while the number of fraud offences, including the forgery of £500,000 worth of concessionary rail cards, increased to almost 7,500.

It also highlighted an overall decline in detection rates from 28.4 per cent to 23 per cent, which was blamed partly on the need to redeploy officers away from routine work to important investigations such as the West Ealing derailment.

Black Beauty paintings are open to the highest bidder

By SARAH JANE CHECKLAND, ART MARKET CORRESPONDENT

THE future looked bleak for Black Beauty when, crippled by a fall caused by a careless stable boy and weakened by pulling cabs in London, he found himself in a line-up of nags at a horse fair. Luckily, his breeding shone through and he was bought by a farmer with a kind face.

Phillips, the auctioneers, said yesterday that it hoped for a similarly happy outcome when the original painting for the 1915 edition of Anna Sewall's children's classic is opened to offers on Tuesday. The oil painting, entitled "It Was An Anxious Time", is one of 30 illustrations from the 1915 book by the artist Lucy Kemp-Welch. Mr James

James-Crook, of Phillips, said: "We've had a reception for private clients last night. There were a lot of horse people and they all went gaga over them." Black Beauty attained worldwide fame, was translated into dozens of languages and published in 150 editions before the copyright expired.

The sale will include many heart-lifting and heart-rending episodes, with estimates ranging from £200 to £20,000. In "My Early Home", an ink drawing surrounded by a frame of pussy willows, with an estimated value of £400 to £600, Black Beauty gallops in his paddock. In "I Stood There and Listened", a water-

colour with an estimated value of between £2,500 and £3,500, Black Beauty contemplates the prostrate body of Smith, the man who rode him hard that he stumbled. An oil painting called "Fire", which shows a fire cart tearing down the street with the crowds parting to let it through, has an estimated value of £18,000 to £22,000.

Anna Sewall was a Norfolk woman whose life suffered a poignant parallel with that of her creation, Black Beauty, after she became an invalid as a result of an accident in her teens and had to rely on apoplexy or horse. Black Beauty was published three months before her death in 1878.

Scientists' nitro tests kept secret, Maguire QC says

GOVERNMENT scientists carried out tests before and during the Maguire trial which showed it was possible to be contaminated innocently with explosives but they did not disclose the results, it was alleged yesterday.

One test conducted during the trial proved that a person could pick up nitro-glycerine under the fingernails by scraping them across the palm of a hand that bore traces of the explosive, the inquiry into the Maguire convictions headed by Sir John May, QC, was told.

At the 1976 trial the prosecution claimed it would have been necessary for large amounts of explosive to have been kneaded in the hands to get under the nails. Six of the Maguire family and a friend were convicted of handling explosives solely on the basis of forensic tests at the Royal Armament Research and Development Establishment (RARDE) in Woolwich, south London. The Maguires were arrested after IRA pub bombings in Woolwich, Guildford and Birmingham in 1974.

The existence of the tests was disclosed during cross-examination of Mr Douglas Higgs, a former head of the establishment. Mr Anthony

Arlidge, QC, counsel for the Maguires, drew Mr Higgs's attention to a test carried by Dr John Carver at RARDE.

He collected traces of nitro-glycerine under his fingernails by drawing them across his palm after handling the explosive. The test was in February 1976, two weeks after Mr Higgs told the trial it was not possible to transfer explosive by "cleansing" the hand.

Mr Arlidge put it to him that the information should have been disclosed. He replied: "In principle one cannot deny that". But he insisted he knew nothing of the test at the time.

Mr Arlidge referred to other tests in May 1975 which demonstrated that traces of explosive could be transferred by shaking hands, and alleged these results were not disclosed. He said that laboratory notes in relation to tests apparently conducted during an investigation into a bombing incident showed that "control" hand-swab sample that should have been clear of explosive was accidentally contaminated by someone who had been handling debris.

Mr Arlidge said that contradicted evidence Mr Higgs had given at the trial concerning the risk of contamination

based on his experience after the Birmingham pub bombing. Mr Higgs said if he had been aware of two situations producing contradictory evidence "this would have been handed out to counsel".

At the inquiry on Thursday it was disclosed that a second set of forensic tests on the hand swabs of six of the Maguire seven had not been disclosed at the trial.

The second test proved negative. But it was said that this did not necessarily detract from the result of the first test. Yesterday, Mr Higgs said the scientist who carried out the second test would have been under no obligation to disclose its result.

He told the inquiry: "If he felt that he could support his case adequately then I think he need not have disclosed this, because in his mind this does not disprove what he already had found. He certainly would not have written this up as a statement."

Mrs Annie Maguire, her sons Patrick and Vincent, her brother Sean Smyth, husband Patrick, his brother-in-law Giuseppe Coulon, who died in 1980, and a family friend, Patrick O'Neill, were sentenced to between five and 14 years.

Unions say capping will damage education reform

THREE of the largest teaching unions yesterday asked the High Court to stop the Government going ahead with its plans to charge cap councils which are also local education authorities.

Led by the National Union of Teachers, they argued that the decision by Mr Chris Patten, the Secretary of State for Education, to impose limits on the levels of community charge was unlawful because it was at odds with the Government's own recent school reforms.

Mr Eldred Tabachnik, QC, for the NUT, said Mr Patten had failed to take into account that the reforms made it essential for governors now being made responsible for the budgets of individual schools to rely on levels of spending already fixed by their local education authorities.

The union, backed by the National Association of Head

Teachers and the Assistant Masters and Mistresses Association, was intervening in a judicial review in which 19 councils are challenging Mr Patten's decision.

If the councils fail they will be forced to cut spending across the range of services. That will almost certainly lead to reductions in the amounts available for local education.

The unions argue that, even if capping takes place, the councils have no power to cut funding for the present year now that budgets have been announced. They claim up to 2,000 teachers' jobs are threatened and there will be "catastrophic" consequences for many schools and disruption to the introduction of the national curriculum.

Mr Tabachnik told Lord Justice Leggatt, Mr Justice McCullough and Mr Justice Roch that cuts would undermine the whole purpose of the

Education Reform Act 1988, which came into force at the same time as the poll tax legislation. "Governing bodies of schools must have a measure of predictability so that they can be sure that the financial carpet on which they stand will not be pulled from under them," he said.

The NUT put evidence before the court from school heads and teachers in North Tyneside, Brent, Doncaster, Rotherham, Barnsley and Avon, which are among the local education authorities challenging charge-capping. All spoke of substantial problems being caused.

Lord Gifford, QC, for two Brent school governors also involved in the action, said the London borough's decision to cut school budgets after Mr Patten's charge-capping decision would put complex future spending plans "out of joint".



Father David Loman, of St Catherine's Church, Wickford, in Essex, baptizing Natasha Lowrie, aged nine months. Natasha's mother Natalie and four other members of the Paulo family were also baptized at a traditional circus christening in the Big Top of Paulo's Circus yesterday

Police fear garage owner was abducted

By DAVID YOUNG

KENT police are investigating the possible abduction of a garage owner who disappeared from his showroom. Five luxury cars were also taken.

Mr Nicholas Whiting, aged 43, married with two children, was last seen at his All Car Equip Garage on the A20 at Wrotham, near Sevenoaks, at around 6.15pm on Thursday.

A police spokesman said: "We are concerned for the welfare of Mr Whiting, who it is feared may have been abducted. There are serious concerns growing for Mr Whiting's safety." Two of the cars had been found.

He is a well respected businessman and well known in the local area for all the best possible reasons. There is the possibility of him being forcibly abducted.

Two men were seen approaching and leaving with an E-type Jaguar and BMW, which were recovered. One was in his early 20s, 6ft, with a slim, long face. The other, also in his 20s, was about 5ft 7in, with short, brown hair.

The Guinness trial

Jury told how rift began

By PAUL WILKINSON

ERNEST Saunders, former Guinness chief executive, told a jury yesterday of the moment that the relationship soured between himself and his former finance director, Mr Olivier Roux, the prosecution's chief witness against him in the Guinness trial.

In his fourth day of evidence in his defence Mr Saunders said that it happened at a meeting in December 1986 at the offices of the solicitor Sir David Napley. It was shortly after the Department of Trade and Industry had launched an investigation into Guinness's £2.7 billion takeover of the Scottish drinks company Distillers.

Sir David had been questioning Mr Roux about a letter from the Ansbacher Bank about its purchase of £7.6 million worth of Guinness shares during the takeover.

Mr Saunders claimed that he knew nothing of the purchase, made on behalf of a group called Downs Nominees, and that it was the responsibility of his finance director. According to Mr Saunders, Mr Roux said "he never made any decisions of a

financial nature unless he was acting on my behalf. It was an 'I am only a clerk' response."

"It indicated that I had known something about this matter which was completely untrue. Afterwards we had a sharp discussion in my car in which I said he should never attribute knowledge to me of financial matters about which I had no knowledge."

"The occasion was clearly an attempt by Mr Roux to implicate me in something with which I had nothing to do. The relationship between Roux and me, which declined in the week following, started to decline from that moment."

Mr Saunders and three other leading City figures, deny charges of theft, false accounting and breaches of the Companies Act arising out of Guinness's takeover of the Distillers Group in 1986. With him before Southwark Crown Court are Gerald Ronson, chairman of the Heron International Group of Companies; Anthony Parnes, the City stockbroker; and Sir Jack Lyons, the millionaire financier.

Mr Saunders said that his relationship with Mr Roux

was "professional but not social", adding: "I consider him a very fine executive." He said that the Ansbacher letter was from the company's chairman, Mr Richard Fennels, and referred to the purchase of 2,150,000 Guinness shares at a cost of £7,614,682.10. Mr Saunders said that he did not know why he had received the letter as he had no dealings with Ansbacher except for a bitter clash with one of its directors, Lord Speas, during Guinness's takeover of Bells Whisky the year before.

Mr Saunders went on to say that shortly after the Department of Trade and Industry inquiry into the Distillers' takeover began in December 1986 there were all sorts of suggestions that the Guinness offices were bugged. He even had the head of the company's security department "sweep" the premises to search out listening devices, but without success. He said his concern was heightened after he found an office security man asleep at his desk, apparently drunk.

The hearing adjourned until Monday when Mr Saunders will continue giving his evidence.

Summit at No 10 to save film industry

By SHEILA GUNN
POLITICAL REPORTER

MRS Thatcher is to host a summit next Friday to discuss plans for tax allowances, increased grants and other incentives being drawn up by ministers, producers and financiers to rescue Britain's declining film industry.

The Prime Minister has dropped her opposition to the principle of extra incentives to reverse the drop in investment in British-made productions. But as yet there is no agreement among ministers on the best way to help.

The preferred options are a return of capital allowances, scrapped by the Government in 1985, or a large one-off grant to British producers, probably channelled through British Screen Finance. Sir Richard Attenborough and Mr David Puttnam, two leading film makers, have been invited to the seminar, along with a ministerial team including Mr Nicholas Ridley, Secretary of State for Trade and Industry, and Mr Richard Luce, the Arts Minister.

Nissan gives £3m to Oxford college

By DAVID TYTLER, EDUCATION EDITOR

NISSAN, the Japanese motor company, has given more than £3 million to an Oxford University college to build a new institute for Japanese studies. It is the latest in a series of donations to British universities and schools.

The car manufacturers gave £3.2 million to St Antony's College for the Nissan Institute of Japanese Studies there, and to help create two lecture halls in economics and social anthropology. It follows a donation of £1.5 million from Nissan to the university in 1979, which began a Japanese studies programme two years later.

The institute holds weekly seminars, organizes conferences and publishes books and occasional papers. The new building will be opened in October 1992 at a cost of £2.6 million and will house 100,000 books currently held in the Bodleian Library.

The institute is presently working out of a Victorian house, which has limited space. It teaches between 40 and 50 undergraduates and 15 graduates a year.

Dr Ann Wasswo, acting director of the institute, said yesterday: "We have outgrown our current space and this will enable us to consolidate and expand, giving us a

proper space in which to teach with a proper library."

The Japanese are not adverse to importing Oxford, as well as exporting their money. The link with the university began when Emperor Akihito sent his sons there. Now a branch of the university is to open in Japan.

St Catherine's College, Oxford, is to open an annex in the Japanese port of Kobe next year. About 40 students graduating from Japanese universities will be accepted annually for a one-year arts course taught by six tutors who would be sent over from Oxford.

On finishing the course the graduates would then be able to take up postgraduate studies at Oxford. The project will cost £12 million, with most of the money coming from Kobe Steel and other local businesses.

Sponsorship worth £1 million from the Sumitomo Trust and Bank Corporation also means that Elton, which is celebrating its 550th anniversary this year, will have its first Japanese lessons as from September. A resident Japanese teacher will be funded for five years to teach sixth formers at the school, where fees are £8,496 a year, to read, write and speak the language.

Closure threat for grammar schools

By CRAIG SETON

LABOUR-controlled Birmingham City Council is being urged to create a new girls' grammar school to comply with a High Court judgement that it was guilty of sex discrimination by providing more places for boys.

The council has started fresh talks with the single-sex grammar schools in an attempt to end the discrimination after issuing a warning that closure of all of them was one of five options to comply with the ruling.

The council has, however, given governors only until next month to consider the options. The creation of a new girls' grammar school is fa-



Mr Rooker: Council has a real dilemma

voured by governors and parents, but the Labour group could expect opposition from some of its own councillors to plans that would bolster selective education.

It has denied claims that it wants to close the schools because of ideological objections, but it has also said that there are too many secondary places because of falling rolls.

The council was taken to court by the Equal Opportunities Commission almost three years ago because the grammar schools provided more places for boys than girls.

Mr Jeffrey Rooker, Labour MP for Birmingham, Perry Barr, said he believed more places for girls should be created rather than diminish the number for boys, although he wants grammar schools to become co-educational. "The council has got a real dilemma. If the Equal Opportunities Commission finds discrimination, it should be rooted out, but snuffing out the grammar schools is not an option," Mr Rooker said.

Parents have pledged to pay £50 each to save jobs at Davenant Foundation School in Loughborough, Essex, teachers said yesterday. The school faces a £85,000 loss under a new funding scheme.

Drink-drive ban for wheelchair man

A MOTORWAY worker has been banned from driving for three years for a drink-driving offence in a 4mph battery-powered wheelchair.

Simon Lunney, aged 20, took the wheelchair from outside the home of a disabled woman after drinking more than 10 pints of beer. He is thought to be the first person in Britain to be prosecuted for driving a wheelchair while over the drink-driving limit.

Magistrates at Nuneaton, Warwickshire, deliberated for four hours yesterday before sentencing Lunney, of Hazel Road, Camp Hill, Nuneaton. Mr Philip Rowlands, for the defence, said: "This is one of the most unusual cases ever to come before this court or anywhere else in the country. I have never come across an incident like this in my career and I have been unable to find any precedents in law."

The case had rested on whether the battery-powered wheelchair was actually

a motor vehicle. Magistrates at an earlier hearing decided it was, and adjourned the case for sentence.

Police Sergeant Jeremy Bannister told the hearing on April 26 that he had found Lunney slumped over the wheel of the £2,400 invalid carriage. Lunney had drunk more than 10 pints on the night of the incident, last October.

Lunney, who did not give evidence at the original hearing, told police in a tape-recorded interview he thought it was a normal car. He had travelled less than 100 yards before crashing. A breath test showed he was more than three times over the limit.

Lunney, who had denied the drink-driving offence and causing criminal damage to the wheelchair, admitted taking it without consent. He was found guilty on all counts.

Mr Rowlands agreed that Lunney had a previous conviction for drink-driving and was in breach of a probation order.

He also had several previous convictions. The court banned Lunney from driving for three years, put him on probation for two years and ordered him to pay £605 compensation to the wheelchair owner, Mrs Dorothy Barlett, of Orchard Way, Camp Hill. He was also fined £100 for breach of a previous probation order.

Mr Rowlands said there would be no appeal against the sentence. Lunney declined to comment after the hearing.

Mr Rowlands was asked after the hearing what would happen should his client be registered disabled during his driving ban. He said: "As I see it, should Mr Lunney be involved in an accident which renders him disabled during the next three years, he will be quite entitled to drive one of the battery wheelchairs for which he has now been found guilty of a drink-drive offence. As a disabled person, he would fall into the exempt category and would be able to drive one of the same models."

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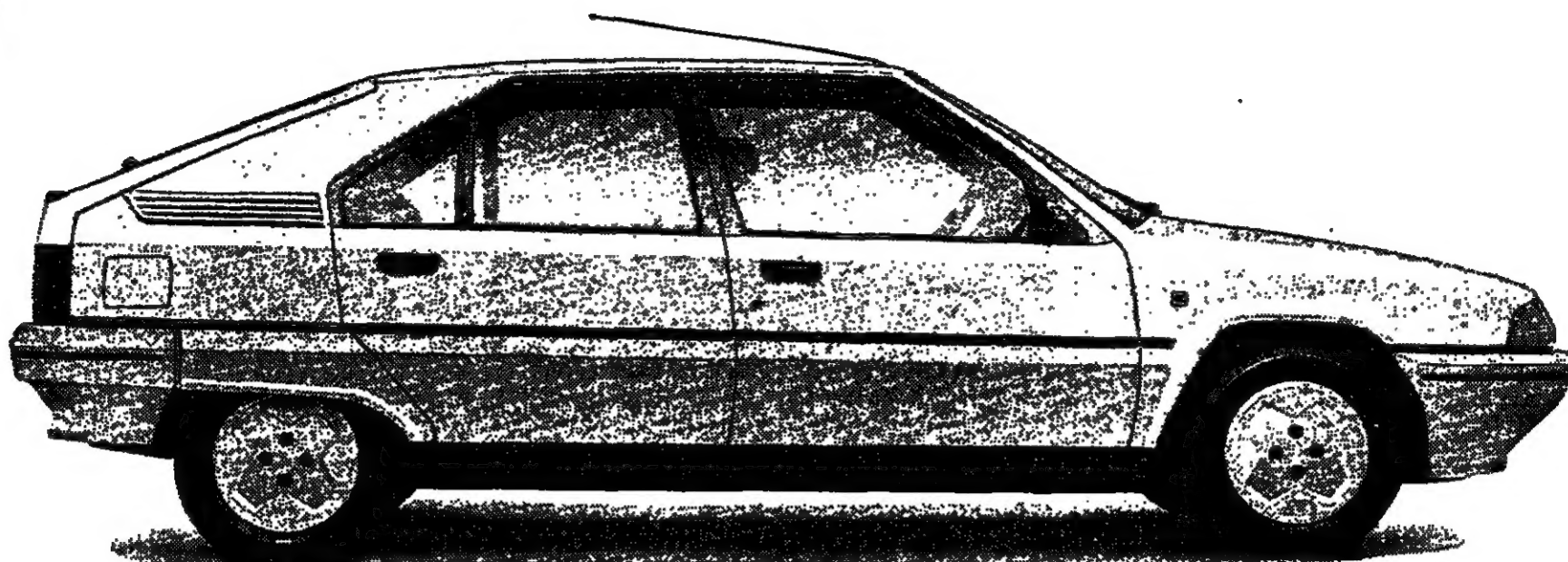
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Patten launches attack on Labour's global warming plans

From MICHAEL MCCARTHY
ENVIRONMENT CORRESPONDENT
LUXEMBOURG

LABOUR'S latest proposals for counter-acting global warming were condemned as "no more than back of the envelope calculations and slogans" by Mr Chris Patten, the Secretary of State for the Environment, yesterday.

Labour plans to stabilize British emissions of carbon dioxide (CO₂), the gas from coal-fired power stations and motor vehicles principally responsible for the greenhouse effect, by the year

2000 — five years ahead of the Government's target date. Mr Patten, however, said the scheme was ill thought out. "It has all the credibility of the Labour Party's proposals for a 'roof tax'." He scorned the idea that Labour might capture the green vote at the next election, even though its proposals are in line with calls from a number of European countries, and from many British environmentalists.

When, in the House of Commons, he had asked Mr Bryan Gould, the shadow environment spokesman, what Labour's target was based on and how he was

going to achieve it, "there was an even more deafening silence than when he was responding to questions about the roof tax," Mr Patten said.

When Labour politicians were asked about the effect switching from coal to gas-fired power stations would have on the coal industry "they look as if they are sucking an acid drop", he said. "I guess that is a question that Mr Scargill will be putting to them in due course."

Labour might cut CO₂ emissions because its economic policies "would end growth almost overnight", Mr Patten said. Its greenhouse plan was

"redolent of politics rather than scientific and economic analysis" and was addressing serious issues in a "frivolous and superficial way". He added: "Being concerned about the environment is about more than headlines."

Mr Patten has never attacked Labour so strongly before over a green issue. The move reflects the fact that with its more radical global warming policy, the Labour Party has for the first time become the environmental opposition — a role that has hitherto been played in Britain principally by environmental pressure groups such as Greenpeace. Mr

Patten was speaking in Luxembourg after a meeting with the European Environmental Commissioner, Signor Carlo Ripa di Meana, to explain the Government's 2005 target for CO₂ stabilization and why Britain felt unable to go along with calls to stabilize by the year 2000 from countries such as West Germany. The Netherlands, Denmark and France — with which Signor di Meana has been personally associated.

"The commissioner hoped that we might be able to bring the 2005 date forward," Mr Patten said. "I explained the amount of work and effort which had

gone into establishing 2005 as a serious target and said we would be happy to give him and his officials more information as we went along." The European Commission accepted, with Britain, that all countries needed above all to be signed up to specific measures to cope with global warming, Mr Patten said.

A serious split in the EC over the question of a community target date for stabilizing CO₂ emissions was averted in the early hours yesterday when environment ministers from the 12 member states, meeting in Luxembourg, shelved the question until October.

Ministry fee for charity air shows condemned

By HARVEY ELLIOTT, AIR CORRESPONDENT

ATTEMPTS to raise more than £20 million for former RAF personnel who suffered in the Battle of Britain were being hampered by "mean-minded" Ministry of Defence demands for payment for RAF involvement in fund-raising air shows, it was alleged yesterday.

To mark the fiftieth anniversary of the Battle of Britain, dozens of events are being held in the next few months to raise funds for the RAF Benevolent Fund, which last year paid £7.5 million to 13,000 disabled, injured or distressed former RAF personnel. Many RAF aircraft, including the Red Arrows, will be at the shows, with ground crew, security and support staff, and all have to be paid for under Treasury rules.

At the Battle of Britain Air Show at Boscombe Down, Dorset, today and tomorrow, organizers expect to have to pay about £50,000 to the Ministry of Defence. That would leave around £250,000 to be handed to the fund from admission charges from the 250,000 people expected to attend over the two days.

Mr Paul Bowen, the show's director, said: "We have more than 3,000 people who are working here free to help the

organization and many large companies are sponsoring the event, including BP, who are not charging for all the fuel which will be used by the 350 aircraft taking part. Even the French aerobatic team are not charging to appear. In fact, the only people who are charging are the Ministry of Defence."

The Red Arrows team will cost £3,095 for each of the two days it performs and a fly-past by the Battle of Britain Memorial Flight carries a total charge of £1,660 for the two days. The show's organizers will also get a bill for using the airfield, hiring the ground equipment and accommodation for the ground and air crews. "The total amount we will have to hand over will probably be about £50,000," Mr Bowen said.

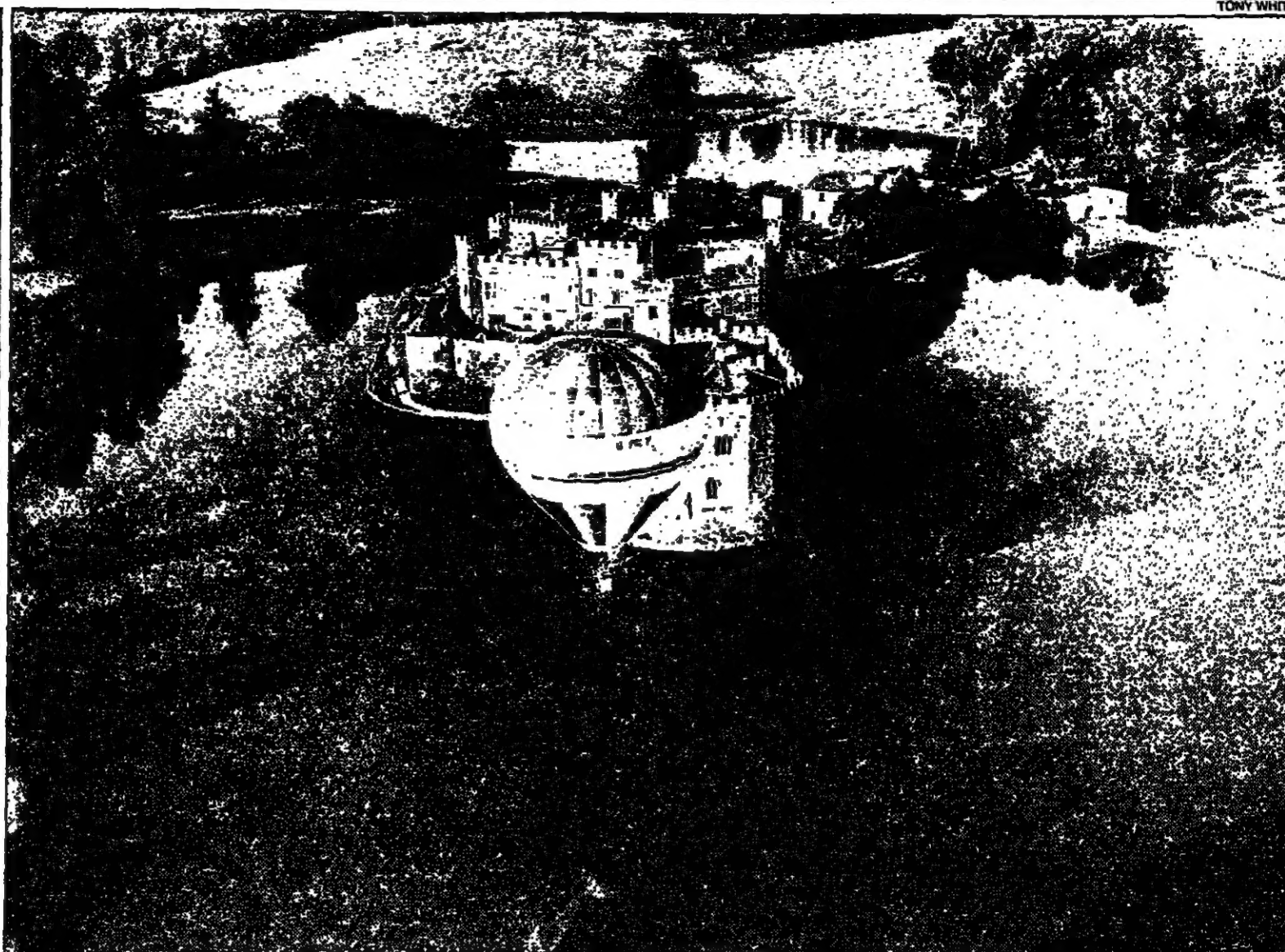
The charges were condemned by MPs yesterday. Mr William Walker, Conservative MP for Tayside North and himself a squadron leader in the RAFVR, said: "I am very disturbed that the Treasury are getting in the way of one of the most important fund-raising matters we have ever attempted. All the income should go to the beneficiaries and not to the Treasury, and I will be taking the matter up with ministers as a matter of urgency. I am all in favour of charging organizations which do not have a direct relationship with the RAF or are purely commercial, but this is a different matter."

Mr David Marshall, Labour MP for Glasgow, Shettleston, described the ministry's policy as "mean-minded, petty and frankly disgraceful". He said: "Such events are good training for the RAF anyway, but what is far more important is that people who are giving their time freely to help men and women who fought for this country 50 years ago should now have to pay the Treasury part of the proceeds."

Wing Commander Mike Harwood-Grayson, who is co-ordinating all the forthcoming events within the ministry, said: "Many of these events are not RAF shows as such and we are therefore governed by Treasury rules which say we must recoup the costs incurred when an event is organized by private organizations, including charities. The taxpayer should not have to pay the costs involved of appearing for a particular charity."

Almost every weekend from now on will see events throughout the country aimed at raising cash for the Reach for the Sky Appeal being run by the fund. Charges will be levied by the Ministry of Defence at nearly all of them, although individual stations and serving personnel are giving up their spare time to run their own events.

The RAF is having four "At Home" days in September at Abingdon, St Athan, Finningley and Leuchars, when no charge will be made by the ministry. Nor will it demand payment for the appearance of 163 aircraft in London's biggest formation fly-past on September 15.



One of 25 hot-air balloons soaring over the 500 acres of Leeds Castle, in Kent, yesterday as the three-day Balloon and Bentley Fiesta began. The 25 Bentleys, belonging to members of the Bentley Drivers' Club, act as shuttles between the castle and balloon landing points

Dispute over Fife coal nears solution

By KERRY GILL

THE long-running and often bitter dispute between British Coal and Scottish Power over fuel supplies to the Longannet power station in Fife seemed close to a resolution last night. Both companies said they had almost completed negotiations to supply coal from the Longannet mine to the coal-fired power station.

The proposed contract is for five years. Scottish Power would buy a minimum of 2.5 million tonnes of coal a year in each of the first three years, and at least 2 million tonnes a year from then on.

The companies are now working to establish an agreement for the Cockenzie power station in the Lothians, with details of the contracts currently being completed. Yesterday discussions were also being held between Scottish Power and Scotland's second electricity board, Scottish Hydro-Electric, about allocation of coal for that company's use.

Dr Ian Preston, chief executive of Scottish Power, said: "I am delighted we have been able to reach this position with British Coal. I am sure Scotland wants to see a continuing role for the Longannet mine complex and our coal-fired power stations coming back into operation without a legal threat hanging over them."

Mr Malcolm Edwards, commercial director of British Coal, said: "I have no doubt that the Longannet mine will rise to the occasion and, with its costs kept low and its quality kept right, it can face the future with confidence."

Scientists devise system to counter toxic algae

By RUTH GLEDHILL

SCIENTISTS at Anglian Water have devised a system that they believe will curb potentially toxic algae, traces of which have now been found in 52 reservoirs and lakes across the country.

Anglian Water is adding ferric sulphate, a solution of iron in sulphuric acid, to four reservoirs. Blue-green algae have already been detected in small amounts at Rutland Water, Leicestershire. Coventham reservoir in Lincolnshire and Grahams in Cambridgeshire. The fourth, Pitsford in Northamptonshire, is so far free of the problem.

The algae are of a different species to those that affected Rutland Water last year and as yet there is no pronounced

bloom or scum. The authority was at one point last year forced to close all its reservoirs to recreational users because of the unprecedented quantity of algae blooms, believed to have been caused by the hot summer.

The ferric sulphate programme, which acts to control the concentration of phosphate, an algal nutrient, has been timed to coincide with the period when the blue-green algae could be increasing to produce blooms.

Dr Peter Matthews, director of quality at Anglian Water, said: "We cannot guarantee that the blooms will not come back but we believe we are doing our best."

The treatment has been approved by the Nature Conservancy Council and the Department of the Environment. The ferric sulphate solution reacts with soluble phosphate to produce insoluble ferric phosphate, thus depriving the algae of its food. It also forms an insoluble mass of ferric hydroxide which traps the ferric phosphate and sinks to the bottom of the reservoir. Scientists at Anglian Water believe the scheme is the first of its kind.

Illnesses including skin rashes, vomiting, diarrhoea and fever have been reported in some recreational users of water who swallowed, or were heavily exposed to, algal scum. Toxins from the algae can be fatal to animals.

MICHAEL POWELL



Water authority staff chat to fishermen on Pitsford Water during treatment work

BR unveils the £1.85 designer sandwich

By MICHAEL DYNES
TRANSPORT CORRESPONDENT

BRITISH Rail yesterday announced the end of the traditional "cardboard sandwich" and its replacement by a gourmet version designed by Sir Clement Freud.

The new poached salmon and corned beef and chutney sandwiches, which retail at £1.85 and £1.65 respectively, join a growing range of fillings, including cheese and pickle, roast chicken, tuna and cucumber, and roast beef.

With sales of eight million rounds a year, BR has become the nation's third largest sandwich retailer and is determined to lay to rest jokes about the "BR butty". At the unwrapping ceremony at St Pancras station, London, Sir Clement said InterCity had asked him to design the sandwiches to his own recipe after he had complained bitterly about a cheese and pickle sandwich he had eaten on a train.

Passengers trying the new delicacies were less enamoured about their cost, however. Mrs Beryl Ashforth, from Eastwood, Nottingham, said: "You could get three times of corned beef for the price of this sandwich."

Convoy medals appeal

The broadcaster Ludovic Kennedy appealed yesterday to veterans of the wartime Arctic convoys, urging them to come forward to claim medals marking their courage.

During a visit to the Soviet Union last month, Mr Tom King, Secretary of State for Defence, persuaded his counterpart, Marshal Dmitri Yazov, to make the medals available. They were first struck in 1985, but there was little publicity and less than half of those eligible applied before the deadline set by the Russians in 1987.

Mr Kennedy, launching the appeal on HMS Belfast in London, estimated there were thousands of veterans who could apply and he urged them to write to the Medals Section, HMS Centurion, Grange Road, Gosport, Hampshire.

Bridge record

A world record for the largest number of players competing in a bridge tournament was likely to have been created last night. The Epsom World Simultaneous Pairs Tournament is expected to have attracted an entry of 100,000 players in some 70 countries.

IRA warning

A recruiting campaign aimed at young people in Dublin by subversive terrorist groups was under way, according to Father Martin Clarke, director of the Catholic Youth Council. They were exploiting high unemployment, he said.

Rape charge

Mr Steven Mertens, aged 36, who unsuccessfully stood as a Conservative candidate for Hackney council, east London, in last month's local elections, has been charged with the rape of a girl aged nine.

New spinal unit

Work on a £6 million spinal injuries unit at the Southern General Hospital in Glasgow was officially started with the cutting of the first turf by Mr Michael Forsyth, the Scottish Office health minister.

Wreckage found

Wreckage of a fishing vessel, The Kindly Light, which disappeared in the North Sea last September has been washed up at Southwold, Suffolk. The bodies of its two crew members have never been found.

Strike off

West Yorkshire textile workers called off a strike due to start on Monday after dyeing and finishing companies made improved pay offers worth about 9 per cent.

Mounted patrols

Mounted police are to be introduced in Worksop, Nottinghamshire, after concern over growing late-night violence.

Tube line works draw MPs' fire

By SHEILA GUNN, POLITICAL REPORTER

THE prospect of the Palace of Westminster becoming cut off from the outside world for more than four years by building work on the new Jubilee line has presented its occupants with a unique conundrum.

Unlike any other group of residents surrounded by a sea of construction debris, the House of Commons does not have the right to petition itself to oppose the London Underground Bill which will enable a massive new Underground interchange system and the new line to pass through Westminster.

To get around the problem, the Commons Services Committee, chaired by Sir Geoffrey Howe, Leader of the Commons, strongly condemned the plans yesterday. It privately hopes that MPs will use the case set out in the 100-page report as ammunition against the private Bill during the Commons debate.

Plans for an interchange between the existing Tube lines and the new Jubilee extension will blight for years MPs' hopes of new offices and facilities in redeveloped buildings surrounding the Westminster Underground station.

The parliamentary building project has been beset by delays for 30 years.

"The likely noise and disruption that might be caused by the building works in Bridge Street, Victoria Embankment and Parliament Square, and the undesirability of turning Parliament Square the focus of much state ceremonial, and, of course, tourism — into a building site for four years, were further reasons for taking a deeply sceptical view of these proposals," the committee adds.

"We find it astonishing that neither London Underground nor the Department of Transport realized that the parts of the Bill relating to Westminster would cause considerable concern to MPs."

London Underground says the works will have "negligible effect" on access by MPs and cause only "minor disruption" to road traffic, with eight lorries an hour likely to go in and out of the site.

House of Commons Services Select Committee 3rd report: new parliamentary building (phase 2) and the Jubilee Line proposals (Stationery Office, £13.25)

Airlift by RAF will bring rare red kites back to Scotland

By KERRY GILL

FURTHER attempts to reintroduce one of Europe's rarest birds, the red kite, into Scotland will be made next week when 20 of the species are flown by RAF Nimrod from Denmark to Scotland.

The young birds have been collected from Sweden by officials of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds (RSPB) and the Nature Conservancy Council. Over the next three years, 80 will be brought to Scotland from Sweden.

The airlift, approved by the Swedish Government, is the most important step in a programme to increase the red kite population in Britain. Six were taken from nests in Sweden last year as part of an experiment to see if they would survive in the Highlands.

Five have done so. Red kites are a threatened species and only a few thousand remain in the world. The birds, with a 5ft wing span, heavily forked tail and red, orange and pale brown plumage, were common in Britain several hundred years ago.

Trapping and poisoning reduced their population and they disappeared from England and Scotland about 100 years ago.

About 60 pairs remain in Wales, but they are isolated and vulnerable. Seven of the 64 Welsh nests were robbed of their eggs last year. Sweden offers a far better environment; it is estimated that 200 pairs survive there and the population is increasing. The birds are left alone by humans and are able to breed successfully.

Mr Chris Harbard, of the RSPB, said that the birds coming to Scotland would be a few weeks' old and unable to fly. They would be released to the wild after five weeks in quarantine at a secret location after being fitted with wing tags and radio transmitters.

"We are aiming to take the birds from nests where we can leave two other young behind," Mr Harbard said. "This could actually help the survival of the remaining young as it means the food found by the parents will go further."

"The area where the latest birds

are being released closely resembles their native habitat in Sweden and I look forward to their first breeding attempts in a few years time," Mr Harbard said.

Dr Mike Pienkowski, head of ornithology for the Nature Conservancy Council, said: "The small Welsh population is unlikely to spread to England and Scotland and this reintroduction scheme will help give this magnificent bird of prey a chance to expand its range in Britain. This will help ensure the world survival of this vulnerable species."

The young birds will be picked up by a Nimrod Maritime Patrol aircraft from RAF Kinloss while it is on a routine training flight to Denmark.

A rare white stork which almost starved to death in Guernsey after being blown off its migration course was returned safely to Cherbourg yesterday.

The storks migrate to breed on chimney stacks in central and northern Europe from winter quarters in Africa. The white stork was

first seen in the Channel Islands a month ago. It was blown from the French mainland on south-easterly winds and settled at times in Alderney, Guernsey, Herm and Sark. Missing flight feathers on the bird's left wing prevented it from making the 13-mile journey across to France.

The bird was flown there from Guernsey in a joint effort by the island's Animal Shelter, Airway Air Services, and the man who caught it, Mr Tim Earl, a keen birdwatcher and editor of *Islander Magazine* in Guernsey. The bird had been tended by the Guernsey Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

"The stork was terribly thin because it was unable to feed and people kept disturbing it," Mr Earl said. "However, after a few days in captivity it regained its strength. Slight injuries to its left wingtip and left leg were healing well."

After a 20-minute journey to Cherbourg in a box on board a scheduled Airway aircraft, the bird was set free and made a short flight across the airfield. While the stork

Immigration heads agenda for Shamir's right-wing coalition

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT IN JERUSALEM

MR YITZHAK Shamir, the Prime Minister of Israel, succeeded yesterday in forming a narrow-based, right-wing Government, the first such ruling coalition since 1984.

In a ceremony broadcast live by Israel's Army Radio, Mr Shamir and his right-wing Likud bloc signed a coalition agreement as well as policy guidelines for the new Government. There was still some disagreement over Cabinet posts and this was left out of the documents.

The coalition agreement was signed between Likud and half-a-dozen religious and nationalist factions which represent 62 of Parliament's 120 members.

The agreement came only hours before the expiration of Mr Shamir's mandate from President Herzog to form a government. Parliament is

now expected to be called into session to approve a new Cabinet, possibly as early as Monday.

At the signing ceremony Mr Shamir said: "The major effort of the Government will be made on the most important issue we are facing today—the absorption of the mass immigration of Jews from the Soviet Union."

He added: "Together with that we will deal with all the other issues, advancing the peace process, solving economic and social problems." The headline approach expected from the new Government was apparent in the policy guidelines that were adopted.

The guidelines emphasized "the right of Jews to settle in all parts of Greater Israel", suggesting that the Government would continue to settle

Soviet immigrants in the occupied West Bank despite strong international opposition. The new Government would also continue to oppose creation of an independent Palestinian state and would not negotiate with the Palestine Liberation Organization. But the guidelines called for talks with Palestinians from the occupied territories, a move consistently rejected by Arabs in the West Bank and Gaza Strip.

Israel has been in political disarray since March 15, when the previous ruling coalition between Likud and the Labour Party collapsed in disagreement over how to proceed with the Middle East peace process.

Mr Shimon Peres, the Labour Party leader, initially was given the mandate to form a government, but failed when two Orthodox MPs deserted him at the eleventh hour. On April 27 Mr Shamir was empowered with the task.

The new Government is also expected to take a harsher position than its predecessor in trying to put down the 30-month Palestinian intifada uprising in the occupied West Bank and Gaza Strip.

Mr Danny Dayan, Secretary-General of the right-wing Tehiya Party, told reporters this week that Mr Shamir had promised during negotiations to crack down on the uprising. Mr Shamir is also under pressure from religious parties to pass legislation against pork, to ban public transport on the Jewish Sabbath, and to provide more funds for religious education.

The newspaper *Jerusalem Post* pointed out in a front-page story yesterday that international concern over the settlement of Soviet Jewish immigrants in the occupied territories could heat up if Mr Shamir carries through with his promise to give Mr Ariel Sharon, the former Defence Minister who engineered the 1982 Lebanon war, responsibility for immigration.

But Mr Shamir's aides have said that Mr Sharon is to be appointed Housing Minister, and will head a special committee overseeing immigration. "The international furor over settling Soviet Jews in the West Bank will never go away if Ariel Sharon is given far-reaching authority over absorption in a narrow Likud-led Government," the *Post* quoted an unnamed *Post* activist as saying. Another key appointment is expected to see Mr David Levy getting the Foreign Ministry portfolio. He currently heads the Housing Ministry.

Defence is to go to the current Foreign Minister, Mr Moshe Arens. Mr Yitzhak Mordechai, who heads a faction within Likud, is to hold the Finance Ministry portfolio. Members of religious parties are expected to take control of the Interior, Economics, Religious Affairs and Education Ministries.

Mr Eric Goldstein, research director of the American-based human rights group Middle East Watch, noted: "As the Emir of Kuwait has discovered, overflowing supermarkets do not always prevent people from demanding political rights. After what has happened in Eastern Europe, and what is beginning to happen in some Arab countries, even Iraq no longer looks impervious to change."

Arab polls signal mood of change

FROM CHRISTOPHER WALKER IN CAIRO

ELECTIONS in three Arab countries to be held over the next four days are a signal that a gentle breeze, if not yet a full wind of change, is beginning to blow from the newly-liberated nations of Eastern Europe to disturb political life in one of the world's most autocratic regions.

Tomorrow the all-male electorate in the desert sheikhdom of Kuwait goes to the polls to elect two-thirds of the deputies to a new National Assembly. In Tunisia, the opposition is to boycott a controversial municipal poll, and local elections to be fought in Algeria on June 12 will be the first multi-party contest permitted there since independence in 1962.

The polls are being viewed as evidence that the defiant despotism of the most forceful of the Arab world's current leaders, President Saddam Hussein of Iraq, is increasingly out of step with the mood in many of the 21 member states of the Arab League.

In addition to looking at individual results, Western governments will be watching the effect that such a concerted blast of democracy will have in a strategic region where emirs, kings and one-party dictators have held sway.

Already the vote-rigging which has long discredited Egyptian elections is under mounting internal criticism; in Syria, President Assad has promised a loosening of emergency laws; and questions are being asked about the failure of King Fahd of Saudi Arabia to live up to the promise he made on ascending the throne in 1982 to create a *majlis ashura*, a traditional forum for consultation.

Bolder commentators in



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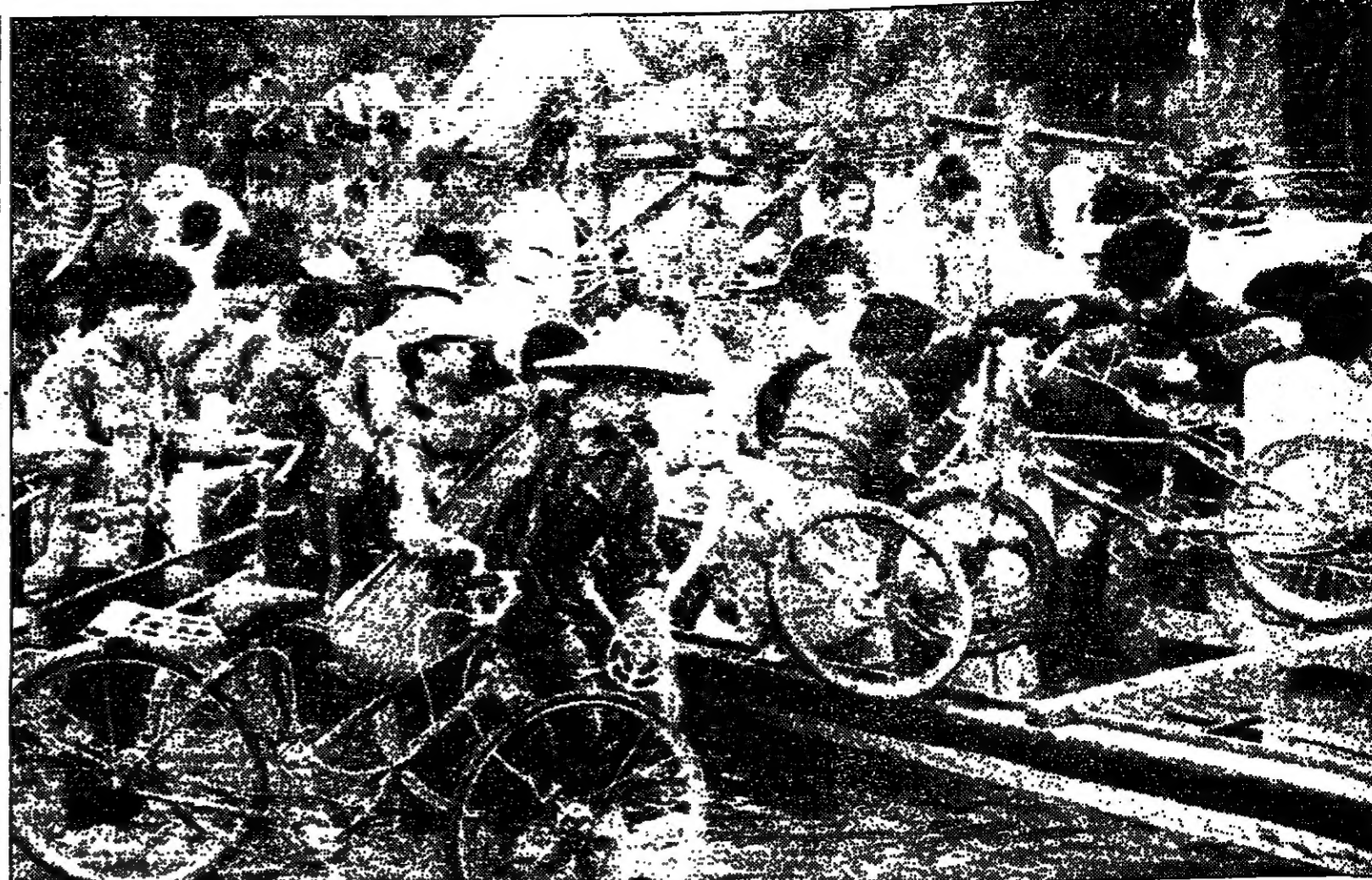
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Illegal Burmese immigrants boarding boats with their possessions after being forced to return to Burma by Thai security forces at Mae Sot, a town on the Moel river separating the two countries. In a big operation that began before dawn, Thai soldiers and

immigration officials repatriated more than 1,000 Burmese civilians on Thursday against their will (AP reports). A Burmese immigration official, Aung Naing, said normally those who leave Burma illegally face fines and up to six months in prison,

but these returnees would face no action. Large numbers of Burmese regularly cross into Thailand, complaining of lack of work and food. Others are political refugees who have fled military rule in the country in the past 20 months. Many ethnic tribes-

people conscripted by the Burmese Army have also fled. Some 20,000 ethnic refugees have lived for years in refugee camps in Thailand near the Burma border. In the past year this number has more than doubled, relief agencies report.

Paris MP calls for brothels to beat Aids

FROM PHILIP JACOBSON IN PARIS

AS PARIS struggles to cope with the worst Aids epidemic of any city in Europe, the senior official responsible for co-ordinating the campaign has recommended reviving the capital's *maisons closes*, or private brothels.

According to Mme Michèle Barzach, Minister of Health in the last conservative government, the "horrible" problems of the spread of Aids by prostitution must be tackled by strict sanitary controls.

"At the risk of shocking many people, this is the only way we can take effective measures," Mme Barzach told *Le Monde* as M Jacques Chirac, Mayor of Paris, announced a tripling of the city's budget to combat the epidemic. With Aids making greater inroads into the drug addict community, she noted, the rate of heterosexual infection is rising. The Paris brothels were outlawed in 1946.

About one third of all Aids cases diagnosed in France since the end of 1989 originated in Paris, where annual deaths from the disease now run into several hundreds. While the latest figures suggest that the spread of Aids within the homosexual community has slowed significantly, there has been an alarming increase of cases among addicts injecting themselves intravenously.

Mme Barzach, who is an MP, points out that the Bois de Boulogne, where many prostitutes ply their trade, "has become the Boulevard de Sida (Aids)".

The Health Minister, M Claude Evin, said yesterday he is "ready to examine anything that will allow us to limit the spread of Aids Sida... though re-opening *maisons closes* will not be the only approach".

But a leading Aids researcher, Professor Jean-Louis Vilde, insisted that most prostitutes now take precautions and re-opening brothels would not affect "occasional" prostitution in which the virus can be transmitted.

Peruvians shun parties' bitter election campaign

FROM CORINNE SCHMIDT IN LIMA

THE two candidates have optimistically promised "the great change" and "the real change" but after a campaign which has deepened Peru's religious, racial and economic divisions, the nine million Peruvians who will vote in tomorrow's presidential election seem mostly eager to be done with the whole business. Yet the results of tomorrow's election are likely to leave the country's future more uncertain than ever.

Unlike the 1985 election, which gave Señor Alan García and his American Popular Revolutionary Alliance (Apra) a majority in the Congress, tomorrow's vote is expected to end in something close to a tie. The latest polls give the conservative novelist Mario Vargas Llosa a statistically irrelevant lead over the centrist agronomist, Señor Alberto Fujimori.

The congressional make-up was decided in April 8's first round election, and no party holds a majority. In a country marked by bitter ideological conflicts, this campaign has been notable for its enormous acrimony and relative lack of ideological content.

Both Señor Fujimori and Señor Vargas Llosa are political independents, and although Señor Vargas Llosa's economic proposals are more market-oriented, an alliance between his Democratic Front coalition and Señor Fujimori's "Change 90" movement may be possible.

But the campaign's nastiness may hinder a post-election coalition. As the humorous columnist, Rafo León, wrote: "Idi Amin is well-mannered in contrast with what we saw."

"I will not vote for either of them" has become a refrain among Peruvians repelled by Señor Vargas Llosa's image as a wealthy proponent of economic austerity and disrespected by Señor Fujimori's lack of a clear programme, and his

links to the discredited government party.

In a poll conducted four days before the election, the polling company Datum found that more than 15 per cent of those interviewed said they were either undecided or that they would vote blank.

For Peruvians, one of the most disturbing aspects of the campaign has been its religious content. Señor Fujimori is supported by prominent Protestant Evangelicals, prompting the conservative Roman Catholic Archbishop Augusto Vargas Alzamora of Lima to urge Peruvians to vote against him.

But the archbishop's overt move into the political realm divided his own Church. The progressive Bishop of Puno, receiving a telephone offer of a truckload of anti-Fujimori leaflets, hung up in disgust on his caller. "The conservatives are ready to canonize Vargas Llosa and bring back the Inquisition," he declared.

Setback for the rebels in Liberia

REBELS trying to topple President Doe of Liberia suffered their first setback yesterday when the Government said that its troops had regained the Firestone rubber plantation, captured earlier this week, from which the country's only international airport at Robertsfield is effectively controlled (Libby Jukes writes).

Rebel sources said that the forces of the National Patriotic Front of Liberia occupying the plantation, 35 miles from Monrovia, the capital, withdrew at the approach of the Government's First Infantry Battalion backed by heavy artillery.

US Embassy officials in Monrovia said they were disappointed that only 150 US nationals had signed up for the 300 seats on two chartered planes due to fly from Monrovia's Spriggs Payne airfield for Abidjan in Ivory Coast tomorrow.

Teachers defy Mugabe threat

Harare — About 2,000 teachers, striking for a 33 per cent pay rise, demonstrated near here yesterday in defiance of an earlier threat by President Mugabe that additional "stern action" would be taken if they failed to return to work (Jan Raath writes).

The teachers, mainly women, gathered early yesterday in the crowded Highfield township in their first show of strength since Wednesday, when they were driven out of central Harare by heavily armed riot police. Police again put them to flight yesterday.

Militants shoot minister's uncle

Srinagar — Militants fighting Delhi's rule in Kashmir have shot dead the uncle of Mufi Mohammad Sayeed, the Indian Home Affairs Minister, in their second attack on members of the minister's family.

Police said yesterday that six militants forced their way into the home of Mr Ghulam Hassan Shah, aged 70, on Thursday night and killed him. (Reuters)



Horns of a dilemma: A member of the matador's team giving chase after a spectator jumped into the Las Ventas bullring in Madrid to fight the bull himself. King Juan Carlos of Spain and President Pérez of Venezuela were among the audience

PARLIAMENT

June 8 1990

Inflation 'could have been avoided'

INFLATION affecting the United Kingdom now, and in prospect, could have been avoided, a former Treasury minister told the Commons.

Mr Ian Gow (Eastbourne, C), who was Minister of State, Treasury, in 1985, and before that, Parliamentary Private Secretary to Mrs Thatcher, had called for renewed acknowledgment by the Treasury that excessive monetary growth was the cause of inflation.

Mr Peter Lilley, Financial Secretary to the Treasury, agreed that monetary policy had been unnecessarily relaxed after the 1987 stock market slump, and said that the Government would not blame others for that. He added that the Government was taking the necessary hard and difficult measures to reduce inflation.

He accepted that the Government was responsible for maintaining and securing a stable currency and confirmed that ministers would not be satisfied until they had again achieved that.

"There is no point in trying to blame the problems on others, and we do not do so."

The electorate would acknowledge that the Conservatives had been prepared to admit that, following the 1987 stock market

slump, monetary policy was relaxed unnecessarily, but they had been edged on by Labour at the time to do even more.

"We do not blame anyone else. We recognize that that has to be undone and that a painful period of high interest rates is therefore necessary. There is no shirking that."

Opening the debate, Mr Ian McCartney (Makerfield, Lab) accused the Government of increasing the burden of direct and indirect taxation and claimed that for most households, income tax cuts had been cancelled out by the growing burden of less fair taxes like the poll tax and VAT. National insurance contributions had been used cynically as an additional tax while benefits had been cut or abolished.

The Conservatives talked only about income tax, conveniently forgetting to mention all the other taxes which had risen during the Tory years of government. Even in focusing on income tax, they never pointed out that some people had gained far more than others.

The super-rich were being given huge pay rises and unfair tax concessions.

"The British people have been misled by the Tory tax cuts fantasy. They realize that, over

the last 10 years, the vast majority of them have been paying additional tax to featherbed the most rich and powerful in society."

Mr Steven Norris (Epping Forest, C) said that the position had been reversed from the days when companies had to devote much of their financial resources to tax planning.

"Companies are devoting their time and financial resources to making their businesses more efficient and more entrepreneurial. Tax planning fortunately needs much less time because rates are perceived as bearable and reasonable."

Mr Gow said that Labour had not been responsible for inflation of 26.9 per cent in the 1970s although it had been in office then.

Responsibility for that figure lay with Mr Edward Heath and then Mr Anthony Barber, his Chancellor, who had been in office somewhere between two years to 18 months preceding that figure.

The cause was an increase in the rate of growth of the supply of money at a rate far greater than the increase in the supply of goods and services.

The present inflation rate of 9 per cent, possibly rising, was direct and inevitable consequence of the fact that, somewhere between 18 months and two years ago, the rate of growth of the supply of money was much greater than the rate of growth of the supply of goods and services.

He called on Mr Lilley to repeat that the Government remained committed to achieving stable prices.

Inflation was the most unfair tax of all, a major source of envy, jealousy and malice, an unauthorized robber of those who saved, a major disincentive to investment, noticeably in investment from overseas, and the principal parent of unemployment.

"If we are talking about unfairness, let us have from Mr Lilley his own reaffirmation of a commitment to end the unfairness of inflation."

Mr Stewart Bell (Middlesbrough, C) said that the concept was clear in the public mind: they did not want increased taxation. They might say in an opinion poll that they wanted to pay more for better services, but the reality was not that.

Sir Trevor Skeet (North Bedfordshire, C) said that in future years the Labour Party would throw aside the idea of a roof tax and go over to the present local government tax

system.

Mr Lilley agreed that the Government was responsible for maintaining and securing a stable currency and confirmed that ministers would not be satisfied until they had again achieved that.

Monetary policy had been relaxed unnecessarily in 1987 when the stock market collapsed. What had been done then had to be undone and a period of high interest rates was therefore necessary.

"History shows that when a party abandons faith in its own values and standards and tries to ape those of its opponents, it loses the next election."

If Labour believed that the total burden was too high, why did it promise extra spending which would have met by taxation in the long run?

● **BILL PASSED:** The Access to Health Records Bill, which allows individuals to see their health records and to correct inaccuracies in them, was given an unopposed third reading.

The Gaming (Amendment) Bill was given a second reading. It has passed the House of Lords, and provides for the Gaming Board to review a gaming licence held by a company which comes under new control.

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Protests as the pubs shut their doors for Czech election day

FROM ANNE McELVOY AND RICHARD BASSETT IN PRAGUE

THE Friends of Beer party has already registered its protest at the "undemocratic" decision to close the pubs on election day. So have the legions of Prague workers — in mutterings and hand-on-the-forehead gestures of disbelief — who were dismayed to discover that as polling began yesterday, the pubs closed to make sure that no one was distracted from their democratic duty.

Voting began slowly in the centre of the city with the crowds more concerned with their weekend shopping and queuing for advance tickets for the most popular film in town: *Emmanuelle*, informally subtitled "sex film" for the uninited.

In the last public statement before polling the prominent Civic Forum candidate and deputy finance minister, Mr Václav Havel, complained that it had "degenerated into animosity and hysteria".

He warned that the new enemy of democracy in Czechoslovakia was not "the old mafia" but the continuing smear campaigns against politicians accused of having collaborated with the secret police, and called on the main parties to put their bitterness behind them and prepare to form a coalition.

Campaigning was stopped two days ago but the most effective anti-communist statement, the historical exhibition on the columns and shop windows of the main street, Na Tržkově, was still drawing crowds anxious for a last glimpse of the old mafia they are leaving behind.

The voters are clearly heading to the polls fired by the opportunity to avenge the past. "Today is about putting the lid on the coffin of these people," said Mrs Jana Časlavá, an assistant in one of the shops which has offered up its window space for the exhibition.

On the parapet above, the cardboard head of Mr Václav Blah, the man suspected of inviting the Soviet troops to invade Czechoslovakia and

arrested for questioning this week, has been decapitated. Special sniggers were reserved for the picture of the former leader, Mr Gustav Husák who, it is recorded, announced 10 years ago with unsuspecting prescience that "the eighties are not going to be easy".

The deposed Mr Husák was voting in Bratislava, although unwilling to supply details of the time and place he intended to cast his own free vote.

President Havel, by contrast, had difficulty even reaching the ballot box through the throng in the Prague school where he cast his vote, his only competitor in the popularity stakes in the city this weekend being the American singer, Paul Simon, who is acting as an observer when he can escape the pursuing autograph-hunters.

In the Communist Party headquarters the mood was glum, despite the hasty change of hammer and sickle for the vacuum new logo of a bunch of cherries. Most of their posters have in any case been scrawled over with the message "Do not eat". Even the leader of the socialist party, Mr Jiri Vyšší, cast his vote telling the reporters that he had "modest hopes".

Exiled Czechs from Germany, Austria and across the Atlantic have been returning to exercise their right to vote. With no voting being allowed in embassies abroad, they have to turn up in person in the country of their birth.

In Bratislava, the expected Canadian turnout is more than a hundred, while Czechoslovakians living in southern, East and West Germany simply popped across the open borders to the nearest polling stations to cast their votes.

Two hundred international observers kept a low profile impressed by what one American senator called "the high political awareness" of the Czechs. In Prague where a score of central polling stations opened at 1 pm, by 3 pm, more than half of those

on the electoral rolls had voted in a quiet business-like way. Here, there were none of the queues or confusing ballot papers of Romania or uncontrolled emotions of East Germany. Instead, as if free elections had been part of their everyday existence under the communists, Czechs took part in the democratic process with sang froid.

Undeterred by thunderstorms and pouring rain, most of the Czechs in Prague's first district took an hour off work to vote early. Hotels and shops along with restaurants were deserted by 2 pm. Most of those encountered leaving the polling stations said they had voted for the Civic Forum which seized power after the revolution last November.

In Prague's poorer fifth district of Smíchov, a run-down area dominated by grim brick buildings erected in the last century inhabited largely by gypsies, the majority of voters said they supported the communists.

"Under the communists we were badly treated but at least we were not attacked in the streets," said one gypsy woman going to the polling station referring to the recent past of assaults by punks and skinheads on gypsies near Wenceslas Square.

In Slovakia, initial reports suggested voting was proceeding in an equally orderly fashion. From outlying districts near the Soviet frontier, there are reports of confusion in the voting procedure but by late afternoon yesterday there had not been any criticism of the procedure from any of the 23 parties taking part.

Under the new Czechoslovak electoral law, parties will have to win at least 5 per cent of the vote to qualify for seats in parliament. Though the Christian Democratic Union is expected to do well in Slovakia, despite last minute attempts by the Civic Forum to discredit them, no one doubts that Civic Forum will be reconfirmed as the government.



A supporter of the Union of Democratic Forces, an amalgam of 16 groupings and the main opposition party in Sunday's elections, giving the victory sign beside his car festooned with party emblems in Sofia yesterday

Reformed party poised for win in Bulgaria

FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT IN SOFIA

IN AN absolutely unique situation for Eastern Europe, the Bulgarian Communist Party appears to have done the impossible — transformed itself and survived. It may well emerge as the biggest party in Parliament in tomorrow's first round of general elections, though not necessarily with the power to form the next government.

Almost until the end of last year Bulgaria was regarded as Moscow's most faithful ally in Europe and one of the most orthodox communist states. But last November 10 senior party officials, including today's outgoing Prime Minister, Mr Andrei Lukanov, and President Mladenov ousted the ruler of 35 years, Mr Todor Zhivkov, and set the country on the path of reform.

The Communist Party has since changed its name to the Bulgarian Socialist Party and claims to be a "Marxist party of democratic socialism" which is committed to political pluralism and a cautious move to a market economy. The party leader is Mr Alexander Lilov, who until seven years ago was the chief ideologist of the Communist Party.

There is an air of statesman-like experience and authority about the reformed party's leaders, unlike the ramshackle image of the opposition leaders. And the party has profited from the fact that Bulgaria has traditionally been close to the Soviet Union, so the new "democratic socialism" is not seen as a Russian "imposition".

The main opposition is United Democratic Forces, a heterogeneous group of 16 parties and movements ranging from Social Democrats to Christian activists and the Ecoglasnost. The latter is the popular environmentalist movement which was important in focusing anti-communist sentiment towards the end of the Zhivkov era.

It advocates a "shock therapy" treatment to put the country on the path to a market economy.

A third political group is the Bulgarian Agrarian Party, which for more than 40 years had been a subservient ally of the Communist Party and was kept "alive" only to preserve a fiction of a multi-party parliament. The group has now made a bid for freedom and says its objective is the "revival of the Bulgarian village".

The dark horse in the election is the Movement for Rights Freedom, whose support is drawn from the Turkish and Muslim minorities who make up more than 10 per cent of the population.

Turkish minority still reject the communists in their new guise

FROM TIM JUDAH IN PANICHKOVO, SOUTHERN BULGARIA

TAKE a winding road into the Rhodope mountains, and soon the air becomes noticeably cooler. Women dressed traditionally in baggy trousers kick onwards their heavily laden donkeys and give barely a passing glance at the sign that greets visitors to the Turkish village of Panichkovo: "Let us complete the five-year plan in four years!"

The men of Panichkovo are not taking this exhortation seriously either. A large group of them is relaxing under a broad-leaved tree, watching the world go by. Proudly they confirm that all 1,000 people of their village are Turkish. They say that in last year's great exodus of Turks fleeing Bulgarian persecution only 20 families left from here and 15 have returned. "We have no problems with our Bulgarian neighbours around here," they said.

The men are happy to talk to a stranger. They say they are pleased that democracy has come to Bulgaria, but they also say that it has not changed "that much", that they would feel at ease giving their names. Like the rest of the one million strong Turkish Bulgarian community, these men had their names changed in the "assimilation" campaign that began in 1984. In some villages there was violence as the authorities handed out new identity cards with new Bulgarian names on them, but the men say that in Panichkovo things were pretty quiet. Only a few police beatings.

But people are still angry. They say, "Since the fall of Zhivkov (Mr Todor Zhivkov who ruled for 35 years) last November, we have had the right to change our names back — but it is expensive and time-consuming. You have to go through the courts. Why can't we just get new identity cards in the same way we were given them in 1984?"

For these men, this is an election issue. They say that

the opposition United Democratic Forces have not sent anyone to see them, and they are certainly not going to vote for the "communists" as they still call the ruling party, now renamed the Bulgarian Socialist Party.

"We have had experience of them," they say. Neither of the two major political forces in the country has offered the Turks much — because they are afraid of losing support from the bulk of the Bulgarian electorate.

As a consequence, there is only one election campaign poster in Panichkovo. It is for the Movement of Rights Freedom led by Mr Ahmed Dogan. It is covered in pictures: there is a mosque, a television set, a radio, a newspaper, and a book which says "alphabet" in Latin. At the bottom it says, all in Bulgarian with its Cyrillic characters: "Vote for your children's future."

The central messages of Mr Dogan's party are not transmitted in pictograms because the Turks are illiterate — they are not. The pictures which represent the fun-

damental demands of Turkish schools, Turkish language programmes and other rights, are spelled out in this way because of the shaky legal ground that the movement rests on.

The Bulgarian Constitution says that no party or movement can be set up on an "ethnic" basis — so the movement must be careful to keep within the bounds of the law. It cannot openly demand Turkish schools, for example, and because the official language of Bulgaria is Bulgarian, Mr Dogan is barred by law from speaking in Turkish to his followers at public meetings.

The men of Panichkovo know the boundary and, still unsure of their visitor, they say: "The movement is not only Turkish. It has Bulgarians, Jews and Armenians in it too."

But whether other numerically insignificant minorities vote for it or not, it will be the Turkish and to a lesser extent the Pomak or Bulgarian Muslim vote that counts — and Panichkovo is solidly behind

Mr Dogan. A drink is offered before leaving. Wine or beer? This village obviously doesn't take Islam's strictures on alcohol too seriously. "Except on Friday," the men say. But they add: "Ever since they tried to restrict and control us, young people have been going to the mosque. Nowadays, as there is no fear about religion, it is always full."

It is words like this which fill ordinary Bulgarians with dread. For many of them the Turkish minority conjures up images of Islamic fundamentalism and nightmares of Turkish invasions. But as the men of Panichkovo show, all they want is to be left alone and have their rights respected. If Mr Dogan's movement is to be successful, it will have to chart a careful course: sticking up for its electorate while calming Bulgarian fears to prevent any backlash.

● SOFIA: The opposition wound up its election campaign yesterday, confident after a huge rally that it will beat the former communists in tomorrow's elections. (Reuters)

Villagers vote with joy and foreboding

FROM PETER GREEN IN CERNOŠOVKA, CZECHOSLOVAKIA

STANDING outside the Slanka restaurant in this small summer resort 12 miles from Prague, Mrs Kvetuse Kubickova had no doubts. "It's a beautiful feeling," she said. "I can vote for whoever I want to again."

Miss Monika Soukupova, aged 21, a chemistry student, agreed as she walked to the polling booth. "I'm very happy it is a free election; the first time in my life I vote," she said. "I am going to vote Civic Forum because I am a student and it's our revolution."

Yesterday and today, for the first time in 44 years, Miss Soukupova, Mrs Kubickova, and nearly 10 million other Czechoslovakians are voting freely to elect their Parliament. For many in this small village, once an elegant vacation spot for Prague's upper crust, the elections are as much a referendum on last November's velvet revolution as they are a chance to put right the damage done to their town by 41 years of Communist rule.

"Cernoshovka is going down

the drain, but I am voting for Civic Forum because I hope we can rebuild this town to what it once was," Mrs Kvetuse Hanusova said, as she served ice cream to village children.

The once elegant holiday villas which dot the hillsides and river banks have been subdivided into minuscule apartments, the *fin de siècle* facades are crumbling, the streets are pot-holed, and the shops are drab. As the polls opened at 2 pm, pensioners and housewives were the first to stand in line outside the two restaurants which service the town's polling stations.

"We are afraid of the economic changes, but still we are very glad for the revolution," said Mr Frantisek Cvrk, a pensioner aged 77, as he waited to vote with his wife, Božena. During the voting bars and taverns are prohibited from selling anything stronger than lager. A pair of lorry drivers sat grimly sipping coffee in Cernoshovka's only bar.

"It's certain that we will lose some money, but that's a small price to pay for democracy," said Mr David Vondracek, barman at the Hotel Kazim.

Not only local residents came to vote. "I think it's wonderful. That's why I'm here," said Miss Katerina Kohoutova, who has lived in the United States for the past three years. Authorities are expecting a 100,000 people like Miss Kohoutova to return home to vote and every polling station has extra bal-

lots for returning emigrants, who need only show their passport.

An exit poll of 50 voters showed Civic Forum far ahead. But here, as in other provincial towns, voters complained that candidates had not made themselves known. You get a big stack of papers with all these names. It's like the old days because you still don't know who the candidates are," said Mrs Eva Kubickova, a shop assistant in the town's one sweet shop. "If any party was serious, instead of putting up all those expensive posters, they'd use the money to open a hospital and then I'd vote."

● PILSEN: The elections succeeded in achieving what Allied bombs failed to do in the Second World War — stopping the flow of the beer that made this city world famous. In order to satisfy their thirst for democracy, the Government decreed that during polling hours bars throughout the country could serve only weak beer. Some bars and restaurants closed. Others brought in bottles of weak beer for those unable to wait for the end of polling. (Reuters)

Indian ban

Calcutta — The Indian state of West Bengal has ordered a blanket ban on foreign devotees of the Hindu Ananda Marga sect visiting the state, in what appears to be a row between the ruling left-wingers and the sect. (AFP)

PRAGUE NOTEBOOK by Richard Bassett

The sound of music invades the Czechs' Venice

Prague appears to be busily engaged in trying to establish itself as one of the musical capitals of Europe. These days it is hardly possible to walk in Wenceslas Square without coming across buskers who sound ripe for the concert hall making music around the recently erected statue of Thomas Masaryk, founder of modern Czechoslovakia.

Civic Forum has cleverly exploited this reservoir of musicians by enrolling the Prague Saxophone Quartet to aid its election campaign, while the Christian Democrats prefer the more intimate charm of chamber music. In the star-shaped Stern Palace, three musicians, none older than 17, yesterday performed for them works for oboe, violin and piano. "Incredible," sighed the director of the Berlin Music Academy.

Most impressive of all is the Army's contribution to this musical Renaissance. Since the November revolution, the dishevelled spirit of the Good Soldier Schwejk hovers over the Army, whose drill and appearance have "gone to pieces", said a military attaché here. But each

Wednesday on the old town square, attired in vivid scarlet, the military bands, once the pride of the old Austrian Army, strike up suitably enough the "Radetsky March". Seemingly indifferent to the historical associations of various imperial marches, the band plays with a precision and panache which even the Royal Marines might envy.

That Prague should these days resound to Austrian military marches is only to be expected. It is now commonly asserted in Austrian diplomatic circles both here and in Vienna that President Havel is in fact an old Austrian, descended from no less a family than the Thun-Hohensteins, who for centuries ruled large stretches of Bohemia. The Austrians say that this story, current for some time in Viennese salons, may explain Mr Havel's puzzling choice of Prince Karl von Schwarzenberg, scion of an old Austrian family and therefore a suitable kinsman of the President, as one of his top advisers.

Recently, in a ceremony here of suitable medieval austerity, Prince Schwarzenberg publicly renounced



Mr Havel voting yesterday: Austrian tendencies?

his Bohemian estates, which even before the Second World War compared favourably in extent with an Irish county. The Catholic Church, on the other hand, which apart from the aristocracy owned the most land in the country before the outbreak of war, is under-

standably anxious that convents and monasteries, for so long occupied by Communists who outlawed religious orders, should be returned to devotional use.

In Prague's leafy suburb of Brevnov, the architect Dienzenhofer's splendid Baroque monastery has for 40 years been one of the more picturesque headquarters of the Prague secret police. The church, which is one of its greatest achievements, has been open to the public for a considerable time but, although I have caught a glimpse of a Franciscan in Strahov and have heard that the Dominicans will shortly be reclaiming their refectory from the Czech Philharmonic Choir, there is as yet no sign of a friar at Brevnov, and the magnificent frescoes of its cloisters remain off-limits.

When the friars do return they would be well advised to preserve their church's pale yellow facade and to resist the activities of Prague's art historians, whose baleful influence has in recent years seen an outbreak of flossy pinks, reds and blues on fronts which were never these shiny colours. Six months

after the revolution, despite common agreement that Bohemia and Moravia, and indeed Slovakia, possess an unrivalled collection of architectural monuments, the Civic Forum has failed to appoint a monuments committee which can catalogue, list — and, above all, defend — an architectural heritage which is surely bound to come under an increasing threat as the aggressive values of the marketplace gradually permeate the country.

In the authority vacuum which now prevails, many buildings are already being painted grotesque colours, the chief culprits being the French and Japanese embassies.

Not, however, the British, whose palais, by an extremely happy coincidence formerly the property of the Thun-Hohensteins, is being given a thoroughly professional and carefully researched face-lift.

We hear a lot these days about Venice, but Prague, as the only Central European city to escape damage in the Second World War, is also special — a city which, like Venice, is the responsibility of all Europe.

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Soviet deal for nuclear free Germany to join Nato

From Ian Murray in Bonn

IN RETURN for an agreement that all nuclear weapons will be removed from German soil, the Soviet Union is ready to accept that a united Germany can be a full member of Nato, diplomatic sources said.

The offered *quid pro quo* would exploit the existing argument within the Alliance about the future of its nuclear deterrent. Mrs Thatcher firmly told the spring meeting of the Nato foreign ministers in Turnberry on Thursday that the deployment of nuclear weapons in Germany was vital to the defence of Europe. Herr Hans-Dietrich Genscher, the West German Foreign Minister, on the other hand, has repeatedly warned that "a new nuclear build-up would be dangerous for German and European unity".

There is already practical agreement that no nuclear weapons or Nato troops can be based on what is presently East German territory. Herr Markus Meckel, the East German Foreign Minister, who will chair the next "two plus four" meeting on reunification on June 22, has now suggested that his country, with Czechoslovakia and Hungary, could become a demilitarized, neutral zone.

He is likely to press this idea at the meeting, when the military and political aspects of reunification are meant to be discussed. The Soviet Union has for a long time wanted to see West Germany denuclearized, and down the years has successfully played on fears here that all of Germany would become the super-power's atomic battlefield in the event of a nuclear war. Herr Genscher, from the tiny Free Democrats, knows that his party would have widespread support if he tried to stop the Alliance basing in West Germany a new generation of airborne nuclear missiles favoured by President Bush and Mrs Thatcher.

Herr Helmut Kohl, the Christian Democrat West German Chancellor, has so far not asked for nuclear weapons to be withdrawn, although one

of his closest advisers has said that the Chancellor wants to see the number held by Nato reduced to a minimum so that they can be removed from Germany.

Herr Karsten Voigt, the foreign affairs spokesman of the opposition Social Democrats, has already said that all nuclear weapons should be removed from German soil if the united country is to be part of Nato. Even then he regards this as only a transitional stage until a new pan-European security structure evolves.

The debate is just getting under way within the Alliance, with planners trying to decide how to defend Europe with a smaller army and a different kind of nuclear deterrent, which is still seen by Nato commanders as essential, for a number of reasons.

One important reason is to make sure that America stays closely involved in Europe by stationing a considerable force on the continent. West Germany believes the present 250,000 American troops here could eventually be reduced to just 40,000, which would still be enough to ensure US involvement in any future conflict. There is real concern, however, that, without a "nuclear umbrella" to protect its garrison, Washington would cut its presence to a mere token force.

Another reason is the fear that instability in East Europe or the Soviet Union could end with the Soviet nuclear weapons there being captured by an untrustworthy regime.

British and American thinking is that it is safe to leave present East German territory as a denuclearized area, but that it would be quite wrong to make a special case of West Germany and not use it as a forward base for whatever kind of atomic weapon is deployed in future.

Herr Genscher hopes that the pace of change in the East will eventually make the argument superfluous. He believes that the need for nuclear weapons will just simply fade away.

Secret cargo on launched US Titan

Cape Canaveral - The US Air Force yesterday launched its second unmanned Titan 4 rocket, believed by civilian experts to be carrying a satellite to spy on Soviet military communications.

The Air Force, which tried to keep the launch preparations of the \$150 million rocket secret, refused to reveal the nature of its cargo. (Reuters)

Terror given up

Bonn - Frau Susanne Albrecht, aged 39, arrested in East Germany in connection with a 1977 murder in West Germany, probably renounced terrorism in the late 1970s. "Our information says Albrecht has nothing more to do with the terrorist scene," a West German spokesman said. (Reuters)

Punjab leader

Delhi - The coalition Government of Mr Vishwanath Pratap Singh, the Prime Minister, has appointed Mr Virendra Varma, a member of the upper house in Parliament, to be the governor of the troubled Punjab. (AFP)

Jungle warfare

Huancayo, Peru - A battle between at least 1,000 members of the Ashaninkas and 200 members of the Campos jungle tribes armed with arrows, spears, machetes and poison darts left at least 48 dead. (AP)

Yacht released

Havana - Authorities in Cuba have released the Bellesbat Queen, the British-registered yacht detained for allegedly entering the country's territorial waters illegally. (Reuters)

Mayor heckled

Hong Kong - Mr Zhu Rongji, the Mayor of Shanghai, was heckled by about 20 students shouting "China has buried the truth" when he arrived here to promote investment in China. (Reuters)

Greek oil spill

Nespolis, Greece - An oil slick 12 miles long and 40 yards wide, spilled by an unknown vessel, is threatening holiday beaches near here, the coastguard said. (Reuters)

Bomb kills child

Bogota - A bomb aimed at a Colombian police patrol killed a child and injured at least three people near the cocaine centre of Medellin. (Reuters)



Question time: President Bush keeps his chin up as he ponders an answer to a question from a student at a Chicago school while more hands are raised to gain his attention. Mr Bush read part of a book to the children and told them: "If you want to be a President, learn to read."

Moscow fails to contain violence

From Richard Owen in Moscow

AS THE number of dead in the week-long ethnic conflict between Kirghiz and Uzbeks reached 78 yesterday, the President of Uzbekistan declared a state of emergency in the Andizhan region, saying that the violence was spilling over into his republic from neighbouring Kirghizia.

In the main square at Frunze, capital of Kirghizia, thousands of people gathered yesterday to mourn the victims of the fighting. The clashes erupted on Monday night as Kirghiz and Uzbeks fought pitched battles for possession of land on the outskirts of the town of Osh.

Yesterday Mr Islam Karimov, the Uzbek President, said there was a real danger of the events in the Osh region "degenerating into a conflict between the two republics". He appealed to President Gorbachev to send more troops to restore order, as well as an investigating commission.

Foreign journalists were yesterday informed by the Foreign Ministry that Kirghizia was closed to the press. Uzbekistan is already closed to Moscow-based journalists.

The Soviet Tass news agency reported from Osh yesterday that the fighting was continuing despite heavy Soviet troop presence, and that 15,000 Uzbeks had gathered on the border in a bid to break through an army cordon to head for Osh.

Tass said troops had fired into the air, but gave no indication that soldiers had fired at the crowd, as had happened at the beginning of the disturbances. The agency said that 100 student protesters from Frunze had been allowed to fly to Osh to see for themselves that the authorities were "doing their best" to contain the violence.

Tass said that since the violence began 78 people had been killed, more than 300 wounded, and 249 houses and 44 cars set on fire.

● **FRUNZE:** In contrast to tense Osh, the situation here appeared to have stabilized yesterday. Shops were open and public transport moved freely. At strategic crossroads and outside the railway station, unarmed soldiers were on duty, but no military vehicles were visible.

Russian welcome for reformist Patriarch

From Richard Owen in Moscow

RUSSIANS looking to the Orthodox Church for leadership, as the Communist system declines, reacted with joy yesterday to the election of Metropolitan Aleksii of Leningrad as the new Russian Orthodox Patriarch and to the defeat of the "traditionalist" candidate, Metropolitan Filaret of Kiev.

As acting Patriarch since the death of Patriarch Pimen last month, Metropolitan Filaret had opposed what he called "revolutionary changes in the Church similar to those which took place in Soviet politics and society after the election of Gorbachev".

But the 300-strong Russian Orthodox General Assembly, headed by 75 bishops, was clearly influenced by the need to react to the new and influential position which the Church has acquired as the Soviet Union is moving towards democracy, and millions of Russians are turning to the Church.

The new Patriarch of Moscow and All Russia, who is to be formally enthroned at the Epiphany Cathedral in Moscow tomorrow, has a reputation for open-mindedness and radical ideas, in contrast to many others in the church hierarchy. Patriarch Pimen, who died after almost 20 years as head of the Church, was criticized by reformers for compromising with the authorities to ensure the Church's survival.

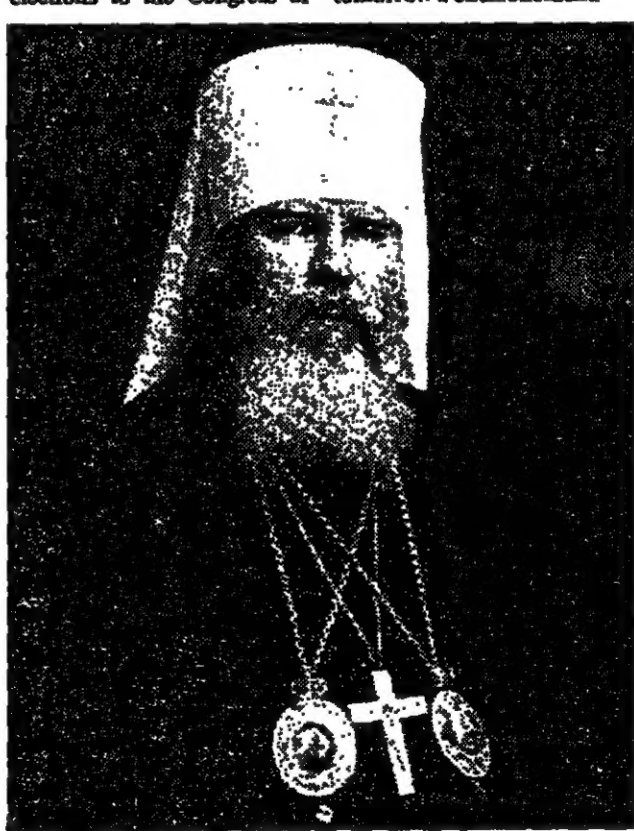
Metropolitan Aleksii, aged 61, also made his career in the church hierarchy during the Khrushchev and Brezhnev years. But he was born in Tallinn, the capital of Estonia, and as Archbishop of Tallinn and Estonia since 1968, he has been firmly associated with Baltic demands for greater freedom. For the past two years he has been Metropolitan

of Leningrad, which is also influenced by its links with the Baltic republics and Finland, and which now has a radical city government.

Born Alexei Ridiger, the new Patriarch served first as a parish priest before becoming Dean of Tartu in the 1950s, and then moving to Tallinn as bishop and then archbishop, or metropolitan. As Metropolitan of Leningrad and Novgorod since 1988, he has been an active public figure, demanding a greater church role in charity and social work, and becoming a "political priest" standing successfully as a candidate in elections to the Congress of

People's Deputies last year. Radical Christian activists, such as Aleksandr Ogorodnikov, hoped the new Patriarch would lead the Church away from its long "subservience" to the state, and elaborate a new doctrine implementing church-state separation.

After decades of persecution, the Church now plays a central role in Soviet public life, with Christian symbols and images dominating magazines and art exhibitions. Soviet television has given extensive coverage to this week's patriarchal election process, and is to broadcast tomorrow's enthronement.



Metropolitan Aleksii after his election in Moscow. He defeated the "traditionalist" candidate.

Baltic plea to rights meeting

From Christopher Follett in Copenhagen

UNDETERRED by the threat of a veto by the Soviet Union, the foreign ministers of Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania turned up here yesterday to submit a joint application to Denmark for observer status at the Copenhagen human rights conference, taking place all this month under the aegis of the 35-nation Conference on Security and Co-operation in Europe (CSCE).

Moscow immediately rejected the move and Mr Vladimir Petrovsky, the Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister, told a press conference there

was no possibility of the three republics - all of which want their independence - being given observer status, as was granted to Albania, because they were not independent states. Mr Lennart Meri, the Estonian Foreign Minister, said the application was a test case.

Earlier in the week, Denmark politely turned down a request for observer status for a prominent Lithuanian MP because there was not the "necessary consensus" among CSCE states.

● **Johannesburg:** A black police sergeant on his way to work was shot in the back of the head and killed instantly in Ntuzuma township, outside Durban in Natal province (writes Ray Kennedy), where a state of emergency, due to be lifted in the rest of the country, is to continue.

Praise for ruling on PLO suit over liner raid

By Michael Knipe
DIPLOMATIC CORRESPONDENT

SPECIALISTS in anti-terrorism welcomed a judge's ruling in a New York federal court yesterday that the Palestine Liberation Organization can be sued by passengers of the Achille Lauro, the cruise liner seized by Palestinian guerrillas in the Mediterranean in 1985.

"There are clear implications in this ruling for Britain and the international community as a whole," said Professor Paul Wilkinson, director of the Research Institute for the Study of Conflict and Terrorism, in London. "It indicates the continuing trend in American legal attitudes towards extending the responsibility for acts of terrorism. It should bring home to non-government organizations that they cannot escape from their potential responsibilities for such attacks."

The Achille Lauro, an Italian-owned liner, was hijacked by gunmen from the Palestine Liberation Front, a faction of the PLO led by Mr Mohammed Abbas, a member of the PLO's executive committee. One passenger, Leon Klinghoffer, an American invalid in a wheelchair, was shot and his body dumped in the sea.

There may be an appeal, but the federal court ruling clears the way for two tour companies sued by Klinghoffer's family, and other passengers on the liner, to continue with a suit against the PLO on the ground that it was ultimately responsible.

The PLO denied responsibility and filed a motion asking the court to dismiss the complaint. It argued that US courts do not have jurisdiction over the organization and that the PLO has immunity from lawsuits filed in America. Denying the PLO's motion, US District Judge Louis Stanton said the PLO was a non-profit organization in New York. It owned a building in Manhattan, had a bank account, maintained a number of permanent employees in New York, owned a car and had a telephone listing.

The judge rejected the argument that the PLO was a state and thus protected by international law. "Although it claims the attributes of a state, it controls no defined territory or populace and is not recognized by the United States," he said. "Rather, as its name indicates, the PLO is an organization."

Although the PLO has observer status at the United Nations, the US does not give it diplomatic recognition and the organization's presence in the US has been vociferously opposed by its critics.

Since then the Bush Administration has opened a dialogue at official level with the PLO, but the continuation of the dialogue is in doubt after the attempted raid on Israeli beaches last week by Palestine Liberation Front gunmen.

Both the US and British Governments have called on the PLO to condemn the attack and to take action against any of its members involved. Mr Arafat said his organization had no role in the beach raid, but refused to condemn it.

Mr James Baker, the US Secretary of State, said yesterday that the Administration had not yet decided whether to break off dialogue with the PLO because of its failure to condemn the raid.

He told a news conference at the end of a Nato ministerial meeting in Turnberry, Scotland: "When we are satisfied we know all we need to know, we will act in a way which reflects our commitment to promoting peace but being resolute in condemning terrorism."

Togo dances to tune of 'reborn' Eyadema

From Marti Colley in Lome, Togo

IN SCENES reminiscent of an Orwellian fantasy, 1,000 Togolese peasants sing and dance their adulation for their President, General Gnassingbe Eyadema. Behind their swaying arms, a banner proclaims their deepest gratitude for his benevolent rule. "Eyadema toujours au pouvoir," they chant in unison.

First-time visitors to this tiny West African state would be forgiven for thinking that this is an exceptional performance. Those more conversant with Togolese culture are quick to point out that it is nothing out of the ordinary. "We entertain all foreign delegations like this," said a member of the Chamber of Deputies. "Togolese pride themselves on their sense of hospitality."

The *animateurs* as they are known, made up of thousands of dancing groups, majorettes, brass bands and traditional tribal groups, are choreographed by the *Rassemblement du Peuple Togolaise*, the only political party. Their latest ditty - "Sing No To Multi-Partyism" - describes the party as the "vessel" and Mr Eyadema as "the captain who will lead Togo to the harbour of peace".

The sycophantic hymns of praise

are fortified by the widely held belief that Mr Eyadema is reborn from the dead. The legend of his reincarnation is enshrined at Sankofa, in northern Togo, where an edifice has been built around the remains of the plane crash in which he is said to have died and been reborn three days later. Believed as they do in the power of the after-life, few Togolese are prepared to dismiss it as a myth.

"Eyadema comes from the north," said a science student. "With these northern people, you never know. They have different powers to us. They can see and do things that we cannot understand..."

Part man, part myth, Mr Eyadema has created a personality cult comparable only to that of President Kim Il Sung of North Korea. He himself believes that divine intervention is behind his dramatic rise to power.

"Each day in my prayers I say to God: 'If I am making Togolese people happy, let me continue.'" In more prosaic moments he suggests that "heaven helps those who help themselves".

It is a philosophy he has followed since he seized power in a military coup 23 years ago. Having declared himself President, and after banning all political parties, Mr Eyadema

announced his intention to restore Togo to civilian rule and promote national unity. But he has only partially succeeded in both aims.

In 1969 he formed his political party, whose only policy is one of national reconciliation. Over the years civilians have gradually replaced the military leaders, but the reins of power are still closely held by Mr Eyadema with the backing of the army.

His repeated offers to resign have met with widespread protests and national demonstrations. Critics suggest that these rallies of support may not have been entirely spontaneous. Despite amending the Constitution in 1985 to allow non-party candidates to be elected to the National Assembly, his party remains in control, and state-instigated support for Mr Eyadema is more blatant than before.

The official line is that the *animateurs* perform voluntarily out of their affection for their President and their state. In reality, they are selected by their village chiefs and paid from state funds to eulogize the system. Their costumes and travel expenses are funded by a special tax levied at source on the salaries of all civil servants. Few people refuse the "invitation" to perform, not least

because, as a Belgian missionary said, "they'd rather spend a couple of hours singing and dancing than a whole day reading or ploughing their fields".

According to an expatriate teacher, children spend only 18 hours a week in school on average, because the rest of the time they are summoned to rehearse new dances and political anthems. No one can really calculate the financial cost in terms of working hours lost to the extravagant displays.

But behind this colourful facade, the institutionalized praise for Mr Eyadema has contributed to an atmosphere of fear in which people are unwilling to express any opinion. No one dares mention *Le Président Fondateur* without first checking over his shoulder.

With freedom of expression so severely curtailed, and the lack of any organized form of opposition, Mr Eyadema looks set to remain in power. But although they continue to sing and dance the party line, in private students are hopeful that Togo cannot remain immune forever to outside events. "We don't want this system, but don't want revolution," they said. "When the people are ready, change will have to come. What we need is a leader to show us the way."

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Reformed party poised for win in Bulgaria

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Hotbeds of hatred

Clifford Longley

No one seems to know how to make a bad person good. Many a parent of errant youth has agonized into the night, and many a theory has shaped world history according to the truth or otherwise of its answers. The Home Office is agonizing afresh over the problem in the wake of the Strangeways riot, as the inquiry under Lord Justice Woolf gradually turns into a practical and philosophical examination of the basis of British penal policy. The Woolf inquiry may become a landmark in social history, for by its attitudes towards its deviants and law-breakers, a society defines its attitudes towards itself. These attitudes are overdue for re-evaluation.

Britain imprisons a higher proportion of its population, in worse conditions, than almost any other country in Europe. It is not an attractive self-image. Public opinion is more vengeful and vindictive towards criminals than elsewhere, but this may not be because the British are a more unforgiving people by temperament — the evidence suggests otherwise — but because they know no alternative that works, and despair of finding one. The most primitive response to the infringement of a social code is the infliction of suffering to gratify the baser instincts. People will always fall back on this if they lack faith in anything more sophisticated.

Penal policy reflects the moral philosophy on which the cohesion of the nation is founded. Unmistakably, most of the key elements in that philosophy as it has been received here from past generations come from the Christian doctrine of sin and redemption. Few races are as theologically illiterate as the British, and one of the consequences of that we have lost touch with the roots of our moral culture. If we cannot remember how it was supposed to work, we certainly cannot analyse and adapt it. But few nations can match Britain in thinking of the past as a foreign country, and our abandonment of the old religious world-view goes a long way to explain this cultural bafflement.

The medieval system of justice, heavily reliant on the theology of scholasticism, believed that suffering balanced the scales of justice, so restoring the social equilibrium. This was the public dimension, the proper business of the state. Suffering was also thought to have redemptive qualities, as in the concept of penance, and this was the private dimension, the proper work of the church. The due suffering would, it was thought, not only balance the books, but reform the moral character of the culprit.

Protestantism emphasized the idea that suffering would heighten the individual's awareness of his dependence on God, and this revelation of one's moral wickedness was supposed to lead to radical conversion from sin. Thus it was appropriate to

treat such people wretchedly, to bring home the lesson. Though now without the underlying Protestant theology of redemption, this approach to the treatment of prisoners still applies. Deliberate humiliation is as important a part of the present penal system as depriving people of liberty.

Strangeways, when built, exemplified the social theories of its time, heavily laced with Non-conformist puritanism. Those values have persisted: the ritual stripping of personal clothing, possessions and title conveys a powerful psychological message of worthlessness. Even the notorious practice of sleeping out underlines the denial of dignity, and hence powerlessness, of the prisoner. The message he was once intended to draw from this treatment was that he is nothing because God is all. The message he now derives from it is that he is nothing, and that is all. It is a message of hopelessness.

Penal practice has also developed an ad hoc system of social control by means of rewards and punishments, so that good behaviour gains privileges, and ultimately, early release. Though it sounds Pavlovian, this system is designed to appeal to the prisoner's rational self-interest rather than his conditioned reflexes, and it stems from the need to contain and control an otherwise unmanageable community of prisoners. It owes little to any philosophical insight into the cultivation of virtue and suppression of vice, and even a model prisoner may leave prison more corrupted than when he entered it.

Suffering can have a transforming power, but there is no simple connection between cause and effect. Humiliation is a well-known religious technique, for it can transform the personality, but equally it can destroy the personality altogether.

Penal policy should move in the other direction, based on realistic psychological theories not reliant on theological premises no longer generally believed. Modern theory (and theology) concerning character development emphasizes the need to give people control over their lives, to reinforce rather than undermine personal dignity, so that the capacity to behave responsibly can grow. Those who are loved may learn to love; those denied love learn only how to hate.

The British penal system says very loudly and clearly that those who do time are outcasts from the human community and have given up the right to dignity. The new message should be the very opposite: that even those who have infringed grievously have not extinguished all that is of value in themselves. Above all, that small streak of human worth must be preserved and nurtured until it outweighs the rest. Those who have never experienced proper treatment before should experience it in prison. That way, now, lies redemption.

...and moreover

MATTHEW PARRIS

It is a shaming thing to reach the age when, there being no BBC Radio 1 1/2, you finally switch from Radio 1 to Radio 2. But there is something more shaming: listening to Radio 2 and believing it is Radio 1.

Two sad milestones. I reached the first recently, in bed, with Radio 1 on my clock radio. The synthesized drum-machine smashed its blind percussion into the umpteenth plastic disco hit — and something snapped. I lunged at it, and reprogrammed the auto-select to Radio 2. Derek Jameson was just landing over to Judith Chalmers.

Chalmers: "What are you going to do now, Derek?"

Jameson: "I'm going down to a place near Brighton, to open a new community health centre."

Chalmers: "Are you into health, Derek, keeping yourself fit, and all that sort of thing?"

Jameson: "No, I'm the world's worst advertisement for that sort of thing. But I'm all in favour of community health centres."

Chalmers: "Indeed, yes, I think we are all, Derek."

Aargh! But it got me out of bed, fast.

Daily chores crowded in, and soon I had forgotten about the way an era had ended for me, that morning. Now comes the really humiliating bit. On the Friday, I listened to a popular music programme on Radio 2 for nearly an hour, believing it was the week's chartbusters on Radio 1. It was *Sounds of the Sixties*. Well, it sounded like Radio 1. It was modern. Heck, it was the Rolling Stones, Eric Clapton, The Who — groovy material, oh yes — none of your Abba or Seekers.

And they were interviewing a rock star. The name didn't ring a bell, but it sounded up-to-the-minute stuff. All about what the kids these days want... it could well have been broadcast live. The sound quality was impeccable. They could have been in the room with me. They sounded like today's people.

Then, interview over, the DJ said: "That was 27 years ago. Straight from the archives. Pretty good recording, I think you'll agree."

I'm sorry, but I object to that. If something's old, it ought to sound old. Where was the crackle and hiss? Where was the top-loss and attenuation of bass frequency which betrays a recording as "archive"?

The past is the past, damn it. I want my old photographs sepia-toned; I want my old films black and white. I want the people to walk jerkily and speeded-up — as people used to, didn't they? I want my old sound archives to sound tinny. Where is nostalgia without the crackle? Where is history without the hiss? I do not wish to come face-to-face with the past, please, except through a glass, darkly — or a scratched lens, at least. It's disorientating. The past is over and I want that made very clear.

Technology is on the verge of spoiling the distinction. Do you realize that we are moving into a century that will be able to summon us up with no crackle or hiss at all? Our voices and faces may float in 30th-century air just as now: full, undistorted. We will be with them, poor blighters, in a way King Alfred can never be with us. It remains only to discover how properly to project three-dimensional images, and our great-grandchildren will be able to walk all around Mrs Thatcher at school, lucky things.

The May edition of *Scientific American* offers an extract from its issue of May 1890: "A loan association in this city recently invited a number of persons to hear a speech by the celebrated English statesman Mr Gladstone. A phonographic cylinder was produced... and when the cylinder was put through the phonograph machine a voice was heard, said to be Mr Gladstone's. The message was short and rather dry. It related to self-help and thrift, both of which are very desirable qualities, according to Mr Gladstone."

Down through the millennia beams our own prime minister, radiant in shimmering electric blue and pearls, her image summoned to walk among the 22nd-century worthies of Milwaukee: "And I hope to continue. On, and on, and on..."

John Hands believes the new Russian patriarch has to assert his independence of the state

Orthodoxy that must not conform

Tomorrow, in a four-hour ceremony of Byzantine pomp and splendour in Moscow's Epiphany Cathedral, Metropolitan Alexei of Leningrad will be enthroned as the new patriarch of the Russian Orthodox Church. Despite his Estonian aristocratic background, the 61-year-old Alexei has outspokenly supported successive Soviet governments, and was undoubtedly Mr Gorbachev's preferred candidate.

An opinion poll published in *Moscow News* recently showed that 64.3 per cent of those questioned trust the church but only 28.3 per cent trust the government. Russians are flocking back to the eternal certainties of their church, at a time when communist ideology has collapsed along with the economy and the status of the Soviet Union. But Alexei's position is not as strong this summer.

He was chosen by a council, which included laity and priests as well as bishops, from a shortlist of three, all of whom were praised in a 1975 report to the Communist Party's central committee by the then vice-chairman of the Council for Religious Affairs, an arm of the

KGB. Naturally there is widespread distrust of a hierarchy that at best has compromised with a militantly atheistic government, and at worst has acted as a tool of the KGB. It is to God and the parish priest that the believers express their allegiance.

Subservience to the state by the leaders of the Orthodox Church goes back to the founding of the church in 988 by Grand Prince Vladimir. It was formalized in 1721 by Peter the Great when he abolished the patriarchate and replaced it with a Holy Synod presided over by his agent. After Tsar Nicholas was deposed in 1917, the Orthodox bishops re-established the patriarchate and elected Patriarch Tikhon. At first Tikhon condemned the Bolsheviks, but after a year in prison he was released and gave his support to the new government.

When Tikhon died in 1925, Stalin abolished the patriarchate once more, launching a murderous campaign to eliminate religion, and closed 95 per cent of Orthodox churches. But in 1943, with the war going badly, he summoned the three remaining metropolitans (who rank second only to the

patriarch) and told them to elect a patriarch to mobilize the Russians against the German invaders. Patriarch Sergei raised enough money to equip an armoured division and encouraged hundreds of thousands to volunteer for the front.

As a reward, Stalin's secret police liquidated the Ukrainian Catholic Church, and in 1946 arranged to hand over its parishes and property to the Russian Orthodox Church. Stalin's real purpose was to use the Russian church to suppress Ukrainian nationalism in the newly-acquired western Ukraine. The willing compliance of the Russian Orthodox hierarchy sowed seeds of such bitterness that Soviet officials warn that the Ukraine is now on the brink of religious war.

After Khrushchev came to power, he launched another onslaught against the Orthodox Church. At the beginning of the purge in 1959, a 30-year-old monk, Nikodim, was appointed head of the Moscow Patriarchate Office. All the evidence suggests that Nikodim was a KGB agent. Six years later he had risen to become Metropolitan of Leningrad and

president of the church's foreign department. No church appointments were made, or church legislation passed, without his approval. Those who opposed the repression were dismissed. The most noteworthy of these was Metropolitan Nikolai of Krutitsy, who died shortly afterwards in mysterious circumstances.

When Alexei, the then patriarch, died in 1971, the only candidate to succeed him was Metropolitan Pimen of Krutitsy, who died on May 3 this year. Dimitri Pospelovsky, a historian, maintains that Pimen was in thrall to the KGB. As a monk, Pimen was twice conscripted for military service and twice arrested for desertion. A year after beginning a 10-year sentence, he was surprisingly granted an amnesty, and his career in the church blossomed. Two years ago the dissident journal *Glasnost* obtained files from the Council for Religious Affairs which revealed active co-operation with KGB officers in the council by Pimen and other members of the church hierarchy. One document, dated February 1967, reportedly shows the then Archbishop Alexei (who will be

enthroned tomorrow) confirming rumours that the "celibate" Pimen had left a mistress and two children in Rostov.

Despite, or perhaps because of, the weakness of the church leadership, there has been a strong tradition of spirituality at the grassroots of the Russian Orthodox Church, with the role of the *starets*, the inspirational holy men, being taken by those uncompromised monks and lay activists returned from the labour camps. The new patriarch will need to tap this tradition if he is to solve the gigantic problems that confront him. He must give moral leadership and hope to his 60 million followers. He must reform a deeply conservative church that has experienced no Reformation. He must curb an excess of nationalism that spills over into anti-Semitism, and must face the loss of 4,000 of his 7,000 parishes, which were seized in 1946 from the Ukrainian Catholic Church. But he can do none of these things from a position of subservience to the state.

John Hands is the author of *Perestroika Christi*, to be published by Simon & Schuster on August 20.

Britain's farmers carved up — but others do the same

As ever, the ostensible manner at issue, the safety or otherwise of British beef, was of less immediate importance at the bargaining session of EC agriculture ministers in Brussels this week than the various domestic pressures on the participants.

In closing the lucrative French market to British beef and cattle, Henri Nallet said his purpose was to show the need for extra EC-wide controls, because of new evidence that bovine spongiform encephalopathy (BSE) could pass from one species to another. Most people thought he was at least equally mindful of recent agitation among French farmers over competition from British beef and lamb, which have been made cheaper by adjustments to the "green pound" and EC market-support mechanisms. He must also have been uncomfortably aware that he was open to accusations of complacency, since it is possible that there is already BSE in France, though the French government has so far done virtually nothing to reduce the risk.

For his part, John Gummer was loath to be seen to be conceding in Brussels the case for taking precautions which go beyond the strict scientific evidence which he has been resisting at home.

Something useful may yet come out of the hours of negotiation. The debate has again focused attention on the importance of standardizing plant, animal and human health control measures at a high level in time for the single market in 1992. One of the reasons Mr Gummer may have found the other member states less sympathetic in Brussels this week than he might have hoped (only the Dutch and the Danes gave consistent support) is that animal health is a subject on which British ministers tend to strike a sanctimonious note, with much preaching about the need to raise standards elsewhere to the level of the supposedly higher ones operating here.

Britain often has right on its side. Together with the Danes and the Irish, for example, it has succeeded in winning acceptance of the need for tough EC-wide measures to control foot-and-mouth disease. Few people in this

country would like to see our stringent anti-rabies laws relaxed, even though many foreign vets and governments think British quarantine regulations are excessively severe and, given the efficacy of modern anti-rabies vaccination, no longer strictly justified scientifically.

There is some truth in the view that listeria in cheese, salmonella in eggs and ulcers in water are more evident here than elsewhere in the EC because our surveillance techniques are better and consumer pressure groups more active. The same problems exist abroad, but often attract less attention. It would be a pity if Britain's rather grudging acceptance of the need for tougher controls to stop the spread of BSE across frontiers were to weaken our ability to argue the case for the highest animal health and welfare standards generally in the Community.

Most scientists now agree that BSE is attributable to the animal

feed practices encouraged by modern intensive agriculture. Haunted by the memory of wartime shortages, successive British governments exhorted farmers for four decades to produce more, paying them handsome grants to "improve" their land by tearing up hedgerows, cutting down trees and draining water-meadows, so making it yield more food at lower cost. New technology, and the high support prices offered to farmers in the EC, were further incentives to maximize output.

Animal feed can account for up to two-thirds of the cost of production in modern high-output systems. Abattoirs, knacker's yards, butchers and restaurants produce about 1.5 million tonnes of animal waste a year. Recycling this material, after processing by rendering plants, as a protein-rich feed supplement to boost animal growth seemed a sensible use for this waste. In the face of this powerful economic argument, those who questioned the propri-

ety of feeding animal protein to grass-eating ruminants such as cattle tended to be dismissed as unworried idealists.

We may now be paying the price for ignoring their concern. In the 1970s and 1980s, sheep offal was used in increasing amounts in cattle feed, for it was cheaper and more readily available than alternatives such as fishmeal and soya. The agent causing scrapie, a form of spongiform encephalopathy which has been known in sheep for at least 200 years, is now thought to have passed to cattle via feed and given rise to BSE. Salmonella in poultry may also have been exacerbated by the recycling of poultry litter as feed.

The 1989 Southwood report urged the Government to re-examine these "unnatural practices", which, it suggested, had exposed cattle "to infective risks against which they have not evolved any defences", and had opened up "new pathways for infection to farmed animals and

potentially from them to man via food and/or medical products".

Yet if this is true, why has BSE so far appeared only in Britain? Other countries, such as France, also have scrapie-infected sheep flocks. Apart from Britain, only one EC state — Holland — has so far banned the feeding of ruminant protein to other ruminants, despite the known dangers, and last year the rest of the EC doubled its imports of meat and bone meal from Britain. One possibility is that BSE exists in other countries but has not yet been noticed or reported.

Another is that an increase in the sheep population in the early 1980s, coupled with changes in the techniques of rendering plants in Britain, leading to lower temperatures being used for the sterilization of animal waste, may have exposed British cattle to a much higher risk of cross-infection from scrapie than cattle elsewhere. That, predictably, is challenged by the renderers themselves, but an EC-wide investigation is now to be launched into rendering methods.

The sorry BSE story may also stimulate a new interest in the merits of diverting more EC funds to support "extensification",

which means keeping fewer animals and growing smaller quantities of crops on the same area of land as before, and moving away from high-output "factory farming". On the face of it, this is an attractive option that could bring EC production more into line with demand, while preserving the landscape and reducing the danger of further BSE-type shocks in the future.

Yet whether consumers, let alone farmers, are ready for such a change remains to be seen. The supermarket chains, which now parade their "green" credentials and offer organic food on their shelves, have helped to keep farmers on the chemical treadmill over the years by demanding blemish-free produce at low prices. Intensive pig and poultry rearing has made chicken and pork, once luxury items, available to everyone, boosting consumption from 51b a head 30 years ago to 40lb a head today. The achievements of modern farming are at least as striking as its failures.

Awake to all the realities

The strain on President Gorbachev was telling yesterday when he received Mrs Thatcher in his Kremlin office. Instead of a conventional reply to her "How are you?" as they met for the seventh time, our man in Moscow learns that he launched into a rambling response about insomnia. "I don't know what I have to do to get some sleep," he said. "I can't sleep at night. I would like to sleep in the afternoon. I almost fell asleep yesterday at the Warsaw Pact meeting." Perhaps it was jet lag. Mrs Thatcher suggested Gorbachev conceded that frequent flying did not help, and, in what could have been taken as a symbolic comment from a man whose prestige is now higher abroad than at home, he added: "It's all right travelling west but it is difficult going east."

Anxious to buck up the spirits of an old friend with whom she enjoys doing business, Mrs Thatcher consoled him: "Well, it was a successful summit." Even here the Soviet leader seemed less than sure of himself. "Do you really think so?" he asked. Mrs Thatcher repeated her assurances. Then he told her, partly joking: "I don't feel at home here. This is the president's office, and that is a new institution. I have not worked out how it works."

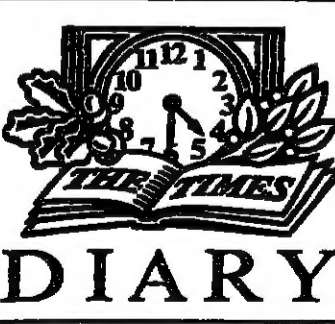
Mrs Thatcher, however, was clearly at her most confident. During her event-packed day, she made a telephone call home by Comstar, the joint British-Soviet telephone company, to her former

cabinet colleague, Lord Prior, now chairman of GEC, parent of the British half. In Britain it was not even 6am, and those in her party noted that, just like old times, the unfortunate Prior hardly managed to get a word in edgewise.

Stalin is to make an unlikely comeback in Estonia next month. The occasion is the three-day "Freedom-Fest", at which rock bands from around the world will celebrate "newfound freedoms throughout Eastern Europe". Not quite the sort of event to honour Uncle Joe's memory? Perhaps not, but Stalin is the name of one of the headline acts: a Japanese "anarcho-heavy metal band".

Fighting talk

China's protestations about the future of Hong Kong sound particularly hollow to Labour MPs Brian Sedgemore and Dale Campbell-Savours, who were humiliated while on a coach trip through south China. By way of relaxation after a fact-finding visit to Hong Kong, each paid £150 to China Tours, owned by the Chinese government, for the three-day trip. To the astonishment of the rest of the party, guards ordered them off the coach at the border with Macao, apparently for no other reason than that their passports stated they were MPs, and left them stranded by the roadside for an hour in the midday heat. "In days gone by we could have threatened them with a gunboat and strode through," says Sedgemore, who has written a protest letter to Mrs Thatcher and the Chinese ambassador. Campbell-Savours is more diplomatic. The tour could not have been



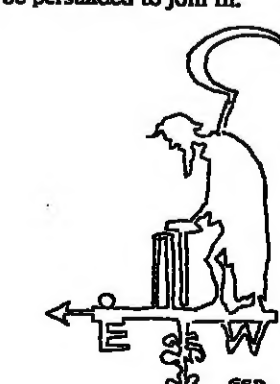
more harmless, he says, not taking them within 1,000 miles of Tiananmen Square. "We did not make a fuss, we wanted to avoid a diplomatic incident," he says.

Sedgemore at least managed to turn the incident to political advantage. He used their unplanned diversion to join a student demonstration marking the anniversary of the Peking massacre that just happened to be passing by. And Campbell-Savours: "I got my £150 back."

Slow right arm

The one nation which has remained resistant to the revolutionary changes sweeping Eastern Europe is, of course, Albania. But perhaps the missionaries due to depart from Britain on Monday can succeed where all else has failed. The gospel they will be preaching has nothing to do with religion, the free market or even democracy, but a far more civilizing influence in world history — cricket. The Phene Philanderers Cricket Club, operating from a Chelsea watering-hole, the Phene Arms, are due to play five matches on their

annual two-week trip to Corfu, and this year plan a boat trip across the narrow strait between Corfu and Albania to stage what will almost certainly be the first cricket match played under the country's forbidding communist regime. Noel Baptiste, organizer and captain, says: "We will land at Sarande and do what we did as schoolboys — look for the first suitable field to pitch stumps." He expects a "fairly amazed" reaction from the locals but hopes that the more sporting among them may be persuaded to join in.



Big top topless

Jack Lang, the French minister of culture, has accused British MPs of hitting back at the beef ban by trying to suppress a government-sponsored French circus. It is called *Archaos*, and features, among other things, chainsaw juggling, topless acrobats and burning cars. Last year it narrowly escaped being banned in Edinburgh, where it won a Fringe award, and Islington, where it went ahead only after anxious

telephone calls to Lang by the council leader, Margaret Hodge. Now *Archaos* is back in Britain, and because of the French beef ban, Tory MPs are determined to keep it out of their constituencies.

While admitting that he is relying entirely upon hearsay, Anthony Beaumont-Dark (Birmingham, Selly Oak) says: "I am very much against shows like this that can lead to disorder, but nothing would surprise me about the French government." Michael Stern (Bristol North West), who has not seen *Archaos* either, is also adamant that it should be banned. His local police force in Somerset and Avon is investigating — and officers are volunteering in droves to go to Manchester to see it. The last word goes to Jack Lang, who has given the circus a grant of £500,000: "England is run by petty bureaucrats," he says.

Publishers' hype grows ever more preposterous. It is only weeks since Jonathan Cape was telling us there was "simply no precedent" for a novel of the stature of Ian McEwan's *The Innocent*, thanks to the "haunting and subtle execution of its immaculate artistry". But now here comes Harold Brodkey's novel *The Runaway Soul*. "Eagerly anticipated for twenty years," claims the blurb, "it stands comparison with the great novels of the 20th-century and like them it will find its passionate supporters and detractors." But even the most self-confident publicist, it seems, suffers the occasional doubt. "The use of cliché is impossible to avoid when describing Harold Brodkey's first novel," the blurb suddenly admits. Now there is an example of making a virtue of necessity.

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Dunsdale solicitor decries regulation

THE collapse of Dunsdale Securities, with losses of up to £20 million, has raised questions about the effectiveness of the Financial Services Act.

Mr David Pine, a senior partner of Alexander Tatham, the solicitor that acted for the Barlow Clowes investors, said regulation was not working and investors would be at risk unless it was reviewed.

"All these regulatory bodies and safeguards the FSA brought in still do not cover this type of situation. There is only one type of protection for investors in this sort of case, and that is professional indemnity cover," said Mr Pine, who is acting on behalf of Dunsdale investors.

Meanwhile, confusion over the last movements of Mr Robert Miller, the Dunsdale chief, deepened. The Serious Fraud Office confirmed it was continuing its investigations, but would not comment on reports that he was abroad.

A meeting of Dunsdale creditors is to be held in London on Monday.

Lloyds coup

Lloyds Bank, veteran of the water industry privatization and the shambolic flotation of the Abbey National, has been made lead receiving bank for the float of the 12 regional electricity distribution companies this autumn and the two big generators in 1991.

The bank's registrars will handle about half the total applications for the distributors and maintain shareholder registers for six of them.

Ramus warning

Ramus, the USM-quoted building products group, has given warning of a loss in the second half. The shares fell 13p to 55p on the news. Ramus does, however, expect the benefits of cost cuts to be felt in the year to end-June 1991.

News chairman

Mr Andrew Knight, executive chairman of News International, has been elected chairman of Times Newspapers Holdings, in succession to Mr Rupert Murdoch, who has been chairman since the acquisition of *The Times* and *The Sunday Times* in 1981. Mr Murdoch, who is chief executive of The News Corporation, will remain a member of the board.

INTEREST RATES

London: Bank Base: 15%
3-month interbank 15 1/4-15 1/2
3-month eligible bills 14 1/4-14 1/2
US: Prime Rate 10%
Federal Funds 8 1/4-8 1/2
3-month Treasury Bills 7 1/2-7 3/4
30-year bonds 10 3/4-10 1/2

CURRENCIES

London: New York
£: \$1.6830
DM: £1.6845
¥: £1.6850
Sfr: £1.6855
FF: £1.6860
Lira: £1.6865
ECU: £1.6870
SDR: £1.6875
ECU: £1.6880
SDR: £1.6885

GOLD

London Fixing:
AM \$353.60 pm \$353.50
close \$354.25-354.75 (£210.50-211.00)
New York:
Close \$354.30-354.80

NORTH SEA OIL

Brent (Jul) \$15.45 bbl (\$15.85)
Denotes latest trading price

TOURIST RATES

Bank	Buy	Sell
Australia	2.15	19.60
Austria	13.35	10.85
Belgium	11.35	10.85
Canada	10.01	9.41
Denmark	13.72	12.82
France	11.15	10.45
Germany	11.15	10.45
Greece	11.15	10.45
Hong Kong	11.15	10.45
India	11.15	10.45
Italy	11.15	10.45
Japan	11.15	10.45
Netherlands	11.15	10.45
Norway	11.15	10.45
Portugal	11.15	10.45
South Africa	11.15	10.45
Spain	11.15	10.45
Sweden	11.15	10.45
Switzerland	11.15	10.45
Turkey	11.15	10.45
USA	11.15	10.45
Yugoslavia	11.15	10.45

MAJOR INDICES

New York: 2873.79 (-23.54)
Dow Jones: 2873.79 (-23.54)
Nikkei Average: 32983.29 (-199.21)
Hong Kong: 3174.33 (+29.03)
Amsterdam: 120.91 (-0.2)
CBS Tendency: 1504.1 (-5.1)
Sydney: 1822.23 (-15.20)
Frankfurt: DAX: 6375.70 (-15.05)
Brussels: 548.71 (-0.12)
Paris: CAC: 1155.01 (-4.68)
Zurich: S&K Gen: 1279.05 (-4.61)
London: FT-100: 1279.05 (-4.61)
FT-250: 185.1 (-2.8)
FT-500: 87.55 (+0.14)
FT-1000: 78.76 (+0.06)
FT-2000: 310.97
Barrons: 444.2m
SEAO Volume: 134.40 (+0.36)
USM (Detstream): 134.40 (+0.36)
*Denotes latest trading price

Attwoods adds to £700m rights calls

By OUR FINANCIAL STAFF



Foreman: acquisitions

ATTWOODS, the waste disposal company where Mr Denis Thatcher is non-executive deputy chairman, is raising £82 million by means of a heavily discounted rights issue.

The move adds to a rising tide of rights issues in recent months. Over the past fortnight, companies facing no urgent liquidity problems have announced issues totalling about £700 million, either to fund acquisitions or prepare for future expansion.

These included £140 million for Bowater, £80 million for Morgan Crucible, £30 million each for Body Shop and Ashley Group and one for £320 million by Tomkins.

Mr Michael Payne, director of strategy at the Legal & General insurance group, said: "We expected a spate this year. They can be welcome if they are made for positive reasons and not simply because banks will not lend any more money."

Stock Exchange market-makers are more cautious about the trend because they fear that a few big share issues could drain cash from the market. There has been speculation of more large rights issues next week. These include a £500 million issue by Rascal, although sources close to the company suggest this is extremely unlikely.

The spate of issues is likely to pause next month when the £1.5 billion second instalment on water privatization is due. The privatization of electricity distribution companies and a £500 million issue from Eurotunnel are due in the autumn.

The way was prepared by Rank Organisation, which raised £360 million in January. That offer was well received, breaking the aversion to big company issues caused by the stock market crash of 1987. This saw institutional investors incur large losses from a series of cash-raising exercises at the height of the stock market boom.

Unusually, several issues

have raised the share prices of the companies concerned, because high interest rates have made equity issues less costly, and investors favour companies without excessive debt.

Mr Mark Cusack, head of research at Hoare Govett, said the cash-raising was not affecting markets significantly because financial institutions had plenty of cash from recent deals, including the French tender for Guinness shares.

At a time when share prices were rising fast in thin markets, issues by companies with well-regarded management have been seen by the big funds as a good way of investing money without driving prices up.

"They can be an easy way of getting money into the market provided they are well spread and not all at the peak," said Mr Payne.

Mr Ken Foreman, the chairman of Attwoods, said the money raised would be used to reduce the group's £79.4 million of borrowings and support its acquisition and development programme. The rights issue has been fully underwritten by SG Warburg and Robert Fleming.

The company is issuing 21.5 million new ordinary shares at 390p on the basis of one new share for every four held and one new share for every 14.28 preference shares held. Attwoods shares fell 2p to 476p. Laidlaw, the Canadian transportation group which holds a 36.9 per cent stake,

intends to take up all of its rights.

Attwoods is in an advanced stage of negotiation for the acquisition of a substantial minority interest in a privately-owned British waste management company. It is also negotiating to buy two landfill sites in Florida and Maryland. The price is expected to be £30 million.

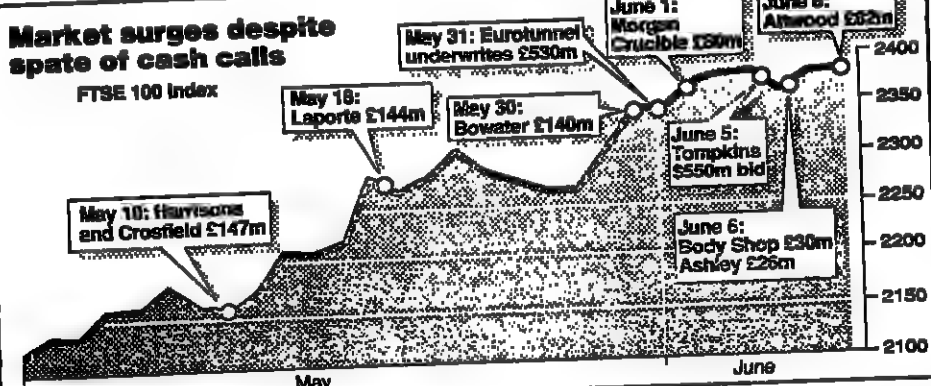
Attwoods' gearing ratio is about 95 per cent, with interest cover of six times. The rights issue will take the gearing ratio down to zero and will allow the company to refinance existing credit lines on more favourable terms.

After the rights issue, the company will have facilities of £90 million available to it. Mr Foreman said the group had not had a rights issue since 1984 despite spending more than £66 million on acquisitions in the last two years. In addition, the group has conditionally agreed to purchase Atlantic, a solid waste disposal business in New Jersey for \$19 million (£11.3 million).

Attwoods, through Warburg Securities, its broker, has also pioneered a move to remove the penalty rights issues usually pose on overseas shareholders. American investors, who own 20 per cent of Attwoods, will be able to take up their entitlement. Warburg thinks it is the first time this has been done for an underwritten British rights issue.

Mr Foreman said the waste management industry is resistant to economic recession and the group is benefiting from the trend towards recycling in the US. He thinks recycling will take off in Britain after legislation encourages it.

The rights issue was well received by the City. Mr James Mann, an analyst with Schroders, said the timing of the issue was good. Interest payable is set to fall by about £2 million next year as a result of the issue and Mr Mann is upgrading his pre-tax profit forecast for the year to July 1991 from £38.2 million to £46 million.



ADT lifts Christies stake

By JEREMY ANDREWS

ADT, the Bermuda-based burglar alarm group led by Mr Michael Ashcroft, has increased its holding of Christies International ordinary shares from 19.6 to 21.3 per cent, making it easily the largest shareholder.

Its 32.9 million shares in the auction house are worth £129 million at present prices. Mr Christopher Davidge, Christies' managing director, said he had not spoken to Mr Ashcroft since ADT's stake topped the 10 per cent level.

However, he noted that Mr Ashcroft's public statements

suggested he intended to be a long-term shareholder. Mr Davidge also thought the 62p rise in Christies' share price to 393p since the middle of last month was due more to the record \$82.5 million auction price for a Van Gogh painting of his physician, Dr Gachet, than to the rise in ADT's holding from 15 per cent at about the same time.

There has been no change in the holding of the Wallenberg family of the Swedish banks and industrialists, since it was raised to 6.9 per cent in March with the purchase of part of the stake held by Caledonia Investments, the quoted vehicle of the Cayzer family. Mr Davidge said the new 3 per cent disclosure threshold had not revealed any new investors.

Christies' shares have risen by 60 per cent from the equivalent of 245p when ADT's initial 5.6 per cent holding was declared in May last year. Including the A shares held by directors and former directors of Christies and their families, ADT's share of the overall equity is 19.1 per cent.

Company dismisses analysts' fears as nonsense

Thames TV 'made expensive blunder'

By MELINDA WITTSOCK

THAMES Television made an "expensive blunder" when it paid £57 million last December to acquire Reeves Communications, the US independent TV producer, say City broadcasting analysts who fear the deal will cost the ITV contractor £6-£7 million more in lost group profits this year.

Difficulties at Reeves, which were blamed on continuing weakness in the US second syndication market where former network stations are sold as reruns to independent stations, are said to be a significant factor behind Thames's warning last week of a "substantial" downturn in profits for the half year to June 30.

Reeves, the producer of *Kate & Allie* and *Gimme A Break*, is to lose between \$2 million and \$3 million in the first half, and analysts say trading conditions in the US are unlikely to improve in the

second. It will not be able to cover £6-£7 million worth of interest costs associated with the deal, while cash flow from its two syndicated sitcoms will be used to reduce Reeves's borrowings.

Analysts, who cut their full-year profit forecasts for Thames from £32 million to £28 million after taking into account a £7 million exchequer levy and a £7 million downturn in advertising, are now giving a warning that profits could be as low as £23 million if Reeves fails to break even. Mr David Elstein, Thames's programme director, dismissed the analysts' fears about Reeves as "nonsense," blaming sales delays in the US. He said it was unlikely Reeves would fall into trading losses.

Thames is anxious to avoid any comparison between Reeves and TVS Entertainment's disastrous £190.5 million acquisition in 1988 of MTM, but analysts say that although Reeves is much smaller than MTM and Thames is

bigger than TVS, the comparison is "unavoidable."

Reeves has only two pilots in production but industry sources say only 12 of 140 pilot programmes made each year are bought by the networks. However, *Doctor Doctor*, its one US network show, has been renewed by CBS for the 1990-91 season.

The disappointing news about Reeves, combined with a warning that there would be no real growth in UK advertising revenue this year, comes at a bad time for Thames, which is trying to complete the sale of 56.5 per cent of its shares before the Broadcasting Bill becomes law in July.

Shares in Thames have slumped by 10 per cent since the profits warning and analysts believe Thom EMI and BET, its two main shareholders, can now hope for only 550p a share rather than the original asking price of £6. Thames shares fell 5p to 498p.

Rhodes in tune with Tie Rack

JOHN CHAPMAN



MISS Zandra Rhodes, the fashion designer, has teamed up with Tie Rack for its autumn collection, which was launched in London yesterday. Mr Roy Bishko, the chairman of Tie Rack, said that despite static like-for-like sales, the group's "Glasnost" silk tie, featuring Soviet and American flags with a dove of peace is selling well.

Coloroll debts exceed £300m, says receiver

By MARTIN WALLER

DEBTS at Coloroll, Mr John Ashcroft's failed home furnishings group, are more than £300 million, according to Ernst & Young, the receiver.

Shareholders are likely to receive nothing, and the thousands of unsecured creditors, who are owed about £150 million and rank behind the banks and other secured creditors, may also not be paid anything. The 8,500 employees of Coloroll will learn more about their prospects on Monday.

Mr Nigel Hamilton, of Ernst & Young, said: "The outlook for the shareholders must be bleak. I don't think it would pay them to believe they would get 100 much out of it."

Asked whether the collapse of Coloroll and non-payment of some of its debts would trigger bankruptcies among its suppliers, he said: "It depends on how deep the creditors are in and how well they have read the tea leaves over the past months. They were given enough warning."

Analysts doubt whether a break-up of the group by the receivers in today's trading environment would raise even

the sum of nearly £200 million that secured creditors are owed.

Mr Peter Hyde, of Kleinwort Benson, the broker, said "the group has got enormous problems because it has failed too early in the economic cycle."

"Anyone who goes out and buys textile assets at the current time has got to be half-baked if they pay a high price, because there's no sign of an upturn. I would have thought that towards the end of the year you might begin to see some interest, because people



Hamilton: bleak outlook

will certainly, at that stage, be looking for an upturn."

Mr Hamilton said that the task of selling the businesses would be "quite a long haul."

Ernst & Young has teams in at the 19 sites from which Coloroll operates and expects to decide over the weekend which jobs will be retained.

Mr Hamilton said: "It may be that there are places where there will have to be redundancies. There's no point in us throwing away further creditors' money."

He added: "I'm confident that, given a little bit of time, we will be able to package some of the very good businesses, which will enable us to sell them as going concerns."

Analysts believe that the furniture-making operation, based in Bradford, will have to close, at the cost of several hundred jobs. Also at risk, they believe, are some of the carpet businesses. Managers at the Kossel carpet factory at Bradford are trying to arrange a buyout to save 700 jobs.

Likely to join the list of unsecured creditors is Mr Ashcroft, who quit in March. His severance payment is still being negotiated.

Bass sells four hotels in Holland

By PHILIP PANGALOS

BASS, the brewing and hotels group, has completed the contracts for the four Amsterdam Crest hotels that are being acquired by Buckingham International, the hotels to nursing homes group controlled by the Jivraj family. The deal, which was announced on Wednesday, is worth £12.75 million.

In conjunction with the acquisition, which consists of 358 rooms, Buckingham will apply for a Holiday Inn franchise for the Hotel Estoril Praia in Portugal.

Buckingham also wants to develop a number of Garden Court and other Holiday Inn hotels in Spain, Portugal and Britain and will co-operate with Holiday Inn for hotel development in the US.

Including sales of most of Crest hotels earlier this year to Trusthouse Forte for £300 million, Bass has received more than £410 million from hotel disposals.

Bass is also transferring four Crest hotels in Britain and four elsewhere in Europe, with a total of 1,427 rooms and a combined book value of £115 million to Holiday Inn. Bass shares firmed by 5p to 1065p.

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"CONTINUING DEVELOPMENT DESPITE MORE DIFFICULT TRADING CONDITIONS."

SIR RICHARD STOREY Bt., Chairman.

YEAR TO END OF MARCH	1990	1989	Growth
TURNOVER	£81.2m	£71.7m	up 13%
PROFIT BEFORE TAX	£5.9m	£5.8m	up 2%
EARNINGS PER SHARE	35.9p	28.5p	up 26%
DIVIDEND PER SHARE	7.90p	6.86p	up 15%

ANALYSIS OF GROWTH IN TURNOVER:-

Publishing	up 3%
Printing	up 15%
Retailing	up 24%

Copies of the Report and Accounts for 1990 will be mailed to shareholders on June 29, 1990 and will be available on request from

T F Lake Esq., Company Secretary, Portsmouth & Sunderland Newspapers, plc, Buckton House, 37 Abingdon Road, London W8 6AH.

Bundesbank chief says it is not the best time for UK to join

Pöhl dampens hopes on ERM

By COLIN NARBROUGH
ECONOMICS CORRESPONDENT

HERR Karl Otto Pöhl, the Bundesbank president, has sought for the second time in just over a week to dampen market expectations that the pound will soon play a full role in the European Monetary System.

His remarks followed a strong endorsement on Thursday of sterling entry into the EMS exchange rate mechanism made by Mr John Major, the Chancellor, which aroused renewed optimism in the financial markets, particularly in Germany.

Herr Pöhl, who from July 1 also takes responsibility for East Germany's monetary policy, is clearly opposed to



Pöhl: aiming to avoid turbulence any attempt to take the pound into the ERM before the British economy is in better shape, so as to avoid turbulence in the early days of German monetary union.

Addressing businessmen and bankers in Frankfurt, he said the moment was not yet right for Britain to join the exchange rate mechanism.

"It is not the best time for the UK to join because of its inflation and high balance of payments deficits," he said.

In apparent recognition of the more positive tone adopted by Mr Major, Herr Pöhl added that Britain was, however, more ready to join now than in the past.

Despite denied reports of a continued rift between Bonn and the Bundesbank over GERM, Herr Pöhl expressed confidence in the East Germans' ability to handle the switch to hard currency system. He said he anticipated

no East German spending spree and thought forecasts of a surge in consumer spending and boosted inflation were "very exaggerated."

Reaffirming the Bundesbank's commitment to preventing inflation, he made clear that it would not print money to finance East German reforms.

Instead, East Germany would have to rely on tax revenues and the capital markets, though that would not be easy.

British exporters could benefit by £4 billion a year—a fifth of the current balance of payments deficit—if they take advantage of the unification of Germany, the CBI's chief economic adviser said.

Professor Doug McWilliams forecast a 10 per cent annual rise in German imports over the next three years as East Germans catch up with living standards in the West.

Exporters could help the payments gap if they maintained their share of the West German market.

"Germany is already the United Kingdom's largest export market and is the fastest growing major economy in the West," Professor McWilliams said.

He is to chair a CBI conference at its London headquarters on June 22 on the implications for British business.

Continental investors accept bid by Pharos

By PHILIP PANGALOS

THE agreed £15.8 million bid from Pharos Holdings for Continental Microwave (Holdings), the USM communications equipment manufacturer, has been declared unconditional after acceptances for 79.18 per cent of the total ordinary shares were received by the first closing date on Thursday.

Pharos Holdings, a subsidiary of Pharos AB, the Swedish high-technology manufacturing company, had received acceptances for 2.63 million ordinary shares and 1.7 million convertible shares, representing 49.35 per cent and 53.56 per cent of each respective class, by the first closing date.

Prior to the announcement of the offer, on May 3, Pharos had received irrevocable undertakings to accept the offer in respect of 1.43 million ordinary shares and 4,362 convertible shares, representing 26.71 per cent and 0.13 per cent of each class.

Pharos Holdings held no shares in Continental prior to the announcement of the offer. Since then, Pharos has acquired 1.59 million ordinary shares and 1.09 million convertible shares, representing 29.83 per cent and 34.41 per cent.

Pharos Holdings either owns or has received valid acceptances in respect of a total of 4.23 million Continental ordinary shares and 2.79 million convertible shares, representing 79.18 per cent and 87.97 per cent respectively. The offers will remain open until further notice. Continental shares were unchanged at 222p, compared with last month's 230p cash offer.

Rise of 12.6% for Wintrust

WINTRUST, the London-based merchant banking group, revealed a 12.6 per cent advance in pre-tax profits to £5.42 million in the year to end-March.

The final dividend is improved to 5.9p (5.3p), making a total of 8.7p (7.8p) for the year, an increase of 11.5 per cent. Earnings per share climb 15.3 per cent to 37.01p, and fully diluted earnings by 13.8 per cent to 33.66p. The shares strengthened by 12p to 385p.

BUSINESS ROUNDUP

35 jobs go as Avesco closes Spaceward

AVESCO, the USM television services company, is closing its loss-making Spaceward subsidiary in Ely, Cambridgeshire, with the loss of 35 jobs and at a cost of £3.5 million. Spaceward was bought in 1988 but ran into legal problems. Legal action was brought by Quantel, now part of Carlton Communications, and settled in Quantel's favour.

Spaceward has probably cost Avesco about £8 million in acquisition and closure costs, losses and damages. The company will retain the intellectual property rights over various Spaceward products which were not the subject of the Quantel litigation, but the products' manufacture will be sub-contracted by Avesco subsidiaries.

Shandwick in Spanish deals

SHANDWICK, the international public relations group, is paying an initial £2.97 million for two Spanish consultancies, SAE de Relaciones Publicas de Barcelona and Bubbels de Madrid. There are further delayed payments dependent on future profits, but Shandwick will not pay more than £6.2 million.

Quotation for debt collector

INTRUM Justitia, one of Europe's largest debt collection agencies, is seeking a listing in London, expected to become effective on Monday. The company, capitalised at £73 million, achieved pre-tax profits of £4.84 million last year. It has operations in 13 countries and 30,000 customers worldwide.

German banks link

THE drive by West German banks to move into East Germany continues with Westdeutsche Landesbank Girozentrale (WestLB), one of the country's largest banks, setting up a joint venture with Deutsche Aussenhandelsbank of East Germany.

The new bank, Deutsche-Industrie und Handelsbank, will start operating next month, when the two countries will move towards currency union. The start-up capital of the bank, to be based in Berlin, will be DM300 million (£105 million).

Youghal falls into deficit

YOUGHAL Carpets made a pre-tax loss of Ir£1.26 million (£1.18 million) last year (profit of Ir£990,000). But a charge of Ir£1.4 million, due to the liquidation of the Dutch subsidiary, led to a Ir£2.4 million loss attributable to shareholders. The loss per share is Ir£0.85p (earnings of Ir£0.67p). There is no dividend.

Maxwell's Japan deal

MAXWELL, Communication Corporation has said that, after buying a further 35 per cent interest for £3.04 million, it owns all the equity of International Learning Systems (Japan), which markets English language teaching materials. It is the sole agent in Japan for a BBC course. The stake was sold by John Swire and Sons.

RECENT ISSUES

EQUITIES		RECENT ISSUES	
ABN Leisure (125p)	130	Mrn Currie Euro (100p)	137
ADG Group (14p)	18 1/2	Midland Radio	201
Adrian New Euro (100p)	227	Nitin Investors	92
Argus Plc	90	OS Hedges (100p)	133
Beta Global Emeng (100p)	23	Samuel Gold (100p)	107
Biopart Hedges	87	Torday & Carlisle (180p)	168
Buckingham New	87	Urd Uniform	188
Cable May (55p)	47	Venust Int Tet	211
Castle Cam (50p)	288	Wig Tye App	211
Courtside Textiles	97	SHEETS ISSUES	
Dakota Co New	97	Aldi Ltd N/P	5
Dartmouth Int Tet (100p)	48	Amber Day N/P	5
EFM Java Tet	128	Ashley Group N/P	15
F&C Germany	97	Bowman N/P	3
First Island (100p)	97	Eastland N/P	25
Flaming Euro IT	99	Jury Hotel N/P	111
French Prop Tet	142	Laporte N/P	44
German IT	22	Morgan CP N/P	44
Henderson Highland (100p)	22	(Issue price in brackets)	
Invergordon	22		
Malaysia Capital	22		

LONDON TRADED OPTIONS

Symbol	Call	Put	Symbol	Call	Put
ABN	104	117	130	1	0
ADG	18 1/2	18 1/2	130	1	0
ADN	227	227	130	1	0
Argus	90	90	130	1	0
Beta	23	23	130	1	0
Biopart	87	87	130	1	0
Buckingham	87	87	130	1	0
Cable	47	47	130	1	0
Castle	288	288	130	1	0
Courtside	97	97	130	1	0
Dakota	97	97	130	1	0
Dartmouth	48	48	130	1	0
EFM	128	128	130	1	0
F&C	97	97	130	1	0
First Island	97	97	130	1	0
Flaming	99	99	130	1	0
French Prop	99	99	130	1	0
German IT	142	142	130	1	0
Henderson	22	22	130	1	0
Invergordon	22	22	130	1	0
Malaysia	22	22	130	1	0

Parretti's MGM bid is delayed

From PHILIP ROBINSON
IN LOS ANGELES

SIGNOR Giancarlo Parretti's \$1.2 billion takeover bid for MGM United Artists, the Hollywood studio, has been delayed for a week, the third postponement of the Italian financier's completion date since April.

Signor Parretti's Pathe Communications said it has until June 23 to close the deal, but as a sign of good faith Signor Parretti has paid MGM three of the four non-refundable monthly deposits of \$50 million.

The final payment is now due today and failure to pay would put the deal at risk.

Earlier this week Wall Street was speculating that the deal was in trouble and that Signor Parretti was having problems raising the money.

Some analysts suggested that directors of the Time Warner entertainment conglomerate were now divided about their earlier decision to lend Signor Parretti \$650 million.

A spokesman for Pathe said that any delay should not be taken to mean the deal is in trouble. "The delay for completion is due largely to technical factors," he said.

Pathe's official statement said the company was still signing contracts which would guarantee funding for the bid.

T Boone has Koito fight taped

From JOE JOSEPH IN TOKYO

REMUSED shareholders in Koito, the Japanese car parts company that is refusing to give Mr T Boone Pickens or his 26 per cent stake the time of day, are opening their letterboxes to find a personal videotape from the Texan oilman urging them to oppose Koito's management at this month's annual meeting.

This latest and novel assault on the hearts, minds and votes of Koito's shareholders shows the tall Texan doing the sort of things politicians do in modern party political broadcasts.

In the eight-and-a-half minute film, Mr Pickens, dressed in a cowboy hat, gallops across the Texas plains, plays racquetball, does everyday things with his family. There is footage of T Boone as a child and T Boone fishing with his grandson.

This cinematic innovation could transform boardroom battles everywhere.

The Pickens video, which is being sent to about 4,100 Koito shareholders, blends appeals for support for seven proposals that Mr Pickens is putting before the company's annual meeting on June 28 with short sermons on freedom, capitalism and the American Way. It cost \$20,000 to make.

Mr Pickens concedes that the video will make little difference, because more than half of Koito's stock is in the



Starring role: T Boone Pickens takes centre stage

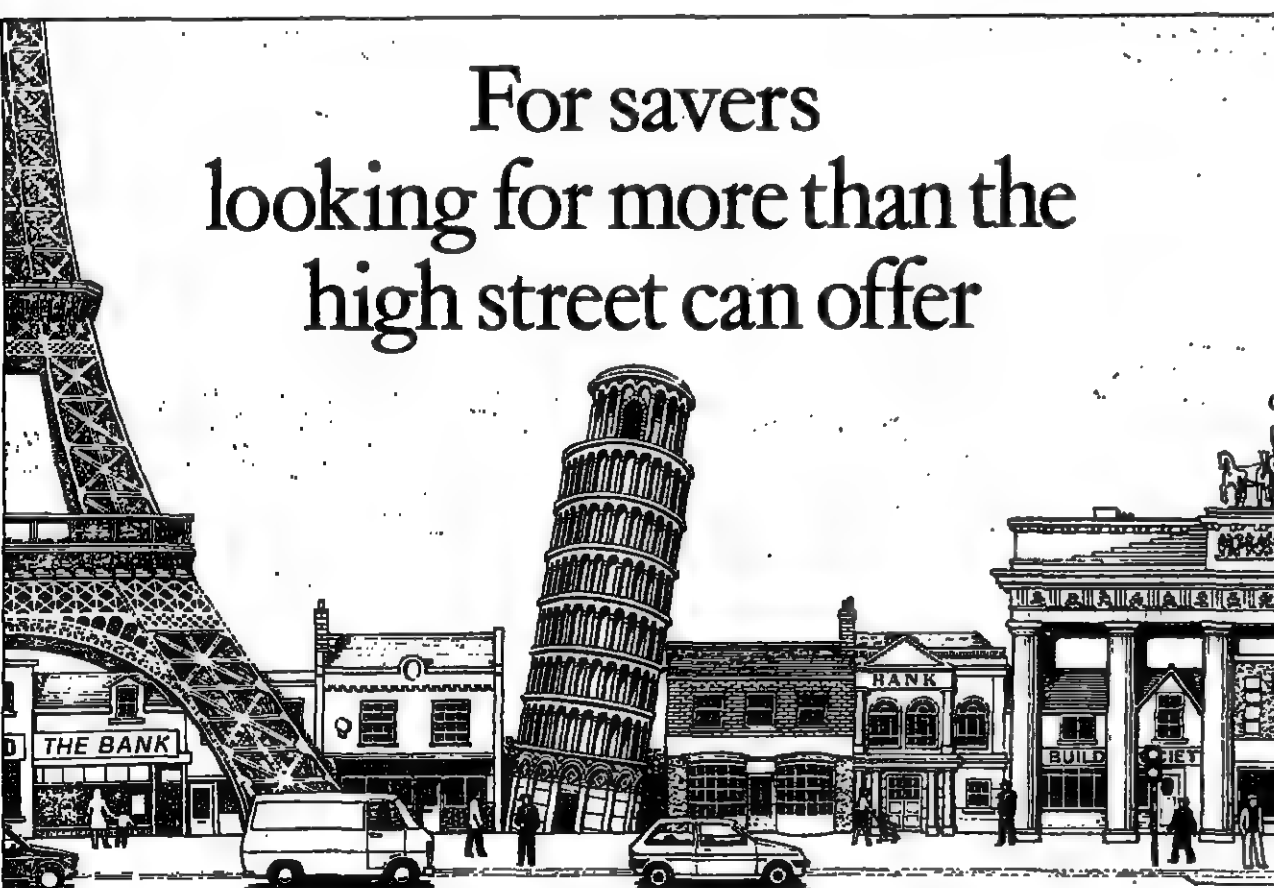
hands of stable shareholders such as Toyota and Nissan, the carmakers, and Matsushita Electric Products. But the oilman thinks he will score a moral victory if small shareholders side with him.

He is complaining about not being given any board seats even though he is the largest shareholder (Toyota, with a 19 per cent stake, has three directors in the Koito boardroom) and because he thinks Koito's profits are being suppressed by arrangements that force it to sell parts to Toyota, its biggest customer, at low prices.

Mr Pickens tells the camera: "I have discovered something pretty disturbing." His drawl, under the voice of a Japanese translator, continues: "The leadership of Koito is deliberately keeping us out of the global marketplace and holding back financial returns to stockholders."

The disadvantages of this are that it prevents the emergence of people like Mr Pickens, who offers himself as an example of the "American Dream, in which 'everyone, regardless of background, should have the opportunity to go just as far as their abilities will take them."

"If something isn't done," he warns the Japanese dandy, "your children will not find opportunities to better their lives."



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United Scientific tries again with foiled deal

By JEREMY ANDREWS

UNITED Scientific, the troubled tank and gun sight manufacturer, has renewed its attempt to sell OEC, its US electro-optical business, to its leading American competitor, Inno Industries. This time, the price put on OEC is only \$41 million, \$24 million less than last year, when the deal was blocked by the US Federal Trade Commission.

Disclosure of the sale attempt came with United Scientific's results for the six months to March, which showed a recovery from losses of \$5.5 million to pre-tax profits of \$530,000. The major factor behind the turnaround was the absence of a \$5 million exceptional pro-

vision against loss-making contracts at its Avimo Taunton subsidiary.

However, this factory still made operating losses of \$962,000 in the first half of the current year, and the group interest charge more than trebled to £1.96 million. The company said that until the restructuring at Avimo is complete in mid-1991, the contribution from contracts will remain insufficient to cover the heavy interest costs.

United agreed to sell OEC last September at the time Meggit Holdings launched its £120 million bid, which it withdrew after the fall of the Berlin Wall. The Federal Trade Commission refused to

permit the sale because it would have reduced competition in the supply of 25 millimetre image intensifiers.

OEC and Inno subsequently bid against each other for the US government contract for night vision equipment, and OEC lost. This led Inno to offer a lower price for OEC, but it has also raised United's hopes that the FTC will approve a purchase this time.

The FTC's decision will not be known for at least 90 days, and the deal is conditional on approval. If permitted, the sale will yield United Scientific about \$35 million after payment of deferred tax and will relieve it of a further \$10 million of borrowings.

In the year to September, OEC made pre-tax profits of \$5 million on sales of \$67.6 million, and it had net assets of \$30.3 million at the end of that month. That compares with turnover of £129 million for United as a whole in 1988-89, though sales rose 53 per cent to £73 million in the first half of the current year.

Mr Nick Prest, chief executive, said that current trading continued at reduced levels, reflecting difficult conditions in the defence market.

However, the interim dividend is to be restored, at 0.5p, after its omission last year.

The ordinary shares fell 5p to 59p, and the convertible preference shares 2p to 42p.

Yorkshire Radio's profits fall

By MELINDA WITTSTOCK

SHARES in Yorkshire Radio Network climbed 9p to 110p after the USM-listed radio station revealed that advertising revenue is now ahead of last year. A profits warning in April from YRN prompted a downward re-rating of the commercial radio sector.

Interim pre-tax profits for the six months to end-March slumped from £619,000 to £410,000 due to a combined 7.7 per cent drop in local and national advertising revenue.

YRN, whose shares fell 55p to 77p when it revealed a 45 per cent drop in national advertising revenue for the month of March and a 17 per cent drop in total advertising revenue in the first quarter, said sales in April were about 10 per cent up on last year.

"The future now looks much brighter," said Mr Michael Mallett, the chairman. National advertising, which accounts for 47 per cent of profits, is picking up, while the local advertising sales team has been bolstered with a new management.

Turnover was up 104 per cent to £5.1 million, but pre-tax profits suffered from the £400,000 incremental costs associated with the launch of Classic Gold, the popular regional service.

Interim earnings per share dropped from 5.31p to 2.82p. YRN, which came to the market at 200p last August, announced a maiden interim dividend of 1.5p.



Michael Mallett: the future at Yorkshire Radio Network "looks much brighter"

Beaverco purchase in the red

By OUR CITY STAFF

SHARES in Beaverco, already down from a 1989 peak of 380p due to worries about consumer spending, fell further 30p to 100p yesterday on news of unexpected losses in its fitness equipment subsidiary, Body Sculpture.

Beaverco said that "a fundamental mis-statement" of Body Sculpture's financial information had occurred since the business was acquired in 1986, and that accumulated losses and reorganization costs of £3 million after tax would be provided for in accounts for the year to March 1990.

The company said that there was no evidence that the falsification had been done with the aim of personal gain, but conceded that the amount was large in relation to the size of the subsidiary. Beaverco's auditor, Pannell Kerr Forster, has audited Body Sculpture since 1986, but the irregularities came to light only during the audit for 1989-90.

Beaverco paid £500,000 on an earn-out formula for Body Sculpture, which imports exercise bicycles from Taiwan and sells them to mail order houses and retailers.

Beaverco, controlled by its founder, Mr John Lees, and his family trusts, came to the USM in June 1986 in a placing at 145p. It makes furniture and garden furniture.

After the Body Sculpture provision and a property revaluation, its net assets are likely to be £7 million, against £8.08 million in March 1989 and a present market capitalization of £8.74 million.

P&SN up despite depressed market

By MARTIN WALLER

A BETTER than expected fourth-quarter performance from newspapers pushed pre-tax profit ahead at Portsmouth & Sunderland Newspapers from £5.75 million to £5.86 million in the year to end-March, despite a warning with the third-quarter figures in February that the company would not match the previous year's figure.

A final dividend of 5.64p raises the total from 6.86p to 7.9p. Advertising revenue from the group's 19 newspapers rose by 2.2 per cent and newspaper sales revenue was up by 5.3 per cent, while revenue from contract production was 23 per cent higher.

However, the combined profits contribution from publishing and printing fell 11 per cent from £4.54 million to £4.03 million. The company said the more depressed conditions in the newspaper mar-

ket had spread out from London during the year.

"We weren't as badly down in the fourth quarter as we thought we might have been," said Mr Charles Brims, the chief executive.

The convenience retailing business raised its share of profits from £744,000 to £816,000. Investment income was up from £466,000 to £1.02 million, mainly because of income from funds reinvested after the sale of half its allocation of Reuters shares last year.

The company's contract printing activities at Portsmouth received a welcome boost from a more than doubled print run for the Independent, to 250,000 copies a night, from the launch last autumn of the Sunday Correspondent and from a new colour press that has been used since the beginning of the year.

Construction output up

THE construction industry increased output by 2 per cent in the first quarter of this year, for a year-on-year gain of 1 per cent, despite the reverse in the housing and property markets caused by high interest rates.

Provisional Department of the Environment figures, published yesterday, showed that seasonally adjusted new work started in the first three months, while 2 per cent up in value on the previous quarter, was 1 per cent lower than the first quarter of 1989.

However, an increase of 3 per cent in repair and maintenance work boosted overall output to show year-on-year growth.

New private construction of commercial premises was only 2 up on the previous quarter, but 14 per cent ahead on the year.

High mortgage rates continued to affect private housing. New work was 3 per cent down on the final quarter of 1989 and 26 per cent lower year-on-year.

Programme setback hits Elders

ELDERS shares dropped six cents to Aus\$1.84 (85p) after Thursday's announcement that its capital return programme had been deferred. The shares earlier reached a low of Aus\$1.83.

Brokers said investors were disappointed at Elders' statement that the proposed capital distribution would not go ahead until details of a refinancing package had been finalized.

An initial payout of 50 cents a share was due to be made in July and a further 50 cents next year.

Profits slump at Dwyer

A slump in trading profits at Dwyer, the property investment and dealing company, resulted in pre-tax profits diving from £1.38 million to £586,000 in the six months to end-March.

Rental income increased by 29 per cent to £2.84 million but trading profits dropped from £1.08 million to £183,000, while other income fell from £53,000 to £9,000.

A 0.64p loss per share compared with earnings of 7.04p last time. Fully diluted earnings fell from 6.93p to 2.22p. The interim dividend is maintained at 1.5p.

Heavitree down

Exceptional costs totalling £271,000 held back pre-tax profits at the Devon-based Heavitree Brewery to £285,000 in the half-year to end-April, almost halved from £528,000 last time. The interim dividend is held at 0.6p.

Why Cabinet is in danger of making a high-speed blunder



KENNETH FLEET

IF the Department of Transport and the Treasury, which is pulling the strings, have their way, the Cabinet will derail the high-speed link to the Channel tunnel. A decision on the scheme put forward by European Rail Link will be taken in committee on Tuesday for approval by the Cabinet on Thursday.

It is still unclear whether the Prime Minister is totally in favour of funding the most fundamental infrastructure issue of this decade. She hasn't said "yes" and she hasn't said "no" and she might still prefer history to humiliation.

If the Cabinet does not take the soft option of shelving the fast link until after the general election, it would leave Cecil Parkinson, the Transport Secretary, up a little-used branch line.

Initially reasonably well disposed to European Rail Link's proposals, he, directly, and his Department, obliquely, have taken to rubbishising them. The inefficiency, in-fighting and soaring costs of the Channel tunnel project have probably given him nightmares. Fortunately Eurotunnel has no claim on public funds but it is worrying none the less.

Cecil, defeated by the detail of electricity privatization at the Department of Energy, has not had the best of luck at Transport.

Enthusiasm for selling off bits of British Rail evaporated a year ago and, with it, the Government's interest in infrastructure projects jointly financed by consortia of public and private companies. Then he lost his Minister of State, Michael Portillo, who had hands-on responsibility for complex rail policy.

He must hope that he still has the ability to "read" the Prime Minister. Otherwise some of his statements leading up to the fast-link decision will look extremely foolish.

Civil servants hostile to European Rail Link at least are consistent. The Department of Energy has always been deeply suspicious of British Rail and has not yet got the measure of its new chairman, Bob Reid. They prefer the familiar to the new-fangled and do not take kindly to innovative methods of financing. They have no real stomach for a fight with the Treasury over money and in Sir Alan Bailey they have a Permanent Secretary who came from there and understands that the Treasury is virtually guaranteed to win any fiscal punch-up.

Traditionally British Rail would also prefer to see a project such as the fast link kept in-house and treated like a conventional public sector scheme. BR is a 50 per cent partner in European Rail Link (Traffalgar House and BICC

each have 25 per cent) but the idea of a joint public sector-private sector venture came from the Government, not BR. But BR wants a new rail link with the Channel tunnel and chairman Reid, as befits a former Shell man, is acutely conscious of the value of private sector management skills.

Without them it is doubtful whether BR could cope simultaneously with the major engineering task of upgrading existing lines into Waterloo's international terminal by 1993 when the Channel tunnel is due to open, and the high-speed link.

In preparing the ground for deferring, if not abandoning, the fast link, Cecil Parkinson insists it was never part of the original plans for Eurotunnel. Under the Concession Agreement, the commitment was to service the Channel tunnel from the day it opened. The 1993 upgrading of existing tracks and equipment, at a cost of more than £1 billion, lent by the Government to British Rail, is deemed to meet that undertaking.

Compared with investment by the French and Belgian railways, this is meagre, unworthy and unambitious. It does not begin to meet the challenge of high-speed trains operating over a European network or to cope with the problem of congested passenger traffic in the South-east of England. The Minister appears relaxed about this problem as he cannot see the crunch coming before the end of the century.

European Rail Link believes that its proposals, which envisage the fast link opening in 1998, offer a comprehensive solution, at a discounted price.

At present 3 million travellers a year cross the Channel by the rail and ferry route. When the Channel tunnel is opened in 1993, traffic is expected to rise to between 11 million and 13 million passengers.

By 1998 the volume of traffic will exceed the capacity of existing rail lines. With about 20 million passengers using the link, a new track and station system will be needed. That is the system European Rail Link wants to construct, operate and manage.

In its submission at the end of March (which has not been changed and therefore not "pared down to basics"), the consortium made two proposals directly concerning the Government. It

asked that the £1 billion loan to BR for the 1993 upgrading scheme should be left with European Rail Link, which would carry out the work as a zero coupon loan repayable over time.

It also suggested that 50 per cent of the capacity of the new line between King's Cross and Swanley and 25 per cent between Swanley and Ashford would be taken up by BR commuter traffic, a payment in the region of £400 million should be paid, preferably as an up-front capital sum, for use of the track.

These conditions, it is said, were greeted with shock and horror at the Department. The £1 billion loan became a "subsidy," the £400 million, a "grant." Unfounded allegations have been made that the consortium insisted on a guaranteed return on its investment and an underwriting of cost-overruns by the Treasury.

Members of the consortium were stung by these clearly inspired allegations of wicked financial rape of innocent taxpayers. "The truth," said one, "is that the high-speed link offers an improvement in all commuter services from the South-east, at a discounted price, and a proper way for the Government, if it does not want to look ludicrous in the eyes of Europe, to discharge its obligations to Eurotunnel."

The game has become quite dirty. Cecil Parkinson has dismissed the Channel tunnel's importance as a "port" because it would account for only 6 per cent of exported freight.

By volume, including oil, that may be true, but by value it is grossly misleading.

He may also be right in arguing that spending billions on a 72-mile link that will knock 10 to 12 minutes off the journey may not make sense; but if the correct figures are 40 minutes at peak times and 30 minutes off peak, it would make sense.

As Cecil has said, the Department of Energy has made up its mind and it is now up to the Cabinet to decide. Perhaps it is too much to expect an anxious Government approaching an election to incur the wrath of the powerful Kent lobby.

The price of a Kentish triumph could be the stalling of the King's Cross development and further alienation of the North of England.

The Eurotunnel agreements, it has now been disclosed, also provide for revenue sharing among British, French and Belgian railways based on a time and distance formula. No prizes for guessing who will get the pot last. Unless Mrs Thatcher changes the signals.

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David Hardy, Chairman

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The final dividend, if approved, will be paid on 16th August, 1990 to shareholders on the register at 19th July 1990. The full Report and Accounts was posted to shareholders on 25th May 1990 and the Annual General Meeting will be held on 24th July 1990 at 12.00 noon.

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Borrie warns over EC merger rules

By COLIN NARBROUGH
ECONOMICS CORRESPONDENT

SIR Gordon Borrie, director-general of fair trading, has warned companies not to expect "one-stop shop" merger control when European Community take-over rules come into force this autumn.

He told a London seminar that there would be many mergers where it would not be clear which "shop" — or regulatory authority — to head for. "It is possible that some companies will need to visit two or even three shops, before they can be certain which is the right one," he said. He forecast doubts about the thresholds the EC has agreed for deciding whether a merger should go to

the Brussels authorities or national regulators. There was also scope for argument whether certain joint ventures fall within EC jurisdiction.

The Commission will be given exclusive jurisdiction over mergers with an EC dimension where the parties have an aggregate world-wide turnover exceeding Ecu5 billion (£3.6 billion) and at least two of the parties have a turnover in the EC of Ecu250 million, unless each has more than two thirds of turnover in one member state.

Sir Gordon said that many companies would not have the accounting information available to say whether a merger falls within the thresholds.

He expected doubts too over whether a

merger with an EC dimension would raise competition issues in a distinct market in one country. There is an escape clause which allows national rules to be invoked, but the Commission envisages it being used rarely. Sir Gordon advised lawyers in takeover bids to keep in close touch with national authorities, just in case.

He underlined that his prime function after the EC regulations come into effect will still be preserving competition in Britain and ensuring that the consumer's choice is not reduced. All mergers falling within EC regulations will be scrutinized by the OFT to establish whether they raise purely national issues which might not be resolvable at EC level.

STOCK MARKET

Sellers come in as account draws cautiously to a close

REFUGEE GROUP: FRENCH STAKE UNDERPINS PRICE

Share price relative to FTA AN share (Rebased)

DAY/STREAM

Jun Jul Aug Sep Oct Nov Dec Jan Feb Mar Apr May Jun

400 450 500 550 600 650 700 750

NOTES

ing Thursday's expiry of the June index futures and op-

But the index returned to that level by midday and was

Gregory Bailey, head of equity trading at Merrill Lynch Japan, said: "Next week should be in-

The broader-based Hong Kong index rose 19.17 to 2,086.28. (Reuters)

But the index returned to that level by midday and was

UNIT-LINKED INSURANCE INVESTMENTS

The prices in this section refer to Thursday's trading

RATES ROUND-UP

مكتبات الامم المتحدة

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Portfolio PLATINUM

From your Portfolio Platinum card check your eight share price movements on this page only. Add these prices to your running total for the week and check this against the weekly dividend figure on this page. If it matches this figure, you have won outright or a share of the total weekly prize money stated. If you win, follow the claim procedure on the back of your card. You must always have your card available when claiming. Game rules appear on the back of your card.

No.	Company	Group	Gain or Loss
1	Klein-Eze	Industrials E-K	
2	Bespak	Industrials A-D	
3	Wadding Office	Draperies, Stores	
4	Jardine Math	Industrials E-K	
5	ERF	Motors, Aircraft	
6	Young A	Breweries	
7	Hutchins Whampoa	Industrials E-K	
8	Old Newspapers (a)	Newspapers, Pub	
9	Watts Blake	Building, Roads	
10	Midland (a)	Bank, Discount	
11	Suter	Industrials S-Z	
12	Eurotherm	Electricals	
13	Mossmagh	Food	
14	Finch Lovell	Food	
15	Zetters Gp	Leisure	
16	Edlino	Industrials E-K	
17	More O'Farrell	Paper, Print, Adv	
18	Hilma	Industrials E-K	
19	Quadrant Group	Leisure	
20	GKN (a)	Industrials E-K	
21	Aut Oil & Gas	Oil, Gas	
22	De La Rue	Industrials A-D	
23	Gleson (M)	Building, Roads	
24	Eastern Prod	Industrials E-K	
25	CH Ind	Industrials A-D	
26	Dogglas (RM)	Building, Roads	
27	Dak Elec	Electricals	
28	Wilson (Connells)	Building, Roads	
29	Ocean Group	Transport	
30	Locher	Motors, Aircraft	
31	Schyles Gp	Electricals	
32	Phoschitz	Industrials L-R	
33	Cope	Industrials A-D	
34	Pilkington (a)	Industrials L-R	
35	Raine Ind	Building, Roads	
36	CRT Gp	Textiles	
37	Campan	Leisure	
38	Calor Gp	Oil, Gas	
39	Norcor	Industrials L-R	
40	Mervale Moore	Property	
41	Nu-Swift	Industrials L-R	
42	Beazer PLC (a)	Building, Roads	
43	Rothmans (B) (a)	Food	
44	Third Mile	Industrials S-Z	
© Times Newspapers Ltd. Daily Total			

Please take into account any minus signs

Weekly Dividend						
Please make a note of your daily totals for the weekly dividend of £4,000 in today's newspaper.						
MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT	Weekly Total

Portfolio Platinum prize. Mr Allen Charlesworth, of Llandegfan, Anglesey, Mr James D Winton, of Bearsden, Glasgow, Mr Kenneth G S Eamer, of Guildford, Surrey, and Mr Gary Slater of Hounslow, west London, receive £500 each.

BRITISH FUNDS

1990	High	Low	Open	Close	Gain or Loss	%
SHORTS (Under Five Years)						
100% 1990	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 1991	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 1992	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 1993	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 1994	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 1995	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 1996	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 1997	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 1998	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 1999	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 2000	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 2001	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 2002	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 2003	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 2004	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 2005	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 2006	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 2007	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 2008	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 2009	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 2010	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00

FIVE TO FIFTEEN YEARS						
100% 1990	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 1991	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 1992	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 1993	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 1994	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 1995	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 1996	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 1997	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 1998	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 1999	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 2000	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 2001	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 2002	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 2003	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 2004	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 2005	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 2006	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 2007	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 2008	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 2009	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 2010	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00

OVER FIFTEEN YEARS						
100% 1990	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 1991	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 1992	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 1993	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 1994	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 1995	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 1996	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 1997	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 1998	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 1999	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 2000	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 2001	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 2002	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 2003	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 2004	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 2005	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 2006	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 2007	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 2008	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 2009	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 2010	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00

UNDATED						
100% 1990	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 1991	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 1992	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 1993	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 1994	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 1995	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 1996	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 1997	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 1998	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 1999	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 2000	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 2001	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 2002	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 2003	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 2004	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 2005	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 2006	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 2007	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 2008	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 2009	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 2010	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00

INDEX-LINKED						
100% 1990	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 1991	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 1992	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 1993	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 1994	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 1995	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 1996	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 1997	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 1998	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 1999	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 2000	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 2001	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 2002	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 2003	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 2004	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 2005	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 2006	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 2007	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 2008	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 2009	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00
100% 2010	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	0.00	0.00

2009	173	Abled	230		-5
2008	214	Abled	185	700	
2007	173	Anglo	75	70	-11
2006	81	Arisebaker (Henny)	211	215	
2005	88	Arisebaker			
2004	209	Arisebaker	194		
1994	144	Banknotes	253	261	
2003	224	Bank of Ireland	18	21	
2002	194	Bank of Ireland	335	355	
2001	334	Bank of Ireland	118	120	
2000	1054	Bank of Ireland	42	40	
1999		Bank of Ireland			

عدد من الألف

FAMILY MONEY

Discrepancies in share registers provide scent for the trail

SIR tracks down unwitting owners of forgotten shares

By BARBARA ELLIS

A LITTLE-known side effect of takeovers is the emergence of clues to the ownership of millions of pounds worth of shares and dividend arrears.

By comparing the two companies' share registers for discrepancies a few years after the event, specialist investigators can pick up the scent on a trail which can stretch as far back as pre-revolutionary Russia or Japanese-occupied Singapore.

Owners or their distant relatives can be traced with the help of public records, such as the register of births, deaths and marriages.

But unwitting owners often view approaches from investigators with deep suspicion.

When a Family Money reader in Sussex received a letter from Shareholder Investments Research asking for confirmation of his identity and address this February, he ignored it.

After a second request, he sent a brief confirmation. This brought a further letter from SIR signed by Miss Maria Kyriacou, one of the firm's directors.

She wrote: "We have located an unclaimed asset held in trust which we believe may be due to you. For your guidance, this asset is currently valued at £7,500."

Miss Kyriacou's letter offered the firm's services in claiming the entitlement and explained that if it succeeded the commission would be 25 per cent of the total value recovered plus VAT.

The reader was wary. He said: "If I put up the stake money of 25 per cent of £7,500, there is a substantial risk of receiving an asset

which while normally having a face value of £7,500 could well turn out to be virtually worthless. If the unknown asset is genuinely worth £7,500, it is tantalizing to wonder if there might not be a less costly way of discovering its identity."

Miss Kyriacou emphasized that SIR operates on a "no result no fee" basis and always transfers assets direct to clients never becoming the owner itself.

The firm charges its commission on the market value of the shares involved on the day they are transferred to the owner, plus the actual value of any unclaimed dividends.

The share valuation is at the middle market price — half way between the market maker's buying and selling prices. This means that SIR is at

risk of losing commission when the stockmarket crashes or slides during an investigation, but can also gain when share prices rise.

"We often just alert people to the existence of an asset," said Mr Basil Pounds, another SIR director. "They search it out for themselves and there is nothing in that for us."

In the year ended March 31 last year, SIR made a profit of £4,167 after paying its four directors a total of £65,116.

Business may decline as a result of changes in company law which have put firms under obligation to trace owners of shares and unclaimed dividends. However, as the changes do not apply retrospectively, the firm expects to have plenty of work for some time to come as investigations can last for years.



Searching for unclaimed assets: Maria Kyriacou

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Glasnost opens new market in art

THE more open society created by President Gorbachov has opened the way to art and antiques from the Soviet Union coming legitimately to the West (Conal Gregory writes).

The opportunity to purchase good, reputable items takes place next week with a major exhibition at the Roy Miles Gallery, London, and an auction of contemporary Ukrainian paintings at Christie's, South Kensington.

Roy Miles, a fine art dealer for over 25 years, has made a speciality of Soviet art. He travels to all the major Soviet cities and recently visited the closed city of Podolsk, near Moscow.

Good provenance is essential, particularly since few Soviet paintings are

signed on the canvases. More are signed on the reverse and if Mr Miles's gallery has to re-line a painting, it tries to leave a window for the signature. Mr Miles looks for sketches of the original work and advises against buying from a central store organized by the Ministry of Culture. He deals with artists or their families and pays hard currency to Russia's oldest trading company, Mezhdunarodnaya Kniga.

Prices are rising fast. Over the past year, prices paid for the work of Alexander Rusakov — a key member of the Leningrad Circle of Artists of the 1920s — have risen by up to 100 per cent.

On Thursday, Christie's will place the work of 17 Ukrainian artists under the

hammer. Before an exhibition earlier this year to raise funds for the Chernobyl Aid Trust, the work had not been seen in Britain. Traditional elements of Ukrainian art, such as saturated colour and realism, are evident. Estimates range from £200 to several thousand pounds.

Sotheby's confirms that there is an increased interest in Soviet art. It held a sale in Geneva on May 17, realizing over £972,000, and is to hold another next week in New York.

Soviet icons should not be overlooked by investors. The Maria Andipa Gallery, in Walton Street, London, reports price rises of 30 to 60 per cent over the past five years, depending upon the quality and the school of painting.

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FAMILY MONEY

Report points to demand and supply problems

Energy trusts boosted by long-term oil price hopes

By HELEN PRIDHAM

AFTER several years in the doldrums, commodity and energy unit trusts have started to make a comeback. In the past few months, the energy funds have performed particularly well, and despite the current summer weakness of oil prices, managers predict that the long-term prospects are excellent.

The oil price is falling due to high stocks and a squabble over production quotas among the leading producer nations. On past form, this will be settled by the autumn. But with the Soviet oil industry in disarray, and huge volumes of energy needed to cope with the modernization of the Eastern European economies, longer-term demand trends look positive.

Save & Prosper, in its latest manager's report for its Energy Industries fund, outlines the possibility of an oil price shock in the mid-1990s.

The report says: "Both Sheikh Yamani (Ahmed Zaki Yamani, oil minister for Saudi Arabia) and Dr Subroto (general secretary of the Organisation of the Petroleum Exporting Countries) have highlighted the problems Opec will have in expanding capacity to match future demand growth.

"It is doubtful that these capacity increases can be internally financed and it is unlikely that the oil industry will be able to plug the gap. Under this scenario it is likely that prices will rise significantly quicker than inflation, leading to the threat of an oil shock in the mid-1990s."

Save & Prosper is, therefore, positioning its fund more aggressively to take advantage of rising oil prices by increasing exposure to the exploration sector.

There are only three pure energy unit trusts, though most commodity funds have some kind of stake in the sector. The best-performing fund has been the Ballie Gifford Energy Trust, managed in Scotland, which last year rose 27.5 per cent, up from 1,000 funds in the unit trust league and is up 32 per cent over the past year.

Mr Douglas McDougall, the fund manager, has argued that it is possible to make money out of the energy sector, even when the oil price is falling, by investing, for example, in utilities which benefit from a



Outlining problems of expanding capacity: Dr Subroto (left) and Sheikh Yamani

lower oil price. But now he is taking advantage of the rising oil price trend.

BG Energy has 80 per cent of its investments in the United States, mainly in oil and gas service companies which benefit directly from increasing exploration. One of BG Energy's focuses is Schlumberger, its largest holding, at 8 per cent of the fund. Schlumberger is at the sophisticated end of the industry producing equipment for the electronic interpretation of drilling results. The fund also has a large holding in Oceanenergy International, a diving company which produces mechanical diving equipment. This company is increasingly in demand for tasks such as repairing underwater pipes.

Mr Bruce Ackerman, investment chief at Lloyds Bank unit trusts, is less optimistic about rising oil prices in the short to medium term. He said: "The price is very much a function of Opec discipline, which they have shown again recently is lacking."

Other factors which appear to move against an improvement in the fortunes of the energy industry are the economic slowdown in the West and the increasing concerns about the environment.

On the question of demand, Miss Kate Medd, manager of

Henderson's Global Resources trust, said: "Naturally a slowdown in the main economies of the world doesn't help, but demand for oil and other resources from other areas, such as the growing economies of South East Asia, has been increasing much more than anyone expected in recent years and looks set to continue. The opening up of the Eastern bloc is also likely to lead to increased infrastructure spending and a greater demand for resources."

Mr David Hutchins, commodity funds manager at M&G, also believes there is much demand for resources in Eastern Europe.

He said: "With their inefficient and polluting power

stations and smelting works, which may well have to be closed down completely, they will be unable to meet this demand themselves."

On environmental aspects, Mr Neil Honebon, of Save & Prosper, sees higher standards as not just a cost, but also a chance for profit. He said: "It will provide new investment opportunities and the margins on the better grades of oil required are higher."

Gas companies are also likely to benefit. Miss Medd said: "Gas is environmentally friendly and is favoured by environmental legislation in the US. In Europe, two new power stations are likely to be gas powered."

Mr Hutchins says another factor working in favour of the commodities sector is that after the lean times of the 1980s, most companies are much fitter and more efficient. But he admits that such considerations do not necessarily lead to rising share prices.

He said: "In the commodities sector, all important is the perception of demand. Sentiment can change overnight and send share prices up or down. Commodity funds are for those who are prepared to take a high risk for the possibility of a higher reward. You are much safer in a boring blue-chip fund."

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S&P Commodity Share	104.38
M&G Commodity & General	102.45
NIM Britannia Commodity	102.24
Royal Trust Gold Share	102.21
Hill Samuel Natural Res	101.90

Sources: Macropol. Figures on offer to bid. Values with net income reinvested.

Pension potential in Peps package

By JON ASHWORTH

ONE of the most comprehensive packages of personal equity plans was unveiled this week.

A pension Pep was part of the package unveiled by First Charter Investment Management - formerly Dominion Investment until management bought it this year. It has been relaunched, backed by Ensign Trust, a £480 million investment trust, and has teamed up with a range of life offices for its latest venture.

Mr John Wilson, managing director, said that the plans would be sold only through independent brokers, not "off-the-page" or through a salesforce. Mr Wilson, who brought the idea of Pep mortgages to British investors two years ago, hailed the pensions Pep as one of the most interesting launches so far.

"There is nothing quite like it in the marketplace," Mr Wilson said, adding that the plan was an excellent way for high-earners to unclog pensions. It was also a way for people saving by additional voluntary pension contributions to add a tax-free lump sum to retirement income.

However, Mr Wilson said that a Labour general election victory would cast a shadow over the future of Peps, although Labour seemed more committed to keeping them in some form. If anything did happen to Peps, the company could offer a flexible, even if less tax-efficient, alternative, probably a more conventional unit trust product.

The minimum investment in First Charter Peps is £25 a month, £250 a year or £500 as a lump sum. The charges on lump sums range from 5 per cent to 6 per cent, with an annual charge of 1 per cent to 1.5 per cent. There is another 0.5 per cent charge for Pep administration. Charges on regular-payment Peps are expected to be structured in a similar way to endowments. A no-commission option is available to brokers who prefer to charge a fee for advice.

First Charter has teamed up with NEI Britannia and Carada Life for the launches. The investment adviser is Credit Suisse Buckmaster & Moore. The High Income Pep is based on Exeter High Income Unit Trust, run by Exeter Fund Managers. Other Peps draw on Grofund Managers' Grofund Equity Trust unit trust.

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Banks weigh up benefits of 'free' credit cards

SMALL credit card issuers have been able to attract thousands of customers by pointing out their fee-less status since Lloyds Bank and Barclays Bank announced yearly charges for their cards (Barbara Ellis writes).

Other banks and building societies are calculating whether it would be worth

declaring an intention not to impose a fee for the raft of customers they could pick up.

Midland Bank's First Direct division and Halifax Building Society's Maxim account are the likeliest focus of this attention. Both were launched last October but have developed very differently.

First Direct, Midland's

"branchless" bank had, by the end of 1989, attracted only 11,000 customers, but since then has refused to give figures.

Midland spokesmen insist First Direct is on its internal target, with 80 per cent of new customers coming from outside Midland.

Halifax's Maxim had signed

100,000 customers by the end of 1989 and now has 210,000.

If First Direct has also managed to double its year-end figure, it could have 22,000 customers, which is not viable, according to a banking analyst, who says Midland's solution could be to keep the First Direct Visa card free of a fee.

Pick-your-own mortgages plan

MORTGAGE Trust has launched a "pick-your-own" mortgage scheme, offering investors a choice of interest rates between 9.95 per cent and 14.95 per cent.

The repayment rate on the self-selection scheme can be adjusted at any time for an administration fee of £125.

Plans that defer interest for up to five years are also available, as well as a standard scheme. The administration fee in all cases is £195, which is added to the loan.

TSB benefit

TSB customers can now use their TSB Bankcards at nearly 300 branches of J. Sainsbury as a result of the bank linking up with the Visa Electron scheme.

More than a fifth of Sainsbury customers already use debit cards to pay for their purchases, and many more are expected to turn to the benefits of cashless shopping. Bankcard, which is a debit card, can be used at any of the 330,000 shops linked to the Visa network.

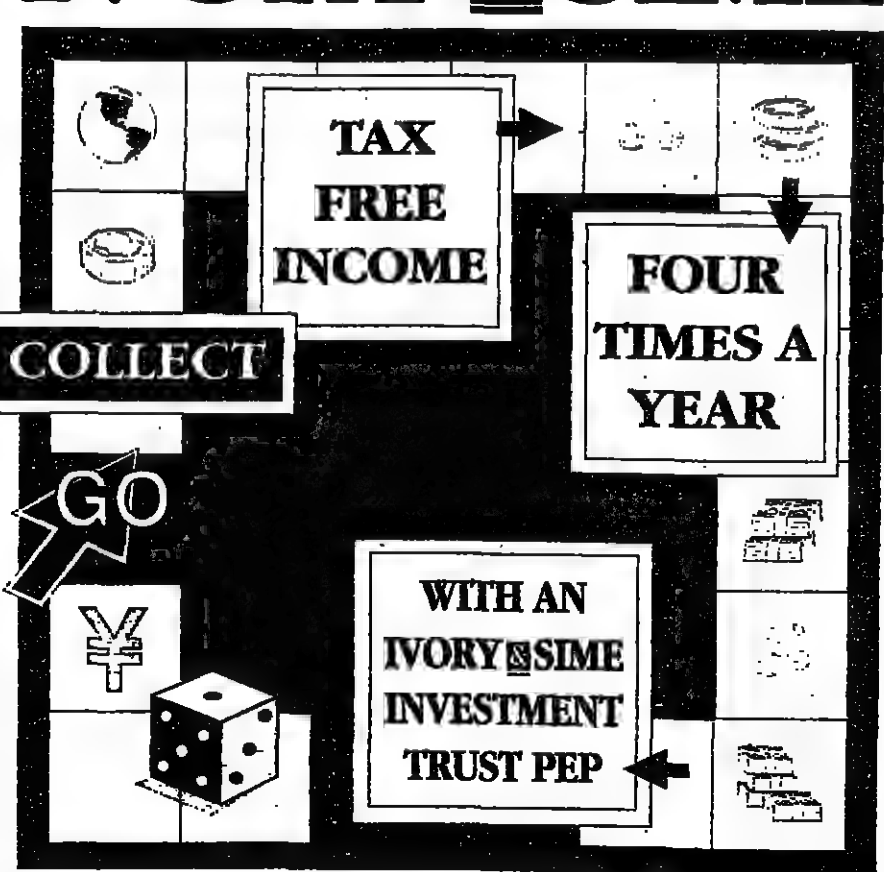
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FAMILY MONEY

Beware the capital gains tax bill when selling property abroad

By ROY CANNON

OWNERS of holiday homes abroad can find themselves paying tax on gains even when the property has not increased in value. This is because the low value of the pound can make a foreign asset much more valuable in sterling and that is enough for the Inland Revenue.

Anyone who bought a Spanish holiday property just a few years ago, for example in late 1987 for Pts10 million at about Pts210 to the pound, would have paid about £47,600. Selling it today for the same amount would actually give a profit of more than £10,000 when converted into sterling.

At Pts170 to the pound, the sale price would be £58,800. Even if the owner goes on to buy another property in Spain at the same exchange rate, a profit is deemed to have been made.

A British resident is liable to capital gains tax on any gain arising from the sale of an asset no matter where that asset is situated.

In the case of Bentley v Pike 1981 in the High Court, it was held that as the unit of tax was sterling, the original cost and selling price must be converted into sterling from any foreign currency using the



A place in the sun: holiday homes may be more valuable in sterling than is realized

exchange rates applicable on the separate occasions of purchase and sale.

It is not permissible to just deduct the purchase price in the foreign currency from the sale price and then convert the gain or loss into sterling.

In the sale shown above there is a gain of £11,200. Fortunately, the indexation rules would increase the cost by about 20 per cent or £9,320

— depending on the actual date of sale — and the balance of the gain £1,680 would be covered by the capital gains tax exemption of £5,000 providing that there were no other gains in the year.

Capital gains are even more complicated where properties were bought abroad before March 31, 1982.

If a Spanish holiday property was bought in 1980 for

Pts4.5 million, with Pts180 to the pound, its cost would be £25,000. Selling it now for Pts10 million at Pts170 to the pound, about £58,800 could be treated quite favourably by the taxman.

First, it is necessary to find out the value of the property at March 31, 1982, for example Pts6.5 million when the pound was worth Pts184. This is the equivalent of

£35,325. It is permissible to add indexation to this amount to take account of inflation. This would be about 60 per cent, giving an indexed cost figure of £56,600 compared with the sterling sell price of £58,800.

With this calculation, the gain of £2,200, could be covered by the annual £5,000 capital gains tax exemption.

This type of calculation would apply to property or other assets held abroad in any country.

The rate of exchange for the pound is critical and can give some odd results.

It is also necessary to bear in mind that other countries have taxes on capital profits so a bit of tax might have to be paid abroad if a gain has been made in that country's currency. Any tax paid abroad is usually allowed against the British tax liability so the higher of the foreign or British tax on the same asset would have to be paid.

Anyone contemplating taking advantage of the low exchange rate of the pound to sell an asset held abroad while resident in Britain, ought to seek professional advice on the likely consequences, both here and in the country concerned, before entering into the transaction.

Junk mail complaints rise

By MARGARET DIBBEN

COMPLAINTS about junk mail accounted for almost half the grievances taken to the Data Protection Registry in the year to May 31.

The registry received 2,698 complaints from the public, of which 44.5 per cent were about direct mail, up from 16 per cent in the previous year.

Mr John Lamidey, the assistant registrar in charge of complaints, said most were asking how to stop junk mail arriving and where the companies get names and addresses from.

He said: "We can normally trace back and find the mail-

ing list. We will, if necessary, get a name and address suppressed on that list."

Receiving inappropriate communications is another area of complaint.

Mr Lamidey said: "Time-share is the big bugbear. People receive an invitation to a presentation and the offer of a wonderful prize."

"But on the back it says you have to earn more than £12,000 and must bring your partner. If you live alone and earn £8,000, a year, you wonder why on earth are they sending it to you."

Sir Gordon Borrie, director

general of the Office of Fair Trading, last month said more people should be made aware of the Mailing Preference Service, which enables people to have their names removed from mailing lists.

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Portfolio PLATINUM

For readers who may have missed a copy of *The Times* this week, we repeat below the week's *Portfolio* price changes (today's are on page 21).

	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun
1	+8	+3	+4	+5	+4		
2	+5	+3	+4	+5	+6		
3	+7	+6	+7	+3	+3		
4	+6	+2	+3	+6	+3		
5	+6	+8	+7	+2	+3		
6	+4	+4	+5	+3	+6		
7	+5	+6	+3	+6	+8		
8	+6	+5	+3	+7	+3		
9	+6	+8	+6	+2	+5		
10	+3	+5	+3	+5	+8		
11	+5	+5	+4	+6	+7		
12	+8	+8	+5	+2	+4		
13	+4	+5	+3	+4	+8		
14	+4	+4	+3	+3	+7		
15	+5	+2	+4	+5	+8		
16	+7	+6	+6	+3	+3		
17	+5	+3	+3	+5	+3		
18	+7	+8	+7	+3	+4		
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20	+6	+3	+8	+4	+4		
21	+8	+7	+7	+4	+3		
22	+5	+3	+3	+4	+5		
23	+4	+4	+2	+4	+8		
24	+5	+3	+4	+3	+8		
25	+7	+2	+5	+5	+3		
26	+8	+6	+6	+2	+8		
27	+4	+8	+5	+5	+7		
28	+4	+3	+3	+4	+7		
29	+5	+2	+4	+5	+5		
30	+6	+4	+5	+5	+5		
31	+6	+7	+6	+4	+6		
32	+6	+5	+6	+3	+6		
33	+3	+3	+3	+5	+7		
34	+5	+3	+4	+4	+4		
35	+7	+4	+5	+5	+3		
36	+3	+8	+3	+8	+7		
37	+4	+3	+4	+4	+7		
38	+5	+4	+4	+6	+7		
39	+6	+7	+5	+2	+4		
40	+4	+5	+2	+5	+8		
41	+5	+4	+3	+5	+3		
42	+7	+7	+5	+4	+5		
43	+4	+4	+2	+5	+7		
44	+5	+3	+3	+5	+5		

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LETTERS

Demanding excellence of service for good pay

From S.C. Procter

Sir, Mr Donald Kerr's letter (May 9) draws attention to the salaries paid to employees in insurance companies, among others.

We could be forgiven for expecting excellence of service commensurate with those salaries.

However, on April 5 I wrote to a well-known insurance company simply asking for the appropriate form to surrender a bond I bought

from them many years ago. After sending a reminder I finally received the form on May 16, which I suspect might only have been because my son, who is in the business, contacted their top man.

Now I am told that the amount payable will depend upon prices ruling "when all their requirements have been met."

If the price goes up I will not complain but if it should be somewhat lower than ruling

from them many years ago. six weeks ago I shall be annoyed. Yours faithfully, S. C. PROCTER, 8 Shelveys Way, Tadworth, Surrey.

Letters are welcomed, but *The Times* regrets it cannot give individual replies or advice. No legal responsibility can be accepted for advice or statements in these columns and independent professional advice should be sought.



Beyond fair profit

From Mr Alfred B. Clem

Sir, As a retired banker, I recognize the need for any business to earn a profit. On a recent month-long journey through Ireland, Scotland, England and Holland, my wife and I saw this principle at work.

When we went to cash American Express traveller's cheques at British banks, we were quoted a "service fee" ranging from £3 (\$4.98) on a \$50 cheque to £5 (\$8.30) on a \$500 of these cheques. Mind you, these were guaranteed payment instruments, not personal cheques.

In my opinion, these "fees" go beyond a fair profit. They are simply price gouging, a trap for Yanks set by greedy British banks.

Note: in Holland, such fees are a simple 1.5 per cent. Yours sincerely, ALFRED B. CLEM, Sedona, Arizona 86336, United States.

Account rules benefit banks twice over because credit delayed is credit denied

Mr George W. Gray

Sir, Your Family Money article and Mr Kenneth Wood's letter (both published Saturday, April 28) highlight how out of touch the banks are with their customers.

The delay in crediting items to an account always favours the bank, often twice over. They have the cash to invest, and the overdraft or credit

card debt is still incurring interest. Sometimes hefty fees are involved, also.

It all adds up to a considerable hidden "slippage". I am adamant that the "day of value" of a deposit should be the day the deposit slip is stamped. It may take time to traverse the system, but interest and fee calculations should be made appropriately.

I repeatedly demand this of my bank, and this sometimes causes strife with the tellers.

Similarly, the posting of plastic cards is fraught with danger. I have repeatedly requested that these be made available for my collection in person, but, despite promises, this has never happened.

At least four financial houses have posted cards to

me when I have specifically requested otherwise in writing. If this is the heed that British banks pay to their customers, I despair of dealing with them. Roll on 1992! Yours faithfully, GEORGE W. GRAY, White House, Peak Hill, Cowbit, Spalding, Lincolnshire.

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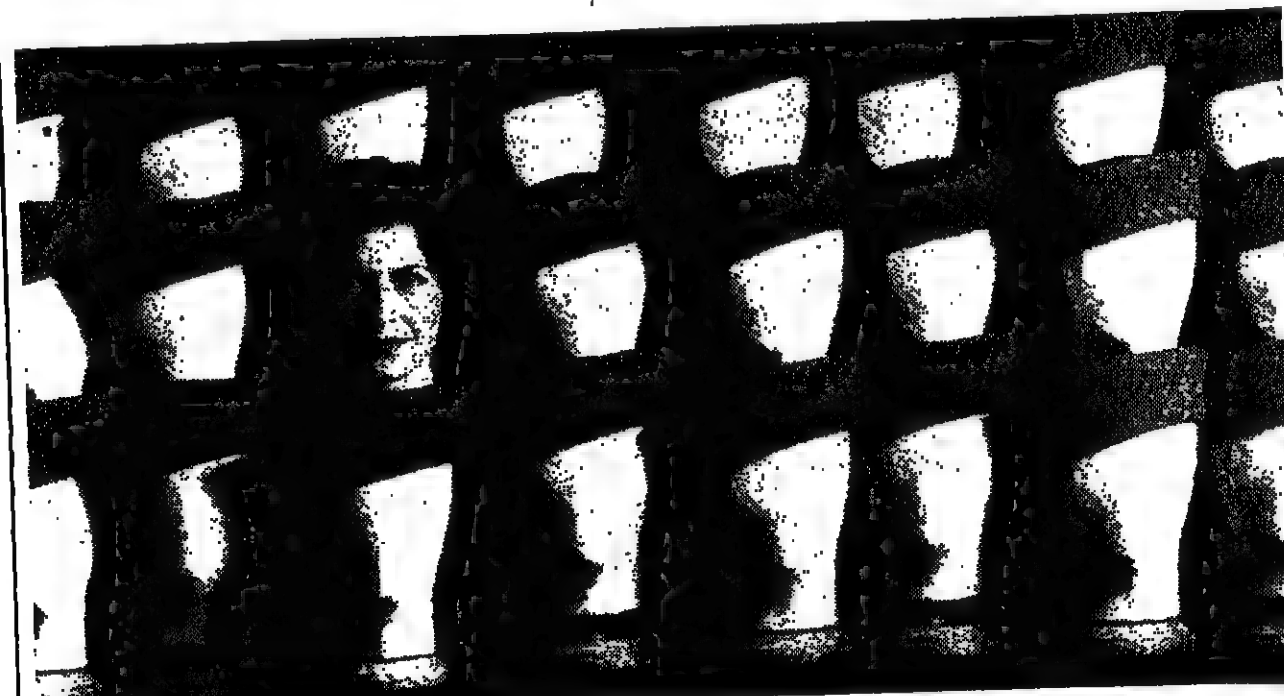
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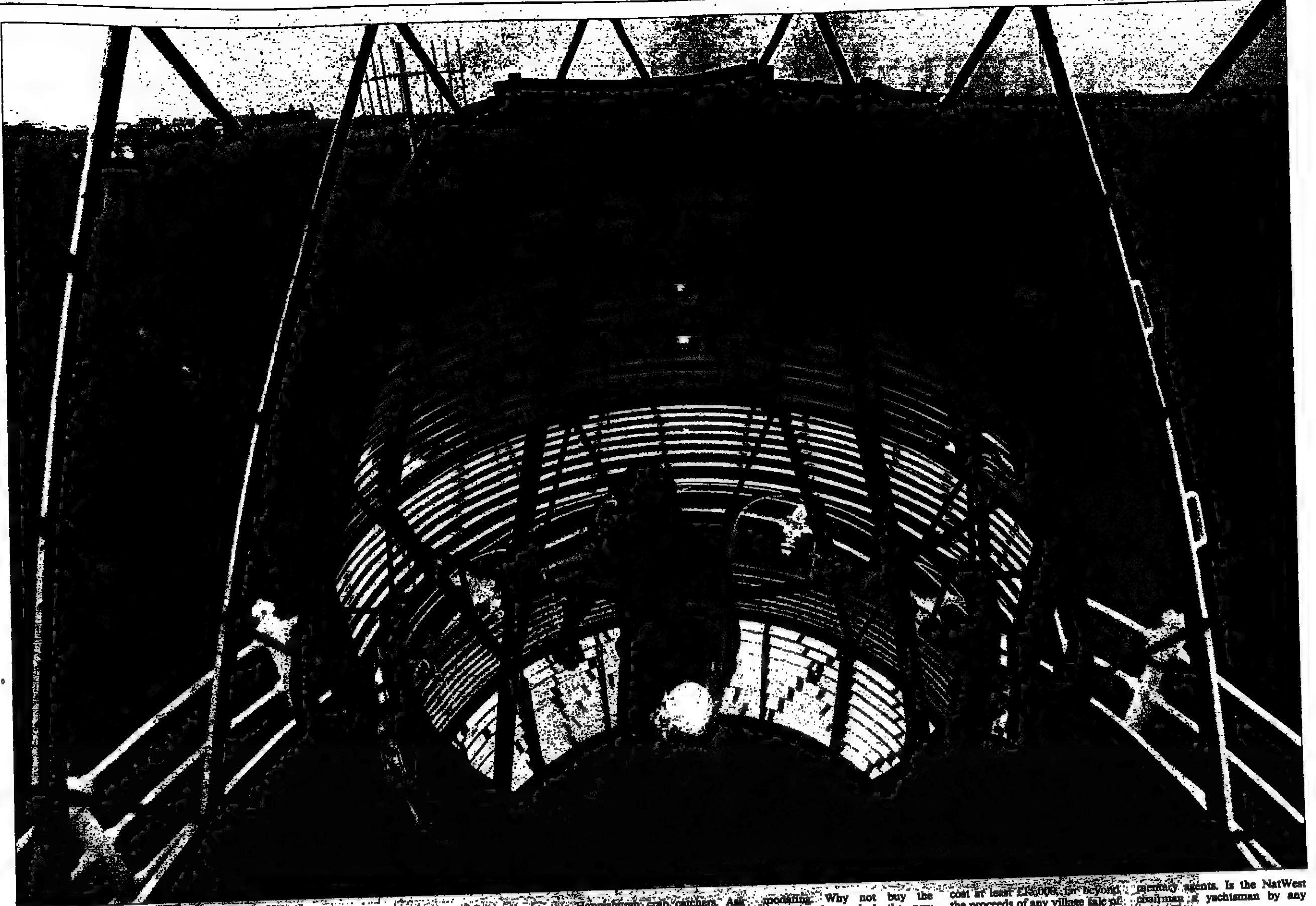
THE TIMES

REVIEW

SECTION 3

SATURDAY JUNE 9 1990

PHOTOGRAPHS: GRAHAM WOOD/BRYN COLTON



The light that now shines safely in private hands

When the people of a Norfolk village heard their lighthouse was to close, some feared the worst — and some took action. What happened next made parliamentary history. **Brian James reports**

Coming from the east, in darkness, the first glimpse of the lighthouse may have been from the sea. No matter how much further west they journey they will discover nothing more English than the battle just fought and won to keep Happisburgh's light burning.

Perhaps battle may not be strictly the proper term when victory left none defeated, for a campaign completed without a single shot fired.

Yet in 1988, just when Happisburgh was wondering why how it might celebrate its tower's bicentennial, it heard powerful voices declaring that the light shining 18 miles out to sea was no longer needed. Big ships today, said the distant authority of Trinity House, find their way

about by radio beacons or use satellite positioning; that archaic collection of bulbs and prisms in the red-white striped tower is costly and obsolete, put it out.

"There was a fair old load of local moaning about that," said Cedric Cox, who lives in a cottage in the shade of the tower but has been glad on countless occasions for its beam to guide home the inshore lifeboat of which he is senior helmsman. "But moaning was all we had. No one did anything. We were told there was nothing to be done. Then Kay came home."

Enter a local heroine. Kay Swann, then 31, and a marine geophysicist had been spending much of her time at sea. In mid-May 1988, she walked in to her parent's Happisburgh home bawling: "What's this about our light? Not needed? That's daft. I have been out there and I know. Who decided this? They've got to be told. And I'll do the telling."

In less than two weeks, Miss Swann collected 1,500 signatures on a petition, drawing the coast for every concerned fisherman and yacht-owner, every spring

visitor drawn by the Happisburgh beacon. Then to Trinity House, the body charged since 1514 with keeping coastal perils lit and marked: she expected a fight, for it was Wednesday and the following Monday the light was due to be hauled off the 85ft tower and sent for scrap.

What she got was an explanation. Darkening Happisburgh light was a useful economy, a saving of £2,500 a year in wages and upkeep. A review which had taken account of the views of the big shipowners (whose light dues are paid to Trinity House), concluded that Happisburgh waters were pretty well covered by Cromer's light 10 miles up the coast. Most boats had Decca navigation, so there really was no need.

No need? said Miss Swann. "Not all small boats have radio navigation. And those that do often have them go down, salt water and the violent bang of big waves, can play havoc. Out there are scores of capped oil and gas wells. Easy to avoid when you know where you are. But often the gleam of the light is the only visual fix, the only reassurance. Ask the

Happisburgh crab catchers. Ask yachtmen. They will tell you there is a gap out there, that you cannot see Cromer until you are five miles off shore. Do you want a few corpses on the beach before you listen?"

Trinity House frowned, said it was most impressed, and would therefore postpone the breakup of the light, to give time for a reappraisal. But, they warned, it was unlikely they could be moved, so if the people of Happisburgh wanted their light as a keepsake (the plan had been to turn it into homes for weekenders) they had better start saving their pennies.

Miss Swann went home and swept up family and friends into a fighting force. Her mother, Hazel, wife of a retired teacher, who became treasurer then chairman of the committee, describes the mood: "Determined, but not angry. Anger would only antagonize people. That is why we did not go to the parish council, we knew they would have to worry about the effect on the rates. We did not go to our MP, this would involve politics. We kept clear of the fishermen, they were already involved in an argument about whether they must pay light dues. This would upset their case. We even decided to avoid having events at our church — the parish has enough on its hands getting money for the church tower."

But support flowed in. Mrs Swann points about her: "That lady living there needs the light to help bring in her cats. The elderly lady over there said it was her friendly policeman, he comes and shines his torch on her front door every 30 seconds to see she's OK. Down there, our crab fleet, they get their boats back up the slipway by the light."

Cedric Cox said: "If the light had gone, so would the village. You don't come to Happisburgh only by sea. Our visitors for hundreds of years have been told 'just follow the light'."

He might have added that no non-local would ever find the place by asking the way. Seeking "Happisburgh" produces blank stares east of Norwich the village is only ever pronounced "Hais-bro", the name of the maps.

The Swanns said that their sides were now in full flow, warning to business houses, banks and insurance companies: "What would it cost you if a tanker gets stuck in the sand banks?" they cheekily asked the latter, and rattling collecting tins at visitors. They also wrote to the Duke of Edinburgh, Master of Trinity House, and have no way of proving or otherwise a story that reached them of how HRH put on his best quarterdeck manner when demanding of the Elder Brethren (Trinity House management committee): "What the hell's all this about Happisburgh?"

For whatever reason, Trinity House continued to be accom-

modated. Why not buy the building, they asked the new Happisburgh Lighthouse Trust — but of course we are not bound to take the highest bid."

Mrs Swann said: "We explained they had missed the point — we did not just want the lighthouse, we wanted to keep our light."

But to run a lighthouse, you have to be a lighting authority. How do you become such a body? Well, that would need an Act of Parliament. How do you get an Act? Well, the usual way is via a Private Member's Bill. How do you get one? Well, if you are really serious, let us set out all the steps for you. A Bill, they soon learned would

cost at least £150,000, far beyond the proceeds of any village sale or plants or village-hall socials. The trustees — now Miss Swann, Mrs Evans, a farmer and parish councillor, Michael Payne, a retired vicar, George News, a retired surgeon, and Neil Sande, a machinery designer — started writing again to the big banks asking for a loan. Mrs Swann: "People were astonishingly generous. A bit more from local more from visitors, cheques from sea captains who had remembered spotting our light and did not want it put out."

Then came a letter from NatWest bank. No loan, but they had given us the £15,000. We could start our Bill with the path-

way agents. Is the NatWest chairman a yachtman by any chance?"

There was still one reef to overcome. As their Bill approached its Third Reading, the House of Commons went into session. Andrew Bennett, the Labour MP for Denton & Reddish, declared war on the procedure and said he would formally "object" (thus terminating the passage) to all private bills. "Mr Bennett came on TV," Mrs Swann said. "We expected we would all hate him. But we think he had a good point in principle."

Nevertheless, she sent an express letter to Mrs Thatcher. Next morning a Whip called: "Don't. Continued overleaf"

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'What's this about our light not being needed? Who decided this? They've got to be told. And I'll do the telling.'

Kay Swann, lighthouse campaign leader



THE NED SHERRIN COLUMN

For one night, I owned the Ritz

I have never been to a Royal Academy dinner before but, come to think of it, I've never been to a king's fiftieth birthday party or a musical celebration of the 100th anniversary of the birth of President Eisenhower either. All this, plus Hickstead, the Derby and two helpings of Stephen Sondheim. The summer season is under way.

King Constantine's birthday do in and around Spencer House was very jolly. Lady Elizabeth Anson is an old hand at running these things, but planning a massive pink marquee with a placement for 650 guests on a raised ballroom floor, with field kitchens underneath, sounds a nightmare to me.

The royals were apportioned at one per table. The Queen had the one nearest the dance floor. At our table we drew the Earl of St Andrews. This was a particular distinction, as I learnt later he is the one member of the family who David Frost has not met. King Constantine pretended irritation because his son's speech, dwelling on the king's youthful indiscretions, went better than his own.

Before dinner I bumped into a delightful Greek who was admiring the flamboyant restoration of the Great Hall of Spencer House. "It is a wonderful job — and I know, I am in construction," he said. I ventured

a comment on the cost of this sort of thing, reminding him of the trouble there was in doing up the "marble halls" of the Ritz. They had to bring craftsmen out of retirement to achieve it. "Ah," he nodded sagely, one very rich man to another, "you own the Ritz." He stroled on before I could deny it.

The pianist was playing Rex Harrison's song "I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face" as I entered Spencer House a few hours after hearing of his death. He is released not only from cancer but also from near-blindness. When he opened in New York in *The Circle*, Marti Stevens sent him first-night flowers. When he rang to thank her he said: "So kind, darling, I can't see the bloody things but they smell marvelous." He had learnt the script of the play from a blow-up text with about one sentence per page.

A certain vagueness was setting in. A visiting English producer saw him during the out-of-town tour.



"How's Glynnis?" he asked of Rex's co-star.
"Glynnis who?"
"Glynnis Johns."
"Delightful girl," said Rex.
"Haven't seen her for years."

ON SUNDAY I combined the worlds of showjumping and show business with the Nations Cup at Hickstead and supper with Sondheim at the Caprice. The Cup had as exciting a finish as I have seen at Hickstead. Great Britain just pipped Ireland, the favourites — France, West Germany and Switzerland — having faded earlier. In a fit of patriotism, the Master of Hickstead's wife had been feeding British beef to her French and German guests in the days leading up to the Cup. This gesture may have had something to do with the result.

At dinner with Sondheim I sought to authenticate the new stories I have collected. Madonna has just recorded his songs for Warren Beatty's new movie *Dick Tracy* and the attendant album. The session was held up because Sondheim was not happy with the tone of the piano. It had to be changed and then tuned. Headlines had been screaming that Ms Ciccone earns between \$30 million and \$50 million a year.

According to a studio engineer, an impatient Madonna Louise sighed,

whined and drummed her fingers at the delay, and finally moaned: "I wanna earn my money", eliciting from Sondheim a bitter, "Impossible!"

THE other story is of an older vintage. At dinner after the first night of *Company* (apart from *A Funny Thing*, this was Sondheim's first Broadway show as a composer), his table lavished compliments on the brilliant score. Finally it was Leonard Bernstein's turn to testify. He found exactly the

right scalpel to twist: "Another Gilbert!" he enthused.

Sondheim would not confirm the stories — except the president's. Where Roger de Grey's was pithy and to the point, Julian Spalding, replying for the guests, and Richard Luce, responding to "Her Majesty's Ministers", go to the bottom of the class. The Minister for the Arts actually trundled out "in a world where the flame of freedom is burning ever more brightly..." with a straight face.

I didn't know that you could have pictures accepted by the Academy and not have them shown. The Duke of Buccleuch told me he had submitted three, of which two were accepted but not hung — the other, a still life, seems to have been lost. He pointed enviously to a picture of billowing white cliffs painted by his cousin and hung prominently. He said ruefully that he supposed he would have to buy it.

WHEN I first started this column just over a year ago, the theatrical producer David Kirk corrected me on a couple of points. Now he is protesting about that Chips Channon story of the Chief Rabbi at Dunkirk time advising George VI to put some of the colonies in his wife's name.

Mr Kirk ascribes it to an earlier war. On the eastern front, Kaiser Wilhelm II sought assurances for victory from the soldiery. He spoke to a patriotic Jewish German sergeant. "There were many in that war, as instanced by the middle-aged Jews with Iron Crosses victimized by Hitler 20 years later." The sergeant reassured the king, adding: "But I'd put Schleswig-Holstein in your wife's name."

It could be that the Chief Rabbi knew the story and was reworking it; or perhaps they both recalled the occasion in 1218 (researched by my man in Deal) when Genghis Khan, at the height of his Asiatic conquests, consulted a soothsayer who warned him, "All will be well, Great Lord, but I would still recommend that you put Tibet in the name of your second son, Jagatai."

AND then there was the Epsom Derby. I went to Sheekey's derby, which is more chic. You eat seafood and watch the gee-gees on television. Robert Nesbitt, the old master of theatrical spectacle, has won two recent Sheekey's sweepstakes but this year, like me, he failed to draw a horse. Then he nearly backed River God because Cole Porter wrote a song of that name for *The Sun Never Sets*, which Robert did at Drury Lane in 1938. But he had no more faith in it now than then. He finally backed Quest for Fame at 7-1 and cleaned up.

EDWINA CURRIE

If I were...

If I were David Owen, I would quietly pick up my teacup and look longingly at the leaves inside. My future is obscure, I have to earn a living, of course, and I am beginning to think that the wise voters of Plymouth Devonport might just mark their papers in favour of another candidate at the next election.

The first question I have to consider is: do I try to stay on as an MP? There are definite advantages, such as an office in the best part of London, with free phones and postage, an allowance for staff, free transport between here and the West Country and modestly subsidized canteens, although Wey is quite right that they're better in the Lords. Now, there's a thought: if I'm nice to Margaret at Question Time in the next year or so (I wonder, will Mr Speaker still let me have such generous floor-time now that I don't have even the tiniest party to lead?), maybe the old battleaxe will do the honours in due course? I can't see the Labour Party nominating me: when I stand next to men of small stature, I have a sad tendency to put them in the shade. It happened with poor David Steel, and it would be the same with Neil. I'm afraid I just can't help it — talent will show.



... David Owen

Better not put the hair spray away just yet. Maybe I could do something on television? I quite fancy an important, up-market, mould-breaking interview series on Monday evenings, a sort of "Face to Face with David Owen", maybe? If Robert Kilroy-Silk or Brian Walden are anything to go by, then the days of grey-haired, middle-aged failed Labour politicians making a packet on telly are here to stay. I'll bear that one in mind.

I couldn't go back to being a doctor. I don't think I could bear real blood on the carpet any more. And the patients these days are so uppity — demanding to see their records and refusing to take their tranquillizers. It's all that Edwinna Currie's fault. To be perfectly honest, I haven't taken much interest in health matters at all since I founded the SDP and became too important; I suppose I'd need a seminar from Kenneth Clarke on self-governing hospitals and all about the new GP contract before I could sign one. The whole idea makes me shudder.

Maybe I could try business. Now who would take me on? Unlike other recently retired Cabinet ministers, I haven't privatized any industries, so there are no obvious candidates who would like me on the board. Maybe I could try the IMF — after all, 14 years ago I helped ensure Britain was a good customer. Perhaps my mate in Sainsbury's could whisper a good word for me here and there. But are dogs' dinners and jam turnovers quite my style?

No, it has to be a more glamorous business. A British firm, but something with a bit of foreign inward investment. A transatlantic one would be best, but it has to be in London, and in a smart, modern, growing service industry. I've got it: what about publishing? That's intellectual enough, with the added advantage that even if I produce utter drivel all those silly left-wing writers will defend my right to do so. Now, here I do have a contact. One of the most successful agents in the trade is right here in Limehouse, and is in need of a secretary. Debbie...?

SETTING SAIL

Life on the ocean wave

The Two-Handed Transatlantic Yacht Race starts from Plymouth tomorrow

YOU really want to spend the best part of a month being cold, wet, tired and frightened? You must be mad! Such was the response when I announced my participation in the Two-Handed Transatlantic Yacht Race which starts from Plymouth tomorrow.

The stormy North Atlantic is certainly a strange place to spend one's summer holidays. But I have been fantasizing about sailing to America for several years. It was only when I cruised to the Azores last year (thus qualifying with sufficient sea miles to enter this year's race) that the dream took on any semblance of reality.

People inevitably ask why do it? Everyone entering this race has their own singular reasons for competing. At the top of our mixed bunch of about 40 entrants are the gigantic 60ft monohulls and lightweight trimarans incorporating the latest technological gear and built on huge sponsorship budgets, their skippers like professional racing drivers, travelling between race circuits with their own

back-up teams. Then there are unsponsored amateurs, in boats as small as 30ft, without a hope of winning any honours, who consider the adventure and personal experience reason enough for competing.

Food has been a problem. My skipper doesn't eat fish and I eat little red meat. This has had me reaching for my vegetarian cook-book and working out how many bags of lentils we might need. With no refrigeration on board, most meals will come from tins or packets. Every item on the boat, from stem to stern, has had to be checked and, if necessary, replaced or repaired. This has included sails, halyards, electronic navigational and safety equipment, every nut and bolt, electrical connection and length of rope. Because my skipper and I both work full-time, these things have had to

be carried out by many others who have helped in preparing our 39ft yacht, *Piper Rising*, for her voyage.

As we cross the Atlantic we are likely to see more refuse and pollution than marine and wild life. Every year six million tons of plastic, glass, metal and wood are dumped into the world's seas. Containers, bottles and drums, oil, wire, old drugs and outdated medical equipment are a hazard and a threat to wildlife. According to the Marine Conservation Society, ropes, nets and plastic waste kill more than two million seabirds, 100,000 marine mammals and large numbers of turtles and fish each year. Much comes from ships dumping garbage at sea, but small yachts plying the world's oceans are also contributing to the debris.



Swengley: nervous

Swengley: nervous. As the start looms closer, all the positive reasons I had for doing the race are being nibbled by what must be the usual anxieties that all competing amateurs must feel. I am as apprehensive now as Tracy Edwards must be joyful in completing her circumnavigation around *Maiden* in the Whitbread Race. The passage I will begin on Sunday in no way compares with her enormous achievement, but I am certain that I will experience a similar "high" — the magic of realizing a dream — when Newport, Rhode Island, eventually comes into view.

Nicole Swengley

A beaming tribute to the volunteers

Continued from previous page worry. We have had a word with the others. Your Bill will slide through. You are safe." That day last December the Bill was passed, getting its Royal Assent on April 26, and making Happisburgh the first and only private lighthouse of the 83 still ringing our coasts. And provoking a village bonfire celebration? "Not really," Mrs Swann said. "Don't go in for that sort of thing. We will have a Lighthouse Day entertainment in August to say 'Thank you'."

"In any case, the job is not yet done. None of us is going to live until our lease — for which we will pay a peppercorn £1 rent — runs out in 99 years. So we have to make sure we leave behind the money for electricity, bulb, paint and a part-time keeper. The cost of running the light is £3,500 a year now — what will it be in 2090?"

For the past 15 years, Charlie Fordyce, the keeper

(seen in our main photograph) has been climbing the 99 steps, then the dozen rungs of a ladder, to inspect the bulbs, clean the glasses, check the motor and set and log the lighting-up times. Any time that light is not beaming through the dark hours, someone is bound to ring his cottage and say: "Charlie, your light is out. Best get up there."

It is easy to believe he will continue to do this for reasons beyond the £100 a month stipend. "I have been out there in rotten seas, and on dark nights, I know what it means. These radios are marvelous enough... but there is nothing like seeing home with your own eyes."

In 1724, Daniel Defoe

passed this way and noted: "Farmers and country people have scarce a barn or stable but what was built of old planks, beams and timbers... from the wreck of ships and the ruin of mariners". Today's Trust notices intone: "As a cliff-top village on the edge of the sea, we have a duty to show a caring attitude to our fellow men... particularly unknown sailors".

And the local heroine? Miss Swann is now living in New Zealand, because — and this is horrible — she was driven away by persistent obscene telephone calls after her efforts to save the lighthouse resulted in her photograph appearing in the local papers.

This is the only ugliness in a tale that her mother describes as "a real hoot". She says it has been, "a sensible arrangement arrived at by sensible people."

Do you know, Trinity House did not even charge us for the electricity we have been burning these two years? The marvelous thing is that it has never been a battle. All so polite. So English.

But a different England, an England of the vicar's lady carrying soup to the stricken, lifeboatmen and the squire quietly paying fees or buying the footwear for promising pupils. An England of obligations taken up because they have been seen to exist, and of small duties that are their own reward.

Therefore, the fact that perhaps fewer wrecks will need to be marked down for Haisbro Sands over the next 99 years is not the only reason for wanting to applaud the kind and continued shining of this light.

NOT EVERYONE IS LOOKING FORWARD TO 1992.

This young foal has nothing to look forward to. He's dead. He was trampled to death in the goods wagon that was taking him and 130 other horses to the abattoir. He was with his mother. Until she broke a leg in the crush.

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A CHILDHOOD: LORD SIEFF

'I was brought up by my family to get fully involved in worthwhile causes'

By Ray Connolly



Top shop keeper: Marcus Sieff (Baron Sieff of Brimpton) and, left, seated between his two brothers. "Our parents were busy, but we always had Friday supper together. We were a very Jewish family, although not orthodox"

I has always seemed to Marcus Sieff that he was born just in time. A year or two later and his mother, the formidable Becky Sieff, would have been too busy with the Women's Zionist Movement to have had him.

Like the collection of 23 antique clocks he keeps in his London office, this grandson of one of the founders of Marks & Spencer, and now honorary president of the company, always enjoyed fortunate timing.

In business, as in all forms of life, timing is everything. But, of course, families like the Sieffs, and companies like Marks & Spencer, not only make their own timing, they are frequently instrumental in making the timing of everyone and everything around them.

In effect, they have the abilities to change the course of things. When Harold Macmillan was very old, he took Lord Sieff to lunch and told him quietly how he often wished the country had put into practice more of Lord Sieff's father's (Israel Sieff) recommendations to Political and Economic Planning. We would have had a very different country had that happened, he believed.

Many of those economic principles have been the basis upon which the success of Marks & Spencer has been built. Now aged 76, Baron Sieff of Brimpton has not only been a part of the

development of 20th-century retailing, he, like his father and uncle, Simon Marks, has been largely instrumental in dictating the course of that development. In a nation of shopkeepers, Marcus Sieff is a grand master.

He was born in 1913 in Didsbury, Manchester, into a closely knit and ambitious Jewish community which had escaped the East European pogroms of the late 19th century. His grandfather's company was originally Sieff and Beaumont — a textile company later sold to the management when his father became deeply involved in the running of Marks & Spencer.

Marks & Spencer had been started as a series of market stalls in the northern towns at the end of the 19th century with the slogan "Don't ask the price, it's a penny". But it was the collaboration of Simon Marks and Israel Sieff (who were to marry each other's sisters) that began the building of the company into the part of British culture which it is today.

Right from the start there were two main influences in the Sieff home: the family business and Zionism. As a small boy, Marcus would go and listen while both his mother and father addressed meetings: his father quiet and thoughtful, his mother fiery and energetic.

Why should that be, he asked. "Surely you must know of the role your mother played in the move-

ment?" came the reply. Until that moment he had not known.

"They were both very busy, but we always had Friday night supper together," he says. "We were a very Jewish family, although not orthodox. And right from my earliest days I can remember Dr Chaim Weizmann (later to be the first President of Israel) coming to talk to my parents."

His earliest recollection is of being taken at the age of four, in November 1917, to a meeting in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, to celebrate the announcement of the Balfour Declaration, when Weizmann was the principal speaker.

His father told him it was a joyous occasion, but when he asked why so many people were in tears, his father replied that they were crying tears of joy.

At four, Marcus did not know what that meant. Like his elder brother Michael (another brother, Daniel, "far more brilliant than either Michael or I" was killed in an accident when he fell and broke his neck), Marcus was sent at first to Manchester Grammar School, where he proved reasonably bright. Manchester United was his football team then and he still regularly keeps check on their progress.

"We lived in a quite prosperous part of the city — in those days Didsbury was two or three miles away from the centre. I was not



really aware of poverty until into the Twenties, when I would travel further afield and see some of the slums of Manchester.

"But I remember that my father and my uncle were visiting one of the stores one day and saw that one of the assistants didn't look very well. When they asked her if she was all right she said she was, but subsequent enquiries revealed that her entire family were out of work and all were having to live off her wage. The result was that she was not getting enough to eat.

"So, from then on they decided that all their employees must have enough to eat and introduced canteens where they could get a three-course lunch for threepence a day. If they couldn't afford it they didn't have to pay, but no one else was told about it."

This was "capitalism with a human face", which has resulted in Marks & Spencer having regular medical, dental and even chiropodist checks ("remember shop assistants are on their feet all day") for its employees, as well as rest homes, pension rights and sports and social facilities. This has sometimes been criticized as being done only because "it's good for business."

"I answer that by saying, well, if it is good for business we'd be fools not to do it, but it's also because we have a responsibility to take care of our employees. I was brought up to be involved in worthwhile causes. And that has

been part of the philosophy of this business.

"We have 60,000 employees in this country alone, and we have found that if you treat them well and encourage them then they are prepared to accept criticism for work badly done. If you are always criticizing them, then the employees think that whatever they do it is wrong.

"People must be praised and rewarded for work well done." (All of which is explained further in his latest book, *Marcus Sieff On Management*).

The other philosophy of the business was the notion of quality which was something of a shibboleth to his uncle.

Simon. On one occasion when Simon went to Manchester, he took the 10-year-old Marcus around a store, talking to him as though he were grown-up as he scrutinized the articles for sale and made notes. "I caught sight of a pair of knitting needles which had no knobs on the end and asked him how you could knit if the needles didn't have proper ends."

Uncle Simon looked at them and said they were lousy goods, should never have been allowed to leave the factory, and should never have been put on display. They were not good quality.

A little while later Simon returned to Manchester and, while

staying at the Midland Hotel, had breakfast with Marcus. This time the subject was kippers. One of Simon's favourite dishes. First one, then two kippers were sent back to the kitchen until the third arrived and was just right. This kipper had quality, Simon judged. The lesson was going home.

When Marcus was 13, the Sieffs left Manchester and set up home in St John's Wood in north London. School now became St Paul's and it was while there that Marcus paid his first visit to Palestine in 1929.

"In those days it was three-fifths desert, one-fifth swamp and one-fifth semi-fertile land with a population of about 300,000 Jews and 400,000 Arabs. And my first thought was how the hell are they ever going to make a liveable country out of this?"

"They have. There is now a population of over five million without the West Bank. I've seen the desert turn green and the swamps drained. To me it's a miracle of development, but a tragedy of the relations between the Jews and the Arabs."

"I can understand how some of the Jews feel, because I was there for three years, involved in the War of Independence from 1948 to 1951, but I think they were wrong not to take part in the peace talks that President Mubarak wanted. I used to think I would see peace in my time in Israel. But I'm not at all sure now."

Cambridge followed St Paul's and he did not even have to take an exam to get in. Bored in his final year at school, he one day began to examine the school roof and was unfortunate enough to fall through a glass dome on to a master taking a class. Summoned to see the high master, it was suggested that as all his friends were older and were leaving school, perhaps he ought to leave, too.

Replying that he was intending to go to Cambridge and was trying for an exhibition, the high master promptly pulled strings with the master of Corpus Christi and off to Cambridge he went, en route for a second in economics.

His degree may have been second-class but his contacts were definitely first-class. One night, invited to dinner by John Maynard Keynes (who was at King's at the time), he got into conversation with Sir William Beveridge, who wanted to know what branch of economics he was teaching.

"I'm only a third-year student," he replied.

Beveridge was nonplussed. This boy did not talk like a student. "What did you say your surname was?" he was asked.

"Sieff," came the reply. "Any relation to Israel Sieff?" asked Beveridge. "He's my father."

"Ah," said Beveridge. "That explains everything."

Hold on to your hat

Should the monarch be fortunate enough to have a winner at Royal Ascot later this month, a cry of "Hats off for the Queen" will result in the removal of a sea of top hats, each, these days, worth a tidy wager in its own right.

A top hat, a badge of position and privilege, might be considered an anachronism in the 1990s. But there is always someone left to impress, and the predominantly long-necked British male usually looks far less banal, and sometimes even noble, in an elegant tall hat.

Silk top hats have become increasingly scarce since the last manufacturer of silk plush suddenly closed his business in France 27 years ago. When the hatters discovered his dastardly deed they were distraught, so were the rich young men who wanted to buy this enduring symbol of power and position. And thus existing real silk hats became heirlooms. Parvenus wanting to look the part for weddings and garden parties must buy them second-hand.

Many of the silk hats available are very small, having been bought new for 13-year-old Etonians, but those of reasonable adult size will cost £295 to £350 from Hackett in Covent Garden, and £450 (reconditioned and made to fit) at Herbert Johnson in New Bond Street.

The market for men's hats, worth about £100 million in Britain, has undergone a renaissance in the last five years. Edward Bates, of Jermyn Street, reports a sharp upturn in trade, with felt hats and, particularly, panamas popular with young men. Herbert Johnson, always

the most expensive hatter in New Bond Street, passed to a new owner last February. Anthony Marangos, formerly managing director of Cartier in Britain and of Laura Ashley in Europe, was attracted by one of the remaining wholly British companies with 200 points of sale around the world. He aims to open a second shop in Knightsbridge as soon as possible and a third in the City, with his own outlets in Paris, New York and Tokyo within five years. "I don't want more people to wear hats," he says. "I want elegant people to wear hats. Then others will be jealous of their style and will come here, buy a hat, and walk out feeling worth a million dollars."

Most of the fashion in men's hats is set by films. Men still walk in and buy Herbert Johnson's Poet hat, which was shaved at the sides and folded into a deep crease on the crown for Harrison Ford as Indiana Jones. If there was not much spin off from Jack Nicholson's special purple felt for the Joker in *Batman*, the firm confidently expects a big reaction to *White Hunter, Black Heart*. Clint Eastwood has chosen a high-crowned elegant trilby called Grosvener and Nomad, a stitched cotton twill that has been on sale for more than 70 years and was a favourite of Cecil Beaton and Louis Jourdan.

Robert Gieves, managing director of Gieves & Hawkes in Savile Row applauds the revival in the wearing of hats: "There's the pleasant option of raising your hat to a lady," he says. "Perhaps if young men wear a hat, they will learn the manners that go with it."

Geraldine Ranson

CRAIG BROWN

Putting aside childish things



bother. I do my best to switch on *Top of the Pops* every Thursday. I tend to listen to Radio 1 in the car, and every now and then I buy a new pop record and pretend to myself that I am not disappointed. I turned to the *Melody Maker* letters page. "Revenge are riding piggy-back on the reputation of New Order, who in turn rode on the back of Ian Curtis's Joy Division," complained one reader, but I found that, however hard I tried, I simply couldn't make head or tail of it.

The news pages announced that Megadeth, Slayer, Testament and Suicidal Tendencies were joining forces for a Clash of the Titans package tour of Europe. A spokesman said: "Clash of the Titans will not be relying on stage props. No skulls or graveyards, no demons rising or corpses dancing, none of that type of gimmickry... when giants meet, there simply isn't time for the peripheral rubbish." The highlights of my teenage years involved going to such concerts. "I really enjoyed Suicidal Tendencies last

night" would once have been my proudest boast, but now I could find little enthusiasm for catching up with them at Wembley Arena on October 14, even with the additional promise of Megadeth, Slayer and Testament and the unavoidable absence of Primal Scream. My wife, who not so long ago toured America playing guitar with a band called Terminal Breakdown, felt similarly indifferent. We decided to mark down that evening for a quiet night in.

My pleasure in recognizing the odd name — Madonna, for instance — was swiftly pook-pooked by *Melody Maker* journalists, who have traditionally taken the view that the smallest hint of popularity is a sure sign of worthlessness. Interestingly, in all the music papers a "sell-out" is a term of abuse. "The average single mother living in a Vauxhall squat does not feel inspired by Madonna's 'achievements'," wrote a journalist reviewing her new album, adding, "Be-littled and crushed, perhaps." Whoops, I remembered how I, too, had always favoured the

unknown and the uncared-for, rarely buying a record that was not the product of a group which had broken away from a group which had broken away from another group which had become "too commercial" when their tenth record had entered the top 50 at number 47.

Reviews which might once have sent me scuttling to the record shops now fill me with a strange sort of dread. "One guitar washes over us in great waves of delirium, the other cleans our ears with scorching solos on overload," writes one reviewer of the group Teenage Fan Club, but I no longer feel like sitting under a wave having my ears cleaned with a torch every time I go to the turntable. Another reviewer writes that "The Mothers' music is so cosmos torching, you almost expect the sun to fly out of the sky, the moon to turn to blood and explode above our heads drenching the inhabitants of this fair isle with a million and one starfish." So if ever you spot a million and one starfish looking a little peeved, you can be sure that The Mothers have been playing nearby. A group called The Front are likened to Led Zeppelin and The Doors, "the former's flesh and bone crushing intensity painted black with the latter's nightmarish preoccupation with death, violence, disgust and despair". In *Melody Maker* terms, this is high praise indeed.

I must now admit, with regret, that I was probably right about 33-year-olds all those years ago. Frank Zappa once said that rock magazines were written about people who can't talk by people who can't read, and this is some consolation. But still quite a large part of me wishes that I was back in the days when I could read that "Mazzy Star is reminiscent of the Junkies' Margo Timmins" and know what on earth they were on about.

How long can you put off making a will?

(7 out of 10 people leave it too late)

Making a will is one of life's most important decisions. Yet it's one decision most people never make.

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Help the Aged THE TIME TO CARE IS NOW

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

The battle continues 175 years after Wellington's victory, Michael Binyon reports, as the Belgians try to restore pride in the fields of Waterloo



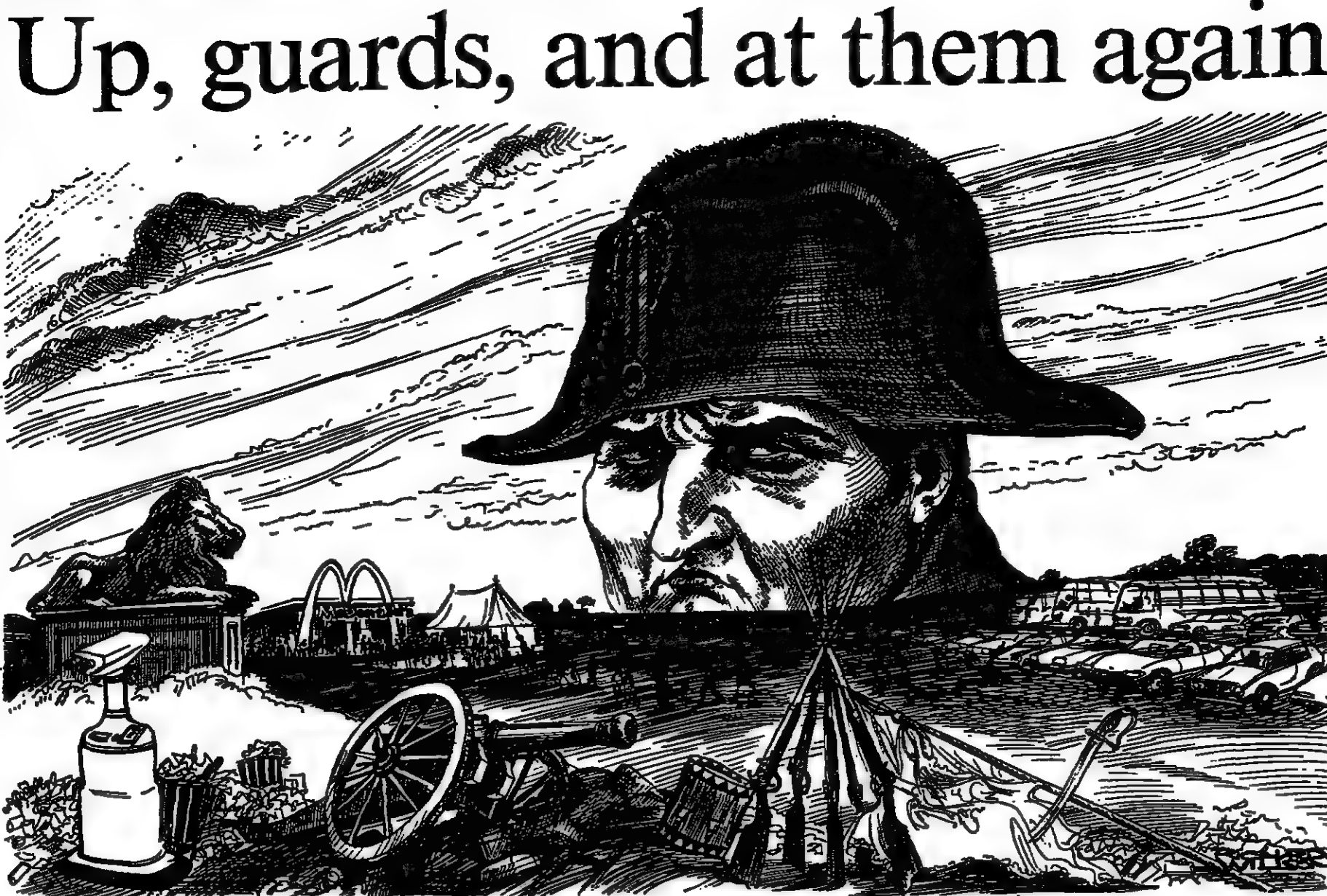
Once again the fields of the Belgian heartland will resound to the roar of cannon, the thundering of horses' hooves, the clash of swords and the music of regimental fifes and drums; 175 years after the fateful encounter on a rainy June day which sealed the fate of Napoleon and changed the face of Europe, the battle of Waterloo will be fought again.

This time, however, it will be volunteers who will re-enact, in a colourful and far less bloody fashion, the slaughter of June 18, 1815. Some 2,000 men, comprising more than 40 battle units from 10 countries, will don their uniforms and engage in the same struggle for the high ground, the Hougomont and Papelotte farms and La Haye Sainte, the farmhouse at the centre of the Allied lines, where Marshal Ney broke through in the evening of the battle.

Most of the countries engaged in the Napoleonic wars will be represented. Volunteers and history buffs will come from France and Britain, Germany, the Soviet Union, Italy and Lithuania. But, unlike Gebhard Leberecht von Blücher's Prussians, they will not be late for the fight: in fact they will arrive a day early, as the second battle of Waterloo will be fought on June 17. And, at 2pm, 100 fifes and 200 drums will accompany the warriors three miles north from the battlefield to the centre of Waterloo, now a prosperous suburb of Brussels with a population of 25,000, including a large American representation. There they will take part in an official ceremony marking the end of the festivities which began in January.

The celebrations include a photography competition, displays of Belgian and Dutch military costumes, an exhibition of contemporary newspaper reports and prints, a film festival of the Empire period with projections on a giant outdoor screen on the battlefield, a performance of Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* in a Waterloo church to commemorate the 48,000 who died in the battle. There is also a *son et lumière* performance on June 16, and an exhibition in the inn, now a museum, which Wellington made his headquarters, covering unusual aspects of the lives of soldiers and officers and including unpublished correspondence of a soldier in Napoleon's army.

All this, the Belgians hope, will focus world attention on the 800 hectares of historic fields and five farmhouses, preserved from dev-



elopment, and rekindle interest in the "mournful plain", as Victor Hugo called it. Many hope that it will also remind the country's politicians that something must be done about Waterloo. For, as everyone admits, the site today is a mess: a parking lot at the foot of a huge artificial mound, with tawdry souvenir shops, a barely functioning miniature car ride, restaurants boasting surly service and battlefield specials. There is no proper museum, no chance to explore the key scenes of the fighting, no sense of history.

Even the 40-metre mound, surmounted with a 28-tonne hollow metal lion, is something of a deception. It is not, as most British visitors expect, a monument to the victor, the Duke of Wellington, but commemorates the spot where one of the minor

participants, the Prince of Orange, was wounded. Tourists climb the 226 steps for a rare view — although the coin-operated telescopes no longer work — but from above the undulations of the land, they cannot see the ridges that played key roles in the battle. In any case most of these have changed, as 32,000 cubic metres of earth were scooped up to build the mound, a Dutch idea, between 1823 and 1826.

Access to the mound was always free. But last year the local authorities, sensing a chance to make a few francs, put up a turnstile and charged admission. In return, they also erected a large tent containing some placards of engravings — only in French — showing key scenes of the battle. The tourists objected, and so did nature: the tent blew down in a

storm in the winter, and now the turnstile has been removed.

There are more serious moves afoot to do for Waterloo what the Americans have done so successfully for their Civil War battlefields: to sweep away all commercial development and landscape the whole site, with self-guided walks, introductory film shows and explanatory displays.

Until now any plan has been bedevilled by bickering between the mayors of the four local communes, each of which owns a bit of the battlefield and has different ideas, the provincial government of Brabant, the government of Francophone Wallonia, and the

central government in Brussels. Last year the King Baudouin Foundation, a charitable organization, launched a European Community competition to create an international tourist centre that respected the natural environment, the agricultural aspects and the memorial components. There were more than 569 entries, and 222 people sent in detailed plans, from Germany, Belgium, Britain, France and The Netherlands among other countries. The winner, Rik Nijis from Ghent, was a student at the Architectural Association in London.

Mr Nijis designed an elaborate pair of overlapping walls that stretched across the site at the point where the two armies met, bridging the main Charleroi road that bisects the battlefield, and faced with explanatory panels and

quotes on war and peace from Verdi's *Aida*. Other entries included the construction of a museum in the shape of the old farm; replacing the lion monument with a modern structure of metal sheets and concentric flying buttresses; the establishment of a second tourist area at La Belle Alliance, the farm at the south of the battlefield that served as Napoleon's reconnoitring post; a series of paths around the fields for pedestrians and horse-drawn carriages; and the setting up of occasional tall fences, all of the same altitude, so that visitors could see the all-important contours of the land.

None is likely to be realized. Serge Kubla, the mayor of Waterloo, has his own ideas for commercial exploitation of the site and thought many of the competition

entries were too ambitious and would involve complicated expropriation proceedings. An MP who visited the United States for ideas has set up a foundation called 1815, and has raised about £35,000 from investors.

Work has already begun on one proper museum; and the round panorama of the battle, with dusty replicas of horses and soldiers that look too tired ever to have fought, is likely to be replaced.

The souvenir shops are confident they will stay, and are looking forward to a bonanza. They sell the usual kitsch: small bronze busts of Napoleon, plates bearing his picture and "Waterloo" made ashtrays with "Waterloo" written around them. Napoleon is everywhere; curiously, there is hardly a sign of the Iron Duke.

Visitors will be welcomed by 25 English-speaking guides, who will take them on three-hour tours. The guides, including half a dozen British, Irish and Americans living in the area, have all been to lectures on the battle and have had to take an exam to ensure they had absorbed the facts.

The present Duke of Wellington has promised to attend, but on the day of the battle he will be back in Windsor, where he is to be made a Knight of the Garter. But although many other British will join the celebrations, there will be no Duchess of Richmond to throw a ball in Brussels. The duke's ancestor remarked after his victory: "I hope to God I have fought my last battle. It is a bad thing always to be fighting." It was indeed a bloody day: 25,000 of Napoleon's men were killed and more than 9,000 captured; Wellington's casualties were 15,000 and Blücher's about 6,000.

But Wellington's triumph was undoubted, although news travelled slowly. It was not until June 22 that *The Times* published the official bulletin from Downing Street: "The Duke of Wellington, dispatch, dated Waterloo, June 19, states that on the preceding day Buonaparte attacked, with his whole force, the British line supported by a corps of Prussians which attack, after a long and sanguinary conflict, terminated in the complete overthrow of the enemy's army, with the loss of 150 pieces of cannon and two eagles."

"During the night, the Prussians under Marshal Blücher, who joined in the pursuit of the enemy, captured 60 guns, and a large part of Buonaparte's baggage. The Allied armies continued to pursue the enemy. Two French generals were taken."

MUSEUMS

THOMAS HARDY: exhibition depicting his love of architecture, music, dance and visual arts, and marking the 150th anniversary of his birth. British Library, Great Russell St, London WC1 (071-323 7595). Weekdays 10am-6pm, Sun 2-5pm; free.

LEONID PASTERNAK: watercolours and drawings by the Russian painter, who died in Oxford. Ashmolean Museum, Beaumont St, Oxford (0865

EXHIBITIONS

278000). Tues-Sat 10am-4pm, Sun 2pm-4pm; free (donations welcome); until Aug 9.

JOHN WARD RA: 50 years of portraits and other work. Cheltenham Art Gallery and Museum, Clarence St, Cheltenham (0242 237431). Mon-Sat 10am-5.20pm, Sun 2pm-5.20pm; free; ends Jul 1.

London's Pride: evolution of the capital's parks and

gardens. Studies include John Evelyn's 17th century Deptford Museum of London, London Wall EC2 (071-600 3899). Tues-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2pm-6pm; £2, children and concessions £1, family ticket £3; until Aug 12.

CAMILLE PISSARRO: 70 paintings, drawings and watercolours. The Burrell Collection, Pollok Country Park, Glasgow (041 6497151). Daily 10am-6pm, Sun 2pm-6pm; free; until Jun 17.

Now the Usher Gallery in Lincoln has added a new twist.

The temples of art

Waldemar Januszczak, the arts commissioning editor at Channel Four, believes that museums have taken the place of churches as centres of spiritual nourishment, and that the great new museums springing up over Europe in Stuttgart, Naples, even Glasgow, are the new cathedrals.

For centuries our churches and cathedrals were our art galleries. The greatest sculptures' work could often only be seen as tomb adornments or as parts of the architecture; painters who depended on church commissions for altarpieces were almost always confined to liturgical subjects, and, in any case, many of them were priests.

This is a unique experiment, costing the gallery more than £45,000, with money coming from the arts community through such bodies as the Henry Moore Foundation,

Lincoln is giving a new twist to the theories about the relationship of art and the Church, Simon Tait says

crated ground of the Usher for fear of offending devout sensibilities: the subject is a female Christ.

Now the Usher Gallery in Lincoln has added a new twist.

"We wanted to look at the role of contemporary art in spiritual life rather than the influence of the Church on artists," said Judith Robinson, the assistant keeper of art at the Usher who came up with the idea with photographer and painter Gary Fabian-Miller. Some of our best contemporary artists have been asked to make pieces, including paintings, sculptures and installations, to take visitors on a voyage of inspiration, with each artwork and location being a stage in "The Journey", the title of the exhibition. The Usher will hold a separate display linking the whole project together.

Lincoln is one of our most glorious medieval cities, built around the Romanesque minster. On the cathedral's west front is the astonishing frieze the 12th-century carver of which is unknown but who was a master of international reputation whose hand has been detected in France and possibly Italy. It was one of the great achievements of the age, and is now being painstakingly conserved.

The works of art seen by visitors this summer in "The Journey" will be anything but pious statements of faith. Helen Chadwick's sculpture, "One Flesh", is deliberately being put on safely uncon-

It is not simply a philosophical, or even theological, idea. Contemporary art is an unknown world to most people, and it is the task of museums to engage the interest of the public not only in past but present culture. Judith Robinson is offering a guided exploration, interpreted by the city and its dominating features.

The list of artists intrigued enough to take part reads like an extract from an art tutorial on contemporary accomplishment as well as Chadwick there is Richard Long, Craigie Aitchison with his more conventional treatments, Leonard McCabe and Jon Groom, and 10 others.

Born in Wales, Mr Groom left Britain four years ago to work in Italy, Germany and, now, New York, and on the way he developed an international reputation for his abstract paintings. His contribution is a five-piece installation of copper and mahogany for the cathedral itself.

"There's nothing particularly religious about the piece, and I'm not religious, but I think if anybody's work is spiritual it is the abstract artist's," Mr Groom says. "If this painting works it will help me in my understanding of religion. I paint to find out."

Not only is the cathedral welcoming the experiment, it is embracing it. From June 21 to 23 the dean and chapter are hosting a conference on the place of contemporary artists in the life of the Church. "The New Age syndrome seems to be at work in most other walks of life," said Canon Rex Davis, the sub-dean, "why not in the Church too?" He believes that the interaction of culture and art with religion is indispensable for an understanding of any religion. "To understand Rothko, for instance, you almost have to be in a mystical frame of mind."

"We've got to find fresh metaphors for spiritual excitement. 'The Journey' offers an opportunity to bring contemporary work into the cathedral to challenge our vision and our minds."

COLLECTING

There's a run on walking sticks

The better class of walking stick is no longer merely a companionable accompaniment to a walk in the country. It has become a collector's item. In a sale at Christie's South Kensington £2,200 was paid for an ebony example mounted in gold and with the names of famous circus acts studded in rose diamonds.

A few years ago, the demand for new walking sticks had shrunk so much that only three major firms in Britain were producing a quality product. Now there is a revival of interest in everything from the trusty ash plant, starting at £4, to the country craftsman's rustic creation or the Continental stick with moulded resin handle, imitating carved ivory or bone, for which as much as £50 may be asked.

There are also American imports with handles carved in real buffalo horn — removed, it is to be hoped, from animals that have died from natural causes. We are on equally sensitive ground with many of the older sticks. Some of the finest specimens, particularly those made in India and Japan in the last century, have handles, and sometimes shafts too, of carved ivory.

As the export of ivory artefacts, of whatever age, is now widely forbidden, it would be unwise to stroll through customs swinging the malacca cane circa 1900, topped with an ivory finial and an engraved silver mount, sold for £77 at a recent Sotheby's Chester sale. Another, carved with a "semi-naked nymph", was lotted with one surmounted by a

bust of someone looking like Raphael. Together they made £776. Both were carved in ivory, and though far from new, they might vex the conscience.

Such problems are avoidable. In the same sale there was a late 19th-century spherical handle made of Meissen (Dresden) porcelain, painted with a *jeu de cartes* scene of lovers in the style of Watteau, that sold for £133, while at South Kensington, an unusual Art Deco number in stained wood went for £242.

Some walking sticks are interesting for what they conceal: the innocent-looking sword-stick with the rapier blade hidden in its shaft, or the contraption, invented in France about 1850, disguising a gun that fires a bullet through the opened ferule — quite literally a shooting stick.

From Elizabethan to Victorian times, many gentlemen favoured a stick incorporating a vinaigrette — a container for a sponge soaked in scented vinegar that, when opened, offset the odours of the streets. I once saw a stick that had a briar pipe, complete with windshield, built into it.

Walking sticks of coloured glass were made at Newcastle and elsewhere about 1815-45. They belong to a group of oddities known as "figgers", and were carried in procession by apprentices, in much the same way that drum majors carry batons. They had a practical use, too, as a means of drawing curtains hung from wooden poles. When not in use, they are hooked over the ends of the poles, to reflect the light of candles and oil lamps.

Peter Philip

SALES GUIDE

WINE LOVER: 11 silver-mounted cut-glass claret jugs from £120-£180 and £350-£400 provide attractive taster to 72 lots of spirit flasks, wine tumblers, corkcorkscrews and other wine-related items in middle-range silver sale.

CHRISTIE'S: South Kensington, 85 Old Brompton Road, London SW7 (071-581 7611). Viewing Mon-Sat 7.30pm, sale Tues 1pm.

PORT LUGS: Robinson's Bear Grease to Yardley's toothpaste among various monochrome and colour-printed pot lids. Estimates vary from £50-£80 for a pair of "war" and "peace" to a group of 21 for

between £150-£250. Sotheby's, Summers Place, Bellinghams, West Sussex (0403 788933). Sales Mon 1pm, Tue 10.30am-2pm, Wed 10.30am-2pm.

BETJEMAN: Among the books and letters in this sale is an eight-line signed typescript poem, believed unpublished, by John Betjeman beginning: "For forty years the south coast waves have soaked its shingly shores and caves. ... Look for lot 30 (£80-£300). Phillips, 101 New Bond Street, London W1 (071-629 6602). Viewing Tues and Wed 9am-4.30pm, sale Thurs 1pm.

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OUT AND ABOUT

Knole, historic home of the Sackville family, is building on the grandest scale. Nigel Andrew feasts on its rich fare



If luxury is your cup of tea...

As with food, so with historic houses. There are times when you only fancy a snack — an Alfriston Clergy House, say, or a Coleridge Cottage — and there are times, particularly near the beginning of the season, when only a real blow-out will do. A Blenheim, a Wilton, a Burghley — or a Knole. Here is a house reputed to have the grandest total of 365 rooms, 52 staircases and seven courtyards. Nobody has had the energy to check all those figures, but what is certain is that Knole is huge — and in ways that go well beyond the mere physical scale.

But size is as good a place as any to begin. There are four acres of buildings here, stretching 500ft from west to east, set in a thousand acres of parkland. As you make your way across this vast, rolling estate, with its clumps of ancient oak and beech and its herds of grazing deer, what eventually hoves into view looks more like a small fortified town than a single house.

Embellished towers and turrets and an array of tall chimneys rise above long, surprisingly low roofs of homely reddish-brown tiles, punctuated by countless gables. The walls — including a prodigious bounding wall which encloses the gardens — are all of silver-grey Kentish ragstone. The whole thing seems — like a town — to have grown organically over the centuries, eventually nestling down into its broad acres, becoming part of the scenery.

From the outside this enormous house is, contrary to all expectations, the least intimidating of

stately homes — ex-stately homes, I should say, for it is now in the hands of the National Trust. The approach can be stage-managed as a sequence of transformation scenes, if you do it on foot (park in Sevenoaks, or take the train and walk).

The first transformation comes after you pass straight from the bustling, comfortable, traffic-afflicted town, by way of an entrance opposite the church, into a tranquil, unchanged and fairly improbable deer park.

The second transformation comes after you have gone through the entrance gate in the West front — a long, low range, just two storeys with gables, and a modest gate-tower in the middle — and suddenly you are in one of the grand courtyards of Hampton Court, or the quadrangle of an Oxford college. It is in fact Green Court, and there are more transformations to come. The three outer sides of this huge courtyard were tacked on by Henry VIII to accommodate his retinue, for Knole was at one time a royal palace.

The inner side, with its (second) tower gatehouse, was built by Knole's first important owner, Archbishop Thomas Bourchier, in the late 15th century; yes, Knole was an archbishop's palace too.

Family ownership began — and ended, after three and a half

centuries — with the Sackvilles, the first of whom, Thomas Sackville, 1st Earl of Dorset, did most to create the house we see today. A man of enormous wealth, cousin to Queen Elizabeth and Lord High Treasurer of England, he spent £40,000 of Tudor money on Knole in one 10-month period alone, importing skilled craftsmen from



Transformation chamber: the Stone Court at Knole, Kent

Italy to supplement the native talent.

Essentially it is his house that you enter, after crossing a second, very different courtyard — the Stone Court, flagged, and with Thomas Sackville's elegant Doric colonnade along one side. But later bands have also left their mark on Knole, particularly in the 17th century, the 5th Earl of Dorset, who married the beautiful Lady Frances Cranfield, and the 6th Earl, poet, patron and Restoration courtier; then, in the 18th century, the cultivated 3rd

Duke of Dorset. The Sackvilles seem to have been disproportionately gifted with good taste, and the happy knack of marrying big money. Thomas Sackville himself was a poet when young, writing the first English tragedy in blank verse (*Gorboduc*, by all accounts unreadable). The literary gene, of course, carried right through to Vita Sackville-West.

daughter of the 3rd Lord Sackville and a great lover of Knole (also the setting for her friend Virginia Woolf's *Orlando*). Thanks to the keen collecting instincts of the Sackvilles, what has come down to us is not only a prodigious Jacobean house, but a glittering treasure heap of 17th century furniture in warehouse quantities, of gorgeous carpets and tapestries, and fine paintings, including Van Dycks and

Knellers and Lelys, and a whole roomful of Reynolds (he was a pal of the 3rd Duke's). The most sumptuous display of all is the Aladdin's cave known as the King's Room, where even the furniture is silver, and the state bed, with its matching chairs and stools, is entirely covered in gold and silver brocade.

The National Trust permits us to view this dazzling sight only through a glass screen, as if we were in a museum rather than a house (which is fair enough, arguably, as

this room was always a showpiece, the contents imported from Whitehall Palace by the 6th Earl).

Knole, not content with one long gallery, has three, one of which is hung with huge Raphael cartoons — copies actually, but good ones. The light, particularly in the aptly named Brown Gallery, is sepulchrally dim, thanks to the Trust's conservation-minded exclusion of sunlight.

The Ballroom, with its breath-taking marble chimney-piece and exquisite ceiling, is one of the greatest of all Jacobean interiors. Thomas Sackville probably used it as his dining room, but of course he had an immense Great Hall as well, and just off that a grand staircase clearly designed for show, with every surface painted or carved or worked in coloured stones.

At the foot of the stairs — nothing to do with Thomas Sackville — reclines the sexiest bit of statuary you are ever likely to see in any English house. It is a nude plunger figure of the 3rd Duke's Italian mistress, lying on her front, displaying a shapely bottom that seems, I swear, to follow you up the stairs.

Yes, in more ways than one Knole is a feast for the senses, a long and various banquet of delights. You stagger out at the end of it, footsore, in a pleasingly exhausted daze — and gasping for a cup of tea. Now I hate to end on a negative note, but I must warn you: Knole, the house that has everything, has no tea shop.

Knole, Sevenoaks, Kent, open until the end of Oct. Wed-Sat and bank holidays 11am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm (last admission 4pm); £2.50 (Fri £3), child £1.50 (Sat £3).

OUTINGS

The archers — a medieval story

Shrewsbury in the shadow of Henry V: living history event with re-runs of the battles of Shrewsbury and Agincourt. Trial by combat and archery championships between the Marcher Lords and the Shrewsbury Archers. Also falconry, early gunnery, the arming of a knight, period music and crafts. Shrewsbury Castle. Today, tomorrow 2.30-5.30pm; £2, child £1. Information on 0743 50761.

BALLOON AND BENTLEY FIESTA: Twenty-five hot-air balloons with pilots from Great Britain, France, Germany and America, and the international balloonist Per Lindstrand; 25 Bentleys, belonging to the Bentley Drivers' Club, act as ferries between the castle and balloon landing points. Flights early morning and late afternoon. Full refreshments, including early morning breakfast, and champagne marquee. Leeds Castle, Maidstone, Kent (0622 765400). Today, tomorrow 9am-5pm; £3.70, child £2.20.

ST ELIZABETH'S APPEALS GARDEN OPEN DAYS: Two delightful Hertfordshire gardens open tomorrow in aid of victims of epilepsy. At Bromley Hall, Standon, near Ware, 2.30-5.30pm, an opportunity to see a medium-sized mature garden with old-fashioned roses, vegetables, fruit and wide variety of plants. Homemade teas, parking and access for wheelchairs; £1, child 50p.

At the Japanese Garden, offered, near Buntingford, 2-5pm, you can see a tea house, waterfalls, and an embroidery mountain in the garden named *Koraku En* (meaning the Garden of Good Luck and Long Life). Teas, parking but not suitable for wheelchairs; £1.50, child 75p.

THE BORDERS ANTIQUE DEALERS' FAIR: Quality fair in castle dating from the 11th century, externally restored to its medieval appearance. Superb surroundings and views. Alnwick Castle, Alnwick, Northumberland. Today tomorrow, 10am-5pm; £2, accompanied child free.

CHATHAM FOURTH ANNUAL MODEL RAILWAY EXHIBITION: Twenty-five different layouts, expert demonstrations and advice, and a large selection of trade stands. Chatham Historic Dockyard, Chatham, Kent (0634 812551). Today, tomorrow 10am-5.30pm; £2.50, child £1.50.

SALTASH TOWN REGATTA: Now in its 154th year. Rowing events today and tomorrow, pulled in traditional Cornish rowing boats, plus Cornish gig racing (gigs being 32ft long and of the type once used to pull out to sailing ships in the last century). Sailing races tomorrow including, for the first time, Chinese Dragon Boats. Festivities ashore include displays, exhibitions, slideshows and stalls.

Saltash, Cornwall. Today, tomorrow, information on 0752 842655.

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away with the Syd Lawrence Orchestra at the home of Sir Winston Churchill, now managed by the National Trust. Picnic by the lake or book a restaurant table. Chartwell, Westerham, Kent. Tonight 8.30am-2pm; £20 bookable on 0732 865368.

SINGLETON HEAVY HORSE DAY: More than 40 horses representing all the heavy breeds, plus the Whitbread shires from the City of London, and other turnouts including horse-drawn pantachions. Competitions from noon, grand parade 4pm. Weald and Downland Open Air Museum, Singleton, Chichester, Sussex. Tomorrow, information on 0243 633484.

SEAFA INTERNATIONAL DISPLAY: Organized by the Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen's Families Association, an international airshow with Nato air forces and civilian aerobatics and military displays. Pleasure flights. RAF Church Fenton, near Tadcaster, North Yorkshire. Tomorrow, Gates open 9am, flying 1.30pm-2.50pm; £5, child (five-14) £2, under-fives free.

MYATTS FIELDS FAIR: Organized by the National Trust, a festival to commemorate the 101st anniversary of the opening of the park. Displays, local stalls, music and children's entertainments. Refreshments. Myatts Fields Park, Knatchbull Road, London SE25. Today 2-6pm; free. Information on 071-733 0711.

FOURTH ANNUAL WOODEN BOAT SHOW: Traditional wooden boats on display, with boat builders and marine chandlers. The Captain Cook exhibition and newly-restored Queen's House are worth a visit. National Maritime Museum, Park Row, London SE10 (081-858 4422). Today, tomorrow, 10am-6pm. Admission to boat show free. Passport ticket to the museum, Old Royal Observatory, Queen's House and exhibitions, £8, child £3.

BRAMHAM INTERNATIONAL HORSE TRIALS AND COUNTRY FAIR: Cross-country all day today. Tomorrow, finals of the three-day showjumping event, and plus two BSJ showjumping classes with internationally famous riders such as Harvey Smith, taking part and the country fair. Bramham Park, Wetherby, West Yorkshire (0373 844285). Today (25, child £2.50), tomorrow (24, child £2), Sat-6pm. Admission today adult £5, child £2.50. Tomorrow adult £4, child £2.

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EATING OUT

Jonathan Meades explores the difference between aspirant English exquisiteness and sheer Japanese virtuosity

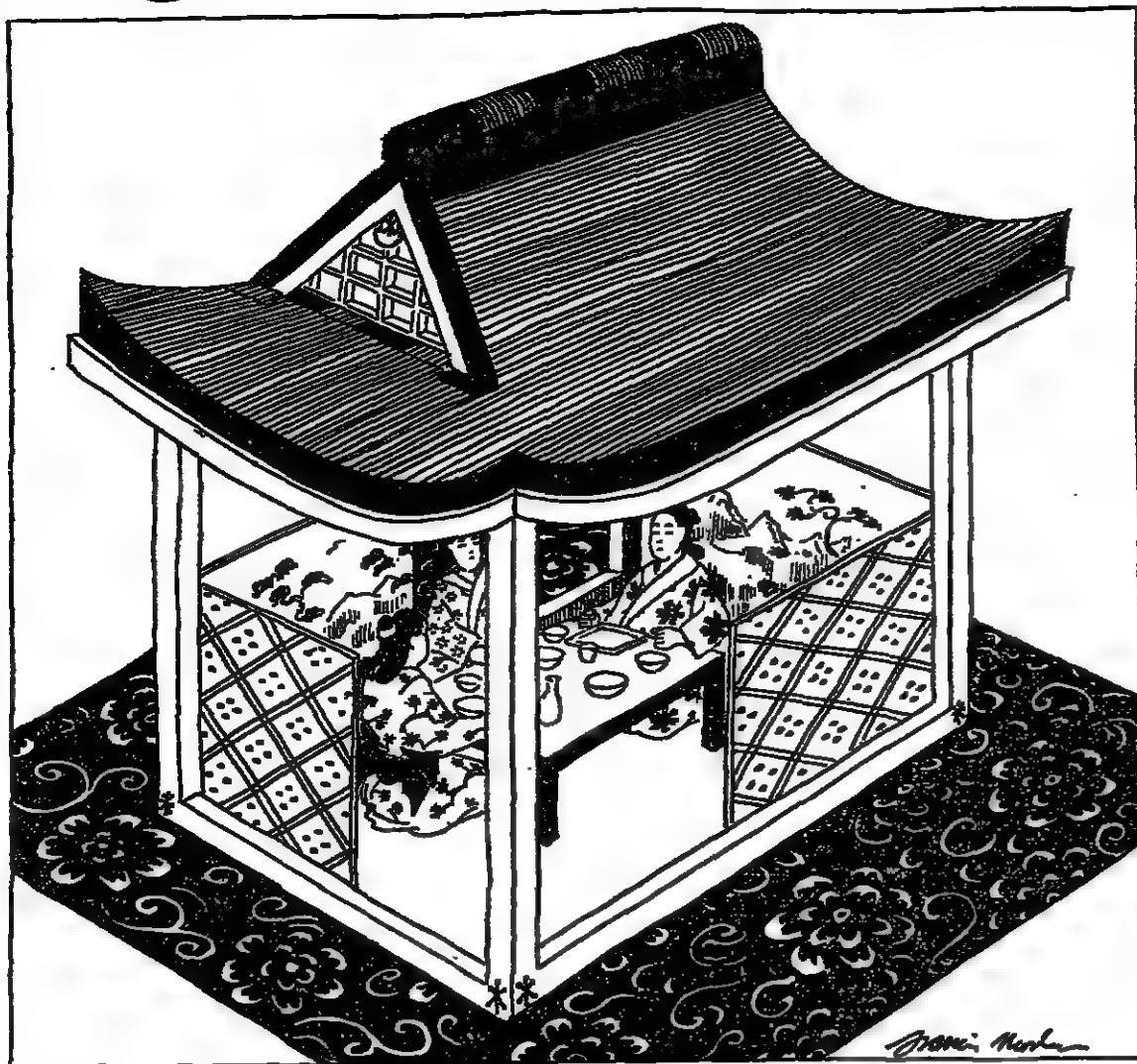
Dining in the doll's house

The unmitigatedly exquisite is a gastronomic idiom that is today less zealously pursued by the mass of professional cooks than it was in the past. The exquisite has, rather oddly, become the province of the ambitious home cook. I can think of a novelist in Dartmouth Park, a lexicographer and a psychotherapist in Maida Hill, a designer's wife in Camberwell, a designer's husband in Vauxhall, all of whom cook not merely with prowess and invention but with purposeful elaboration. These people belong to a particular stratum of the metropolitan middle class and it is, I suggest, no coincidence that such chefs as Rowley Leigh at Kensington Place, Alastair Little in Soho, and Simon Hopkinson at Bibendum have enjoyed such success and acclaim; they are of that class and are, if you like, cooking for their own kind, their own people. They know the form, are insouciantly attuned to the gastronomic consensus. Their infrequent forays into the exquisite are sure-footedly based in a tradition they have invented for themselves.

The aspirant exquisiteness of the cooking at McClements at Twickenham Green is not, perhaps, so soundly founded. Everything is at the same pitch of elaboration; there is no relief, no *chiaroscuro*. And while some of it is fully flavoured, there seems to be as much concentration applied to the achievement of daintiness, which is not exquisiteness at all. It is all rather reminiscent of doll's house food. The chef-proprietor of this tiny and rather twee restaurant at a busy junction (sit in the window for long enough and you'll convince yourself that a bus is going to come through it) either lacks a measure of boldness or keeps himself on too tight a rein.

The place is within a whisker of being really rather estimable, but so long as it persists with such practices as "garnishing" black pudding in pastry with half a quail's egg or serving a thimbleful of cognac with chicken it will not be of much more than parochial interest. The black pudding was first-rate though, and apparently home-made. The chicken dish was further let down by the indifferent quality of the fowl itself.

Needless to say, everything here is fancily laid out. Design is given as much emphasis as content. I think that this actually lessens the appeal of certain dishes. Lamb with an aubergine Charlotte was fine but would have been no less fine had it not been mugged by a window-



dresser. The same might be said of a dish of scallops with ratatouille. All the time spent on creating minute vegetable dice is time wasted. The puddings and the sweets with coffee are, predictably, outstanding. Fussiness seems appropriate here. A plate of mini-portion of crème caramel, blackcurrant mousse, three sorts of chocolate mousse, raspberry millefeuille etc was tremendous: Mr McClements has the lightest touch. And his truffles and chocolates are probably as good as you'll get in this country. He is a truly talented confectioner.

He is a less talented buyer of wine. The list is clearly aimed at "special occasion" diners. There is very little worth drinking under £20, and though there is a fair selection of half bottles they are not cheap. A half of English-bottled 1971 Ch. Cos-Labory was no good and was

replaced without demur by a half of 1970 Ch. Cissac, which was a bit more like it. With nothing else to drink, the bill for two, including a 10 per cent service charge, was £84. The gulf between mock exquisiteness and the real thing could hardly be more patently illuminated than by contrasting McClements with a newish Japanese establishment called Nakano. This occupies a basement in Beauchamp Place that used to house an outfit called Ports,

which was almost certainly the best Portuguese place in town. Nakano is very likely the best Japanese place in town. No attempt has been made to lay on national colour. The point of the place is the cooking alone. The menu is an inventory of the bizarre, the rare, the recherché. The imagination behind it possesses the toughness and rigour of real dandyism.

Because the majority of London-Japanese restaurants are formulaic and confine themselves to a limited repertoire, and because I have not been to Japan, I have no real measure by which to gauge Nakano's chef Saburo Kikuchi. I do not know for instance whether he produces dishes of his own devising or whether his *outré* creations belong to the normal sort and would seem commonplace in Tokyo or Osaka. Either way, it is

impossible not to discern the sheer audaciousness of many dishes and the sheer virtuosity of their maker. The cooking combines, with fastidious abandon, the subtle and the deftly brutal, and thus more accurately mirrors Japan, or a particular conception of that country, than the usual run of tempura and noodles does. This cooking seems congruent with the culture that it comes from.

But it is not its exoticism and its strangeness which render the cooking exquisite; that quality is intrinsic. It is the very quiddity of this cooking, not its unfamiliarity, that distinguishes it. Nakano offers a number of standard, or standard-sounding, dishes as well as arcane. But even tempura gets a twist: the battered vegetables include asparagus, nettle leaves, chilis. French beans wrapped in seaweed. White noodles are served with flecks of batter, strands of seaweed and an unusually gentle rice vinegar. This is classy nursery food.

A number of the dishes mield the blandness of (a peculiarly white and very delicate) bean curd with items of the utmost piquancy or strength. Salmon entrails for instance. These are purged, the colour of Burgundy mixed with squid ink, and belligerently gamy. If you like juggled hare, cod liver oil and things of that ilk this should appeal. Another bean curd dish is done with cod roe and chili; a classic Mutt and Jeff combo. Cod roe appears again as a sort of dressing on cuttle fish. Sea cucumber: this is like eating a piece of evolution dressed with ginger and vinegar. Hokke fish is vaguely akin in flavour to salt cod but inferior to the salt cod Ports used to do. Dried sardine fry resemble microscopically reviewed spermatozoa; they are vermicular, ever-like and totally delicious. Grilled salmon skin is deliberately made un-crisp by something called ponzu vinegar. Rubbery fishcake is kinkie-kut and an improvement on the usual. Balls of, apparently, mashed potato are fried in flour. Raw tuna is served with grated yam. Cooked tuna is of the density and sweetness of pork cooked for hours.

All these dishes are served in small "tasting" portions. With two Sapporo beers and a green tea ice-cream, two will pay about £80. This is a restaurant which will go some way towards reforming its customers' conceptions of Japanese cooking and, I think, of Japan itself. And in a baser, more utilitarian way, it is enjoyable and endlessly fascinating.

DIRECTORY

Stars — up to a maximum of 10 are for cooking rather than swags and chandeliers. Prices on this page are for a three-course meal for two. They include an aperitif and modest wine in the case of French places, tea in the case of oriental ones and so on. Prices change: they usually go up. Dishes also may have changed — they are given only as an indication of the repertoire. I accept no responsibility for disappointments and claim no credit for happy surprises. Always phone first. J.M.

THAI

Bliss Thai
★ ★ ★ ★ ★
21a Fifth Street, London W1 (071-437 8504)
Charming, gloomy but commendable because the cooking of standard Thai dishes is sound and because the menu goes way beyond the usual repertoire into trotter dishes and other dishes. The green curry is probably the finest in London. No one should drink wine with Thai food but, in case someone should want to, there is a singularly impressive list. Without wine: £42.

Thai Pavilion

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
42 Rupert Street, London W1 (071-287 6333)
Elegant premises, variable cooking. Chicken in banana leaves is worth investigation and so is the prawn soup. Better give a miss to the grassy battered deep-fried veg and the indifferent salad. Service is rather chaotic and very slow. £34.

Bedlington Café

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
24 Fauconberg Road, London W4 (081-994 1965)
By day a grassy café, by night a Thai diner. The Thai cooking has some affinities with grassy cooking — notably in the deep-fried battered dishes. The "red" and "green" curries are all right, though might be improved if the frozen peas were omitted. Very friendly, very rough and ready. £22.

Sri Siam

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
14 Old Compton Street, London W1 (071-434 3544)
Thai cooking done with European flair — and all the better for it. The restaurant is long, narrow, noisy and rather effortfully decorated. The cooking, with the exception of staples, is impressive: tempura of vegetables, fine fish cakes, marvelous "red" curry, grilled beef with coriander and mint. £20-£25.

The Blue Elephant

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
4 Fulham Broadway, London SW6 (071-385 6555)
Offshoot of Brussels' top Thai restaurant and the cookery is mastered by Belgian nous. It is thus far from the peasant-based gear of most Thai places. Marvellous grilled scallops, fish cakes and baby oysters as much to Belgium as to Thailand. Good lamb with ginger and garlic, and beef with chili and baby aubergines. The place is jungle-thick with plants and the service is by boys in martial uniform. Expensive wines. £80.

Chaopreys

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
22 St Christopher's Place, London W1 (071-486 0777)
Cavernous Thai basement. The spicing is ferocious. Be warned. Much of the cooking is impressive — Chinese sausage salad, beef with hot basil and noodles etc. £42.

WEST LONDON

Kensington Place

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
201 Kensington Church Street, London W8 (071-727 3184)
Large, loud, vital. This is a mouth-breaker, the metropolitan venue of the moment. It is fashionable precisely because of its cooking: no like, say, Langens — despite it. A combination of chef (Rowley Leigh), restaurateur (Simon Slater) and Nicholson (Julian Wickham) has created something far beyond a mere showplace for kitchen exotism. Nowhere else in London offers such cooking at such prices. Nowhere else in London is so varied in its clientele. Its persistent success suggests it may become a classic, the way great Paris brasseries have, but the cooking is better than that of any brasserie on earth. Mr Leigh is the most intelligent English chef of his generation. His own inventions are remarkable: chicken and goat cheese mousses, warm oysters with cucumber and wild rice or chanterelles; foie gras with sweetcorn pancakes. He also puts an inimitable spin on such staples as veal blanquette, pheasant chasseur, tongue with horseradish sauce. The sweets are ace, the wines well chosen and expensive. The entire operation makes most *soixant grand* restaurants look meagre. Also: great classic cocktails. £50-£60, £35 at lunchtime.

Beauchamp's

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
3 North End Parade, London W14 (071-503 0613)
A paste jewel in an acre of asphalt: the most colourful restaurant for miles. The colour is yellow, and it is used with camp assurance all over the tiny dining-room. The cooking is new-wave British, well executed. The daily changing menu will include such things as fish pie, chicken with tomato and basil, steak with grain mustard sauce. £45.

Hiroko

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
Kensington Hilton, 179 Holland Park Avenue, London W11 (071-803 5003)
Good quality Japanese cooking served in a soothing, light wood dining-room approached through the airport-like hotel. Tartar steak with sesame, sea urchin, aubergine spread with soy paste, grilled mackerel and eel. £55.

Cass Serfians

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
44 Goltborne Road, London W10 (081-868 8764)
Portuguese café cum restaurant. Dead basic grub, totally unrefined. Nakano is a better view along the lines of God's first try at cassoulet. The grilled squid is good, and so are the amazingly cheap wines. £10-£15. Informal and fairly friendly. £22.

RESTAURANT AND CATERING GUIDE

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FOOD

Quaintly curved carrots

A new survey shows customers prefer taste to looks, Robin Young writes



Our village shop had the first of the season's broad beans and freshly pulled carrots last weekend. Nothing tastes so vividly or is so suggestive to me of the goodness of the earth — unless, possibly, one adds baby turnips and fresh garden peas.

However, I cannot claim that these vegetables I bought so eagerly were organic in the modern sense of the word. They did not come, that is, from Soil Association-approved plots. Their fresh and distinctive flavour might not have owed so much to the goodness of the earth as to pesticide and chemical fertiliser.

I buy what I think will taste best. It is not a criterion many customers apply. Most people, retailers insist, buy what they think looks best.

But now a survey commissioned by Safeway, the pioneer among supermarkets of organic fruit and vegetables, suggests there is a growing and largely unsatisfied demand for organic produce. The survey of 2,000 shoppers, the largest of its type yet carried out, revealed that more than one in eight shoppers now claim to purchase organic produce regularly. Half Britain's shoppers say they have bought organic items at one time or another.

They pay dearly for the privilege. The shortage of supply is such that the price of organically produced food is forced up by an average of 88 per cent over that of conventionally grown fruit and vegetables — and that is after the shops have, in many cases, sold organic produce at lower profit margins to help keep their prices down.

The survey reveals that there are many potential customers waiting who say they would buy organic food if it was more readily available. Safeway estimates, on the basis of the survey, that sales of organic food, at present worth about £120 million a

year, might treble in the next three years.

At present, though, less than one half of one per cent of Britain's farming acreage is organic. Soil Association dreams that one-fifth of the farmland may be converted to follow organic farming principles by the year 2000 look wildly optimistic.

Safeway claims that organic food can no longer be regarded as only a niche market, yet it remains the only supermarket chain to make organic produce available in all its stores. There, too, availability depends on the seasons: "We sell all we can get," I was told. "We cannot get enough."

peppers. The salads are better, and my mushroom and cucumber with a thin yoghurt sauce was refreshing. It is fully licenced and serves (warm) fruit juice from plastic cups. For all that, it was reasonable at under £5, and it is possible to sit in the hall and enjoy at least the historical and aesthetic experience.

Birmingham Rep
The Bull Ring in the centre of Birmingham is a forbidding labyrinth of underground tunnels below the steel and glass, but a corner is emerging as an arts complex. Alongside the Birmingham Repertory Theatre will be the new hall for the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, and the Rep's Café and Bar are already open. The Mexican lunch menus indicated that enchiladas are popular, while cocktails and Mexican beers are served from the long bar. The Rep Café does

breakfast all day, and Sunday lunch for £5.50. The service is good and the staff have won a well-deserved training award. The food, alas, lets things down. The chef has recently discovered pastry baskets and serves everything in them. My croutons (which were a bit limp) came with mayonnaise and taramasalata in a basket, but then so did the unforgivable coleslaw with my club sandwich. It was dry and breadly, as the wholehearted was sliced too thick. It all came to a hefty £10.50. I look forward to the opening of Symphony Hall, not only for its much-vaunted acoustics but to see if good eating really can be combined with the arts in Birmingham.

Walker Gallery, Tate Gallery, Liverpool
Liverpool's centre used to be black with soot and double-decker buses trundled up and down in front of Lime Street

In an attempt to proselytize the cause, the company is sponsoring a project run by the Edinburgh School of Agriculture on 100 acres of the organic Jamesfield farm near Perth in Scotland. Field trials include a flock of Merino lambs, which are to produce organic wool, cattle to produce organic beef, and the cultivation of organic vegetables such as cauliflower, cabbage, broccoli, potatoes and lettuce.

The first food from the project went on sale the week before last, when some of the beef went into Safeway's Edinburgh store, but the long-term object is to prove to farmers that organic farming can be profitable on a large commercial scale.

The shoppers who already buy organic say their principal reasons for doing so are the belief that the produce tastes better and is good for them. They also believe they are making a positive contribution to the environment.

The actual look of organically produced vegetables is not, the survey reveals, as important as had been thought. It was originally supposed that mis-shapen vegetables which often appear among those grown organically might turn off some shoppers. Instead, it seems that, for some people at least, the sight of a quaintly curved carrot is reassuring.

Station. Now there is a wide pedestrian way and the Walker Gallery, one of the finest art collections in the provinces. The entrance rotunda has opened a small local concession which is simple — only salads, quiche and pastries — but it looks and tastes good. The mushroom quiche was light and full of flavour with a wholesome crust, and the salads were delicious.

The Tate Gallery on the Albert Dock, a magnificent waterfront development of old warehouses and ships' basins on the Mersey, was opened two years ago. It also has a small independent canteen in a minute self-service, that boasts of 50 lunches daily and double that on weekends. The pizza and sarnies were a bit hard and breadly, but the new potato salad and the lemon cake and flapjacks in excellent. Both gallery menus were good value at about £3.50 a head.

Rita Cruise O'Brien

THE TIMES COOK

DIANA LEADBETTER

A cool look at hot ice-cream

For a new and tantalizing taste, deep-fried ice-cream takes some licking, says

Frances Bissell, who invites you to try some

Here is a little mystery that readers will, I feel sure, help me to solve. Earlier this year, an ice-cream manufacturer launched a "new" and intriguing product, deep-fried ice-cream: slices of ice-cream, dipped in an egg wash and cake crumbs, ready to be deep-fried from frozen. Some months later, a friend gave me a 1954 edition of *L'Art Culinaire Français*, published by Flammarion, and from between its pages, as I lifted it off my shelf for the first time, fluttered a few faded hand-written recipes in English on flimsy paper.

Two were ice-cream recipes, one for a Bombe Novello, the other for a Bombe Caprice, which was none other than deep-fried ice-cream - slices of vanilla ice-cream, dipped in a mixture of cake crumbs and ground almonds before re-freezing. Just before frying, it is dipped in batter, which is the only difference, as far as I can tell, between this earlier product and the "new" one.

Where did this manuscript recipe come from? Who invented deep-fried ice-cream? There is nothing like it in *L'Art Culinaire Français*. I turned to Le Caprice restaurant in London, but no such recipe exists on their current menu, and partner Chris Corbin was unable to find any trace of it in Mario Gallati's writings of the early days at Le Caprice.

Certainly the application of heat to ice-cream recipes is not new. Baked Alaska, or Omelette Norvégienne, is well known. The origins of this dish, ice-cream placed on a sponge base and completely encased by meringue before baking, are not entirely certain either. American sources claim it was created in the kitchens of Del Monico's in New York to celebrate Alaska joining the union in 1867. But *Larousse Gastronomique*, while crediting an American doctor with the discovery that beaten egg white is a poor conductor of heat, describes how the chef

to a Chinese delegation visiting Paris showed the chefs at the Grand Hotel the "art of cooking vanilla and ginger ices in the oven". The cookery column in *La Liberté* of June 6, 1866, recounts this event.

Professor Nicholas Kurti, Professor Emeritus of Physics at Oxford University and an expert in these matters, having invented, with the help of the microwave, a reverse baked Alaska, frozen on the outside and hot on the inside, has also perfected the technique of deep-frying flavoured ices, or ice-lollies, which he also believes to be of Chinese origin, but he has no information about the deep-fried ice-cream.

Alan Davidson, who is writing the *Oxford Companion to Food*, has no entry yet for deep-fried ice-cream and was unable to trace its origins for me. Neither was Charles Perry, whom Mr Davidson consulted. Mr Perry, a food historian specializing in early Arabic cooking and also food writer and restaurant reviewer for the *Los Angeles Times*, did comment, however, that in California these desserts are considered somewhat old-fashioned. We think he was being rather kind and that what he really meant was that such things are absolutely out. Indeed they are, but, like fondues and flares, worth bringing out of the cupboard every so often as a historical curiosity.

Hot ice-cream desserts are great fun to try and most spectacular. In 1923, Mrs C.S. Peel, a noted cookery writer of her day and, during the First World War, director of women's service at the Ministry of Food, described a dessert that she had been served at the Piccadilly Hotel in London. My recipe for baked ice-cream with blazing fruits is based on her description. I was very pleased with the effect, and my guests all enjoyed the contrasting textures, flavours and temperatures.

Use a good quality cake base or make your own, and use only the

very best vanilla dairy ice-cream. I include a recipe for the real thing in case you are unable to buy good quality commercial ice-cream and, while on the subject of ices and in the hope of another warm summer, a blue-prim recipe for fruit sorbet. But first, here is the deep-fried ice-cream recipe. I feel sure, by the way, that it was a Chinese invention, from cooks ever in search of novel gastronomic sensations.

Surprise Caprice (Serves 6 to 8)
2 egg yolks
2oz/60g caster sugar
4tbsp Marsala or other sweet wine
1lb/455g block vanilla dairy ice-cream
3oz/85g cake crumbs, mixed together with...
3oz/85g ground almonds

Beat the egg, sugar and wine. Slice the ice-cream, and dip the slices into the egg mixture before coating them in the cake crumbs and ground almonds. Freeze the slices very hard.

Batter
4oz/110g plain flour
pinch of salt
1tbsp caster sugar
1tbsp groundnut or almond oil
½pt/140ml water
1 egg white
groundnut oil for frying

Sift the dry ingredients into a bowl, and stir in the oil and water, beating until the batter is smooth. Allow it to stand for an hour. Whisk the egg white to firm peaks, and carefully fold into the batter. Heat the oil to 190°C/375°F. Dip the ice-cream slices into the batter,

allowing any excess to drip back. Deep-fry for approximately 30 seconds. Drain and serve immediately, dusted with icing sugar.

Baked ice-cream cake with blazing fruit (Serves 8)
1lb/455g vanilla dairy ice-cream
Scoop into balls or quenelles, place on open tray and freeze very hard.

Cake
2 rounded tbsp caster sugar
2 egg yolks
2 egg whites
2 rounded tbsp self-raising flour, sifted

Beat the sugar and egg yolks until pale and foamy. Whisk the egg whites to firm peaks. Stir the sifted flour into the egg and sugar mixture, and then fold in the egg whites. Spoon the batter into a greased, floured, shallow sponge tin, and bake in a pre-heated oven for 12 minutes at 180°C/350°F, gas mark 4.

Allow to cool slightly in the tin before turning out on to a cake rack to cool.

Fruit
½lb/340g stoned cherries or blueberries
1oz/30g caster sugar, or to taste
4tbsp kirsch or white rum

Heat the fruit and sugar with a little water until tender. Stir in two tablespoons of spirit, and put to one side.

Meringue
3 egg whites
3tbsp caster sugar

Whisk the egg whites until firm

but not granular. Stir in the sugar, and whisk until you have glossy firm peaks.

To assemble

Place a small ramekin in the centre of the cake. Arrange the frozen balls of ice-cream around it, and spread the meringue all over, from the edge of the ramekin to the edge of the cake, sealing in the ice-cream. Bake in the top half of a hot oven (pre-heated to 200°C/400°F, gas mark 6) for three to four minutes, until the meringue is just golden. Remove from the oven. Spoon some of the hot fruit into the ramekin and, just before serving, pour on the kirsch and light it. Hand the rest of the fruit around separately.

Vanilla ice-cream (Serves 8)
1pt/568ml full cream milk
1 vanilla pod
4tbsp caster sugar
4 egg yolks
½pt/280ml double cream

Put the milk and split vanilla pod in a saucepan, and bring to the boil. Beat the sugar and egg yolks together, and pour on the scalded milk, stirring continuously. Strain the mixture into a clean saucepan, scrape in the vanilla seeds, and stir over a low heat until the custard thickens enough to coat the back of the spoon. Remove from the heat, and allow to cool. Whip the cream, and fold into the cold custard. Freeze.

Stock syrup for sorbets
2pt/1.15l water
2½lb/1.10kg sugar

Put the water and sugar in a

saucepan. Stir over a low heat until the sugar has dissolved. Bring to the boil, and boil for one minute. Remove from the heat, cool, and then pour into a plastic bottle to keep in the refrigerator.

Use equal quantities of syrup and fruit purée or fruit juice to make sorbets. The juice of half a lemon and a splash or two of an appropriate white spirit or liqueur can be added for extra flavour before freezing, but do not overdo this, as too much alcohol will prevent the mixture from freezing. An alternative way of using the spirit is to pour it on just before serving. Some favourite combinations are apple sorbet with calvados, pink grapefruit sorbet (using a carton or bottle of juice) with vodka, blood orange sorbet (also using juice) with eau-de-vie de framboise, and lemon sorbet with white rum.

If you want to make a sorbet on the spur of the moment and do not have the syrup, then use a mixture of ripe fresh fruit and icing sugar which dissolves quickly. Melons and strawberries make very good quick ices.

Fresh strawberry water ices (Serves 8)
1lb/455g ripe fresh fruit
½lb/110g icing sugar
½pt/140ml water
juice of ½ lemon

Put the fruit and sugar in a blender, and blend until smooth and the sugar dissolved. Add the water and lemon juice, and blend for another 30 seconds. Pour into a suitable container, and freeze, or freeze in a machine according to the manufacturer's directions.
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DRINK

It needs bottle to invest

Putting your money where your mouth is can be costly, says Jane MacQuitty, who explodes some wine trade myths

Wine is not a liquid asset, nor is it a good investment. This statement is unlikely to endear me to the wine trade but, for the ordinary wine drinker, there is more truth in it than in a thousand "Investment you can drink" articles. The myth, believed by most people, that wine is a cast-iron, blue-chip investment which will lead to riches, is one fostered by self-interested wine merchants and auctioneers. The reality is that investing in wine, rather than putting your hard-earned cash into something safe such as bricks and mortar, is like entering a minefield of few negotiable securities.

It is not the public who are the keenest supporters of the wine salerooms, the investors' major outlet, but the trade, which is busy buying and selling with insider knowledge, not outsider half-truths. There is only one basis on which to start buying wine as an investment: you, and your family, must enjoy it.

To invest well, you must spend many hours learning the subject and become as knowledgeable as a layman can. Putting your money and trust entirely into someone else's hands, such as a wine merchant or consultant, is risky. Remember, they are in business to make money for themselves.

Above all, if you find wine talk boring, give up all thought of investing in it. If, however, you prefer wine lists to company reports, then buying wine and eventually drinking it, whether it turns out to be a good investment or not, will always give you pleasure.

Having passed this fundamental wine investment test, you must then have enough money. I do not mean a few hundred pounds, more like thousands. In these days of high interest rates, those with mortgages and school fees to pay need to be very sure that they have the money to spare. Do not embark on wine investment unless you are flush with funds, otherwise you will be forced to sell early and lose money as a result.

Current purchase will, when sold, finance future wine buys, your initial outlay will have to be steep. Honest wine dealers admit that this first investment should be about £5,000 to £10,000 to get to the elusive position, if ever, of downing fine wine for free: a notion much-banded about by the wine trade.

Patience, to the tune of 10 years-plus, perhaps five if you are very lucky, is another essential prerequisite. Unlike

they drank last month, and then multiply by 12 to calculate their annual requirements. The most fool-proof method of doing this is to keep a notebook on your dining table and to jot down every bottle that appears on it. Make whatever seasonal adjustments you think are necessary (most people drink more white wine than red in the summer), and then multiply by 10 to find out what wines you should be buying over the next decade. This system is not infallible, but if you are ruthless in sticking to a plan that has been worked out by your own household's palate, at least you will not over-buy or over-spend. It also means that you will not be duped into buying wines that are apparently a "good investment", such as vintage port and Pomerol clarets when you never drink them and have no desire to do so in the future.

Incidentally, ignore wine merchants who advise buying twice as much wine as you will drink. The dubious principle behind this is that you will sell the unused half back to the people you bought it from at auction, for twice the price. I put it to the test with the 1982 vintage, the top year of its decade and, in theory, a banker. With all bar a handful of star wines, the prohibitive payments of the 10 per cent seller's premium, plus VAT, together with the duty, shipping, storage and insurance

costs, reduced the overall profit considerably. Yes, on a few leading wines such as '82 Cotes d'Estourel, you could double your money, provided you bought the wine at the beginning of the 1982 en primeur campaign, and provided, in most instances, that you bought several cases of it, which is the minimum that auction houses will handle of even this top '82. Sadly, the profit margins on the majority of the '82s look not much better than the interest you might have accrued if you had left the money in the bank.

The moral is unless you are a high-roller and prepared to take the risk, buy only what you know you will need. (This is particularly true in the current claret market, where a glut of fine wines from recent bumper vintages is depressing prices.)

Later, you can always sell a case of a star vintage claret for a profit, using the money for other wine purchases. The truth is that, if you are a dedicated first-class vintage claret, burgundy and port drinker then you can save money by buying en primeur, or early on when the wine is still in cask, but very rarely will you make money from these transactions.

One way of edging the investment odds in your favour is to concentrate on first-class wines from first-class vintages, preferably vintage claret and port. To do this successfully, it is essential to shop around. This entails reading everything you can find on the vintage and acquiring lists from all the wine merchants' who deal in the wines you want to buy, so that you can ascertain their star wine tips for the vintage. These will not always be accurate, but as great wines are produced only when a complex combination of factors relating to soil, climate, grape variety and man's own input all come happily together, the lists should help. It is also vital to compare everyone's prices, which often vary dramatically, and, although I would recommend the more conservative en primeur merchants who are likely to be around for as long as you are, it is as well to know what other outlets charge.

The best advice I can give to potential investors is, *aveat emptor*: let the buyer beware.

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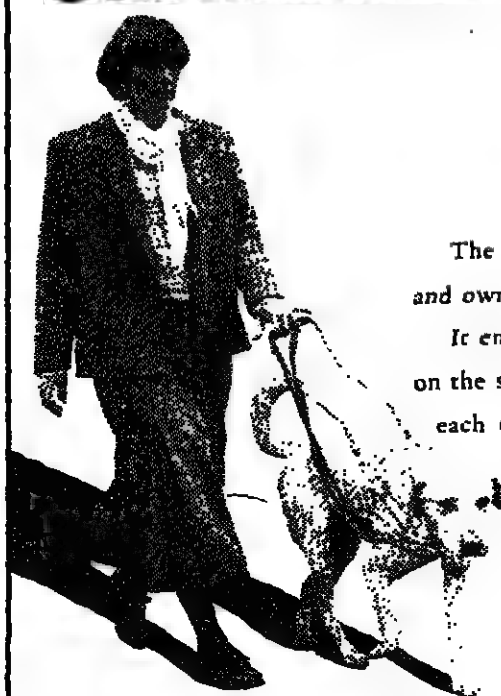
It has been calculated that if the Sultan of Brunei (currently the richest man alive) were to spend his entire fortune (£25 BILLION dollars) on Petite Liqueur, he'd have enough bottles of the world's most SUAVE after dinner drink to stretch from the Ritz Bar to the far side of the moon, and back to about half way up Park Lane. (That's 530,000 miles and six thousand million bottles.)

If the Sultan is reading this, and is TEMPTED to such extravagance, we respectfully suggest he would be well advised to hold back a couple of billion quid for the purchase of enough ICE to keep his Petite Liqueur at optimum drinking temperature. GREENLAND should be about sufficient.

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THAT there is a huge difference between the biologically based ethic of Aristotle, with its concentration on the excellence of man as a particular species of animal, and that of Christian morality, including secular morality influenced by Christianity, is a fact increasingly well understood. The thesis of John Casey's book is thus far from new. But he presents it well, and offers good reason for affirming the truth that not all moral ideals are compatible, and that each individual may hold, and probably hold permanently, a number of conflicting ideals.

The significance of this cannot be exaggerated. We live by developing our ideals, the visions we have of what is admirable. If we freely acknowledge, even welcome, the fact that there are a number of incompatible things of which we may say "I admire that", or "I am ready to make sacrifices for this", then we come to recognize the necessary trade-off between ideals as something likely to end not just in compromise but in a workable settlement. We may be more inclined to give up the fundamentalist view that there is one and only one correct moral truth.

In so far as John Casey's book upholds this thesis, it is important, and should be read by anyone with

The language of ideals

Mary Warnock

PAGAN VIRTUE
An Essay in Ethics
By John Casey
Oxford, £27.50

a tendency to oversimplify the moral scene. Yet the book is itself somewhat simplistic. In contrasting Greek with Christian ethics, Mr Casey only occasionally raises the question of how a Greek word should be translated into English. He tends to use the stock translation of a word, and then marvel at the contrast between the Greek view and our own.

For example, he says that the Greeks held beauty to be an object of moral reverence. He does not notice that *to kalon* and *to agathon* are inexorably linked together in Greek in a way that "beauty" and "goodness" are not. When Aristotle

says of the brave man that he maintains his stand in battle because to do so is *kalon*, it would be wholly misleading to translate that as "because it is beautiful". The *kalon* is how Aristotle refers to something that is intrinsically worthwhile — worthwhile for its own sake.

Similar doubts can be raised about the propriety of always translating *to dikaios* as "justice". And there are other examples. The comparison of two moral cultures is, in fact, more subtle than Mr Casey allows. Essentially, not just accidentally, involves different languages of ethics.

There is, of course, much to enjoy here. Discussions of the moral theory lying behind the novels of Jane Austen are always fun, starting with the admirable essay by Gilbert Ryle on that theme. But there is little here, even in the chosen examples, that was not in Marilyn Butler's 1975 dis-

cussion, although it is worth rereading, none the less.

In only one particular would I seriously disagree with Mr Casey. In his discussion of friendship he quotes Aquinas with apparent approval as saying that one cannot love animals, and he adds: "Of course many people believe that they love animals; they seem also to believe that the animals love them in return."

I think this is wrong. One may get to know an animal, and love it, without supposing anything so foolish as that the animal does or could love in return. There can be a love for an individual animal, for example, a horse, that is akin to the love of a child — a mixture of admiration and tenderness.

I believe that such feelings are important ingredients of the moral consciousness. For what you love, you will not willingly injure. And a love not only of animals but of other features of the natural environment may increasingly be a sentiment we should cultivate.

To deny the possibility of such a sentiment may mean that, to use Jane Austen's phrase, we do not "feel as we ought".

I may not have the right sentiments, but I confess to feeling that this book is too expensive by more than half.

Blue-eyed boy of childhood

Isabel Raphael assesses a new attempt to unbutton the life and tempestuous family relationships of A.A. Milne, the elegant, remote inventor of Pooh, Piglet and the gang

Wherever I am, there's always Pooh. There's always Pooh and Me...

A.A. Milne: humorist, novelist, playwright, polemicist, but in the end, always and above all, author of *Winnie the Pooh*. Readers of Ann Thwaite's biography are likely to fall into two categories, either devoted to Piglet and Pooh, Tiger and Eeyore and the rest, or veering towards the Dorothy Parker school of criticism ("Constant Weeder frowed up"), drawn because of or in spite of two books for children that have undeniably become classics.

These are Milne's immortality — and how he hated it, almost as much as his son. The shadow cast over his life by the fictional Christopher Robin. Milne's four enduring works for children — two "Pooh" collections and two slim volumes of verse — came out between 1924 and 1928. Is there really enough to say about Milne to fill 486 pages of biography?

For Ann Thwaite this has clearly been a labour of love. Her research has been widespread and meticulous, to such an extent that Milne's niece told her that she knew more about Milne than those who had known him. She writes lucidly and fluently, with a good storyline and a skilful use of quotation, although her own interest in and knowledge of odd connections and snippets of information sometimes made me feel, uncharitably, that I was learning more than I needed or wanted to know.

For Milne remains as remote a personality as he made himself in real life. This is the man of whom his son said, "His heart remained buttoned up throughout his life", and whose detachment of outlook made a greater impression on his contemporaries than the romantic and passionate disposition that Ann Thwaite detects. She romanticizes her hero, and knows it: "If I met him, I doubt if I would have come to love him. I doubt if he would have come to love me. In the circumstances it is her triumph as biographer that the 'other' Milne still comes through, 'warm, yet with a thin lip and an ice-cold eye that might, if you said the wrong thing, be pretty chilling'." This again from the son who, for 25 years, was so closely bound to his father. Or, as E.S. Shepard, his most intimate collaborator, said: "A rather cagey man, Milne. It was

difficult to get beyond the facade, as it were."

The facade was certainly elegant, charming and successful. Milne had moved effortlessly, it seemed, from a scholarship at Westminster to a scholarship at Trinity, Cambridge, and although he lost his taste for mathematics and came down with a Third, he had edited *Granta*, and developed such a light touch with both verse and prose that at barely 24 he was appointed assistant editor of *Punch*.

Doors flew open for a witty and personable literary young man, and "Blue" Milne — so called because he wore blue to match his eyes — was able to indulge his lifelong passion for games with all the right people. He made a fashionable marriage into the wealthy De Selincourt family, and enjoyed a year of the bright London life he chronicles so gaily, before the First World War swept him off to France and a grimmer reality.

Yet two years later, invalided out of the army with trench fever, he was presenting the first of those highly successful plays which were to be characterized as "gossamer" and to which the ominous adjective "whimsical" would be attached. With the birth of Christopher Robin in 1920 a new opening into children's literature presented itself, set in the Milnes' idyllic weekend home in Ashdown Forest. Then the Pooh balloon went up, and away. It looked like a charmed life.

What went on behind the facade is harder to guess. Marriage to Daphne appears no different from many of those described by E.M. Delacour or Ann Bridge at the time, and it was perfectly normal to hand over a child to the care of a professional nanny.

Less comfortable is the increasing distance between Milne and his family, especially his beloved brother Ken, whom Christopher never met, although he was eight when his uncle died.

Except for golf and the Garrick, Milne's life contracted to an intense relationship

with his small son, a flutter with an ex-biography, at 50, call *The Second World War* rejection of Milne's views and, even more mendacious breach, coolly described it as two autobiographies. It is here that credibility, not surprise, Milne is still alive, write about his dislike of Daphne; the start. But a vast gulch of bitterness is the writes, of the but later, after Alan's, B.

Scant study of episcopal form

Eric James

BELIEVING BISHOPS
By Simon Lee & Peter Stanford
Faber, £11.99

IT WAS an imaginative idea of Simon Lee — the youngest law professor in the United Kingdom (according to the blurb of the book), and Peter Stanford — who had become the youngest editor of a national newspaper in the UK, the *Catholic Herald* (according to the same blurb), to band together to write *Believing Bishops*. But for the idea to have been of lasting value and significance (as distinct from affording entertainment and passing delight — which the book undoubtedly does), it would have needed to have been treated with a rigour which the subject deserves, but which the authors, alas, have failed to give it.

In their end is their beginning: "So who should lead the English churches into the next millennium?" is the first sentence of the book's last chapter. And presumably the significance of that little word "so" is "after all we've said over the previous 170 pages" about the biblical basis of bishops, their role in church history, and what they are today.

But the chapter "The Basis for Believing Bishops" contains some thin theology: "There is biblical authority for a threefold episcopal role at the very end of St Matthew's Gospel: Matthew 28, 16-20". And in the ensuing chapters there are some ill-founded *obiter dicta* of the authors themselves: "The Free Churches eschew personality cults." There are easily confounded pontifications from self-styled authorities such as John Selwyn Gummer: "The Church was ignored in the 1960s and 1970s by the world as a whole." This ignores, for instance, *Honest to God*, 1963, which sold a mere million copies. A characteristic passage, evaluating the stance of the Archbishop of Canterbury on the ordination of women — a subject not unimportant in a book on *Believing Bishops* — states: "The Archbishop of Canterbury, whose international office is essentially *primus inter pares*, has neither the status nor the personal inclination or dynamism to give a strong lead. In any case he is said to feel in his heart that the ordination of women is simply not possible for the Church of England, his own national church. His indecision is merely storing up problems for his successor." And one of the authors is professionally concerned with justice!

The authors divide the bishops into "prophets, and pastors, and peacemakers", and treat us to a study of the episcopal stud, "form



Michael Campbell-Johnston

ian Dominican liberation theologian, Frei Betto, who had spent four years in prison, and, since then, much time in the slums of Sao Paulo. Betto had been asked to write on how he saw us, after a sojourn in Britain. It was a brief but perceptive article. On the basis of what he wrote, there is at least one man who is now an obvious candidate for the cardinalate, via Westminster — unnamed by the authors of *Believing Bishops* — Michael Campbell-Johnston, the Jesuit superior of the British province, who was himself in El Salvador for three years.

And Canterbury? Bishop Colin Buchanan wrote recently for *The Times* an article "Clearing away suspicion of Erastianism" (March 12) that posed some fundamental questions about the processes of appointment, which the authors of *Believing Bishops* failed to ask but which now urgently need to be answered: for the network determines the size not only of the fish but also of the fisherman.

ANTHONY PART wrote of Edward Muir, a Permanent Secretary with whom he worked:

He is a man of authority, a man of considerable fairness and a man of honour. You can only be this kind of person if you have courage and compassion. He has needed both of them, sometimes — alas in full measure. He also has that great quality of judgement which in a senior civil servant is the indispensable ally of intellect and experience and he holds that most useful article of faith which declares that neither logic nor policies must be allowed to stand in the way of common sense.

These words described Anthony Part as effectively as they described Edward Muir. Harrow, a First Class honours degree at Cambridge, a colonel on Montgomery's staff at the age of 26, a Permanent Secretary in his 40s, and a distinguished decade in commerce after his retirement from the Civil Service. These were the achievements of Anthony Part.

I first met him when I became Secretary of State for Trade and Industry in 1972. He was the Permanent Secretary of a department that had suffered a battering from the media. My predecessor, John Davies, had been, as I discovered, a fine and efficient Secretary of State for Trade and Industry, making a large number of effective and long overdue decisions for which he obtained little credit. He had suffered the disadvantage of being made a cabinet minister within weeks of being elected to Parliament, and he was judged on his parliamentary performances rather than the manner in which he ran his department.

I discovered on my first meeting with Anthony Part that he appeared to be both tired and ill. That evening I asked him if I could order him to have a holiday. He sternly replied: "No, only the head of the Civil Service can do that." I explained that I hoped we would have some years working together. He was obviously in need of a rest. It was in both of our interests that he quickly returned to good health. With great reluctance he agreed to go on holiday. I found out later that he told a close colleague that he thought he was unlikely ever to return to his job, as, doubtless, in his absence, "Walker would demand another Permanent Secretary".

After a few weeks he returned untanned and well, and was generous enough a few months later to admit that perhaps that holiday had saved his life. It is said that his life was not saved for long enough for him to see the publication of his book. Anthony Part resented popular hostility to the Civil Service. He wanted to put the record right by

To be of honest service

Peter Walker

THE MAKING OF A MANDARIN
By Anthony Part
Andre Deutsch, £12.95

describing both the ability and integrity of the Civil Service, to which he had devoted most of his life.

Describing his decision, and the decisions of many who had succeeded at Cambridge, to join the Civil Service, he writes:

Then, as now, some people went into the Service for the guarantee of continuity and the pension at the end (not index-linked until the 1970s). But for many, if not most, it was the challenge and variety of the work that counted. There was also the then highly esteemed opportunity to serve the State in an honourable capacity.

The book, like the author, is a mixture of wit and wisdom. It gives a fascinating description of the social life of the affluent middle classes in the period between the wars. There emerges throughout the book a passion that education, research, and training are the areas that Britain has neglected in comparison with our more successful competitors.

The story of a civil servant who worked closely with both Rab Butler and Tony Benn cannot fail to tell a fascinating story, illustrating the diversity of styles of politicians. I share his view that the success of a department depends on the creation of a team spirit: a comprehension by both politicians and civil servants of the long-term objectives for which the department is working.

We are lucky that the Civil Service contains men of such distinction and ability. Not many countries have an administration so free of corruption, and so dedicated to public service. Anthony Part's book should become essential reading for all civil servants and politicians. The former would benefit from the lessons of a distinguished predecessor. The latter would be reminded that we are fortunate to have the benefit of his wisdom and wit of those who, in the words of Anthony Part, feel "it is a matter of pride for civil servants that they are in the service of the Crown".

Small-minded on a big man

IN 1925 G.K. Chesterton agreed to edit *GK's WEEKLY*, which, a year later, became the official organ of the Distributist League, a romantic movement dedicated to the idea that as many people as possible should own property and their means of livelihood. The circulation of *GK's WEEKLY* never rose above 10,000, and it lost Chesterton a great deal of money. From time to time, he would trot out another Father Brown story in order to keep it afloat. "Many a squire has died in a dank garden arbour, transfixed by a mysterious dagger..." in order that Mr Belloc may have a paper," he once wrote.

Since Chesterton's death in 1936, the absence of *GK's WEEKLY* has been a growing fester of it. Chesterton's biographer, Bernard Sewall, complains in this odd little pamphlet, "have been content to repeat the idea that the *Weekly* was an ill-conducted and quixotic venture which did nothing but waste Chesterton's time and money, and distract him from the great books he should have been writing".

Sewall, a Carmelite friar, is now the sole surviving member of the small editorial team, having joined the paper in 1928, aged 16. His pamphlet attempts to overturn preconceptions about *GK's WEEKLY*, but in so doing manages only to confirm them.

Father Sewall's niggling pedantry is the antithesis of Chesterton's large, comical and heroic mind, and what P.J. Kavanagh has described as "the wonderful springiness" of his style. Sewall spends much space listing directors and contributors of quite ranting obituaries ("Maurice B. Reckitt belonged to the family that manufactured the whitening agent and washing aid known as Reckitt's Blue..."). Other literary contributors were Conal O'Riordan (a fine novelist now hardly remembered), John Heron Lepper (a clever miscellaneous writer, author of a history of the violin), Mrs Henry Dudeney (a popular novelist of the

these things were not taken amiss, and he was not censured by either Jews or others".

He fails to mention that Jewish opposition to Chesterton on his 1921 American lecture tour was so strong that Chesterton himself spoke of being followed by "a kind of trail of waiting rabbis all across the continent". Nor does Sewall mention that Chesterton himself acknowledged his anti-Semitism when he wrote of "an English priest, in many ways more anti-Semitic than I...".

Some time before he died, Chesterton demonstrated the superiority of his compassion over his prejudice by denouncing Nazi anti-Semitism at a time when other English journalists were doing their best to ignore it. Again, Sewall doesn't bother to put this in, preferring a nasty little remark of his own against "the financial giants of today, 50 years on, [who] have mostly concealed, as far as they can, their 'Middle European' origins, and given themselves English or Scottish names (all honour to those who have not done so)...". *GK's* was a big man. This is a small book, in every way.



Craig Brown

GK's WEEKLY:
An Appraisal
By Bernard Sewall
Aylesford Press, £9.95

Sinning against the saint

Sixty years on, it is not easy to understand the storm of protest unleashed by Catherine Carswell's life of Burns. By more recent standards she claimed no more than ordinary licence as a biographer, and the foibles she exposed in her subject, though certainly boorish, were hardly extraordinary for Burns's times and country.

In 1930, though, Scottish writing was only just straightening up from the unseemly crouch imposed by working in the "kailyard", less a literary movement than a moral straitjacket, dominated by the kirk and infected with a shushy pastoralism. Tom Crawford certainly overstates the case when he likens the Carswell furore to the Salman Rushdie affair, but the passions it aroused were almost as intense (Carswell received a bullet through the post, with suggestions as to its destination).

By the late 19th century, Burns had become a kind of secular saint. The prevailing image was the "heaven-taught ploughman", a designation first used in a 1786 issue of *The Lounger* by the arch-sentimentalist Henry Mackenzie, and which stuck to Burns's poetry like the Ayshire mud to his boots. What the protesters — and Crawford — seem to have forgotten

Comic monuments to

Joseph Connolly
FOLLIES:
A Guide to Rogue Architecture in England, Scotland and Wales
By Gwyn Headley and Wim Meulenbelt
Cape, £10.95

IN FRENCH we associate with light-hearted and roguish rude cabaret, whereas in the English "folly" tends to be taken merely as gross financial imprudence. This glorious book celebrates the physical manifestation of such inspired recklessness, exemplifying an oft-suspected truth that a typical 18th or 19th-century landowner with either money or credit at his disposal would devote a good deal of it to erecting some implausible and wholly useless structure in the middle of his garden. Britain does not have a monopoly on follies, but we lead by far in terms of quantity (this book lists over 1,000) and, I am pleased to say, sheer exuberance.

The essence of a folly is humour combined with the impact of the unexpected. On this definition many structures only just qualify

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The essence of a folly is humour combined with the impact of the unexpected. On this definition many structures only just qualify

BOOKS



John George & Co. Ltd. London

other unenthusiastic... and an auto... *It's Too Late Now*, it brought a painful deeply felt pacifist re painful, an un- Christopher, who n a safe distance, in olumes of his own. on Thwaite loses ngly, as Christopher e has chosen not to .er. Ann Thwaite's ne is obvious from d unsuspected black enly revealed when of a pet dog: "Years s) death, Daphne

would give instructions that a sculpture of Christopher's head should be buried under those same trees where she would never see it again.

It is not enough to say that this book is Milne's life, and so ends with his death: it is not enough to recount baldly the fact that after his father's memorial service, Christopher never saw his mother again, although she lived for another 15 years. Perhaps this story will never be told — perhaps it never should be — but it is not enough for a serious biographer only to drop hints about intimate relationships of such suppressed violence.

Could a man as sensitive and perceptive as Milne at his best so brilliantly is, a man instinctively loved by children and gen-

erous to a fault, have withdrawn so far from reality that he could blind himself to such feelings?

Well, perhaps. He had long been a master of disguise. In 1919 the actress Lillah McCarthy had invited Milne to tea, to discuss a possible play for her to put on.

When they parted, she murmured how delightful it had been to meet him. Milne said: "Well, of course, we did meet last Tuesday."

Only a week before, they had been two of a party of five at dinner, sitting next to each other, and the actress had retained no memory at all of their encounter. So elusive a figure as Milne was less at home in the complexities of adult society than in the enchanted places of childhood.

Violent land of our fathers

CHILDREN

Brian Alderson

THE SHINING COMPANY

By Rosemary Sutcliffe

The Bodley Head, £7.95

Y GODODDIN is not a species of baby-talk, but a tale of bloody strife, said to have been written around the end of the 7th century by the Welsh bard Aneirin. It tells how the High Chief of the Gododdin, Mynyddog Mwynfawr, called a host of the Celtic tribes at Edinburgh. There, for the space of a year, he trained a war-band of 300 princes and then unleashed them on the invading Saxons at the Battle of Catraeth. Everything went wrong, and only one hero returned from the fray. But his exploits and those of his companions were celebrated by Aneirin in "The Great Song that others will sing for a thousand years".

This Great Song is at the heart of Rosemary Sutcliffe's *Shining Company*, thus bringing Aneirin longer life than he expected. For as he gave elegiac voice to the deeds of hero after hero, so she has taken the names from his telling and has sought to imagine them back into historical reality. Speaking through the persona of Prosper, the son of a Welsh chieftain, and eventually shieldbearer to the knight who returned, she begins by establishing a sense of the closed tribal world of the time after the Romans, and then introduces unbarbed perceptions of form and motive. Personal relationships and the countryside of the Dark Ages become vital ingredients in the renewed story, and as the episodes pile up — the ride to Edinburgh, the wedding of disparate forces into a single fighting group — so the reader is made ready for the great sepulchre of the battle and the long dying fall of its tragic aftermath.

Such a theme is natural to Sutcliffe's art. She is moved by simple concepts of loyalty and integrity that may be as foreign to today's children's literature as they were to the no-baby-talk Gododdin. But by admitting their possibility, while not shirking the real facts of ferocious wounding and pragmatic betrayals, she still persuades us that a heroic reading of the past is sustainable alongside an awareness of its squalor and its indifferent, but unpolluted, landscapes.

Richard Holmes on the rehabilitation of a behemoth in grey tweeds

A shine on the old Ford



FORD MADDOX FORD

By Alan Judd

Collins, £16.95

FORD once said that even cross-questioning by old ladies over dinner made him feel "like a jelly at bay". And he trembled at the very idea of biographers. Certainly, Arthur Mizener (Scott Fitzgerald's biographer) gave him a rough ride in *The Saddest Story* (1972), picturing a vain, prolix, mendacious, philandering "behemoth in grey tweeds", whose main achievement was editing *The English Review* (1908-9) and *Transatlantic Review* (1924-5): a perspiring nursemaid to other men's genius — including Hemingway (who by way of recompense said he stank). It seems symbolic that when he died in poverty in 1939, Ford was buried in the wrong grave by a drunken French gravedigger.

But Ford's luck has changed with Alan Judd. Judd left the Foreign Office specifically to write this new study, a labour of love and comic diplomacy, which refloats the great literary leviathan till a very considerable super-structure emerges from the waters of oblivion. The materials, like the man, are dauntingly vast: 81 books, over 400 articles, 18 love affairs, and (as Ford proudly added) 26 kitchen gardens. Ford himself took on innumerable personae, from the last velvetine Pro-Raphaelite, to cricket-playing officer-and-gentleman, to bohemian swine-keeper (with the motto, "Excellency, a few goats"). He led at least three distinct literary lives: Edwardian novelist in London, experimental Modernist in Paris, and lecturer and memoir-writer in America (with a smart line in "shabby grandeur").

Judd, as novelist himself, has considerable doubts about the biographer's powers to discover truth: he twice quotes the dictum of Jeanette Biale (Ford's last and perhaps most sympathetic lady) that we are like blind men feeling the way with white sticks. I well remember, as the outset of his researches, Judd telling me with approval that Ford had studied the character of Henry VIII (another persona, perhaps) for several years, only to conclude that "he really knew no more than that Henry was a stout man with a red beard who always went through the door first". But then, enthusiastically — "the impression is unforgettable, all the same".

Judd's own impressionistic solution has been to write a large, loose, affectionate, slightly tweedy book, "in which the spirit of its subject could be at ease". It is indulgent, energetic, and immensely readable. It is very much a novelist's biography: light in documentation, rich in pipe-smoking digressions (patriotism, sex, wine, friendship, army life), and wonderfully vivid in foreground staging. Here he is "getting in" Ford at the Deux Magots café, Paris, in the 1920s.

He would sit on the edge of his chair, his mouth hanging open, talking unceasingly, draining

glass after glass with no apparent effect. He was over-weight, ponderous, his blond hair almost white, his teeth bad, his cheeks rosy and his moustache heavy. He would talk to anyone, would tell tall stories of the Victorians and the Edwardians, pronounce upon style, make astute comments on painting, argue about wines, become sentimental, boast about everything except what he did best, let himself be mocked by the young, encourage anyone in what they were doing, explain the secrets of the trade to any who asked, lend money, borrow it, curse all publishers, bless all the young and tell them always to trust their first reactions. A Falstaffian figure...

In his own novels (notably *A Breed of Heroes*, 1981, and *Short of Glory*, 1984), Judd has been drawn to a particular kind of good-natured, gallant, slightly bewildered anti-hero, with both comic and tragic possibilities: the man to whom events relentlessly happen. In Ford, he has brilliantly discovered an apotheosis of the type: a sort of anguished elephant in the tropical storm of history. Judd describes Ford's perennial

themes as passion, loyalty, anguish, infidelity, conscience, and duty. It is a large, slightly abstract roster, which perhaps explains the major novels, *The Good Soldier* (1915) and *The Parade's End* tetralogy (1924-8), but accounts for less than he actually shows of the man's extraordinarily generous, ludicrously chaotic life.

Ford's big subject, and the pivot of his existence, was the First World War: not the conflict itself, but the moral vacuum that led up to it, and the social trauma that followed it: the destruction and reconstruction he himself experienced. *The Good Soldier*, on the former theme, is in many ways Ford's domestic version of Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*, the secret horrors of country house life substituted for the Congo, while *No Enemy* (1929), on the latter theme, is one of Judd's finest rediscoveries and revaluations.

Re-reading Ford alongside Judd (a different justification for biography), it strikes me that virtually everything Ford wrote was a form of historical novel around these themes, but treated increasingly autobiographically and experimentally as to time, memory, and narrator's identity. Nothing is more novelistic than his superb memoir-writing — *Ancient Lights* (1911), *Return to Yesterday* (1931), *It Was the Nightingale* (1933) — in which the shades of Ford Maddox Brown, Conrad, Wells, D.H. Lawrence, Hudson, James, and many other historical figures burst back into extravagant, reinvigorated life. Conrad coming round the corner of Tent Farm, with his glittering monocle and "black torpedo beard pointed at the horizon", and Lawrence appearing like a fox in a hen-roost at the offices of *The English Review*, are matchless re-creations. Judd makes splendid use of them all: the long, difficult collaboration and friendship with Conrad between 1898 and 1924 is perhaps his most subtle biographic study — no white stick here. Indeed he convinces me that these memoirs are Ford's most lasting, irreplaceable achievements. His travel books, or moralized typographies — *The Cinque Ports*, *The Soul of London*, *Provence* — also remain astonishingly evocative, gaining a kind of patina with time. Only Ford's annotated but rambling poetry, quoted at severely prejudicial length (21 pages in a 40-page section), seems to defeat his champion's explanatory charms.

At the end of this remarkably original biography, Judd characteristically imagines actually meeting Ford in some heavenly kingdom of letters: "A large and comforting Presence, glass in hand, with a touch of old tweed, a suggestion of hitched-up Rapallo trousers, an outline of ancient dinner-jacket, a smell of uniform and creak of leather, a whiff of Gauloise, a taste of Château Margaux and a reassuring hand on our arm." I believe he will be very well received there.

PAPERBACKS

Sinning against the saint

Brian Morton

THE LIFE OF ROBERT BURNS

By Catherine Carswell

Introduced by Tom Crawford

Canongate Classics, £5.95

was that Carswell's depiction of the national poet as a morbidly moody, womanizing drunk was hardly a new or revisionist one. Burns's first biographer, Dr James Currie, writing in 1800, had taken just such an ungenerous view.

What was different about Carswell's account, and what is lastingly valuable about it, is her attempt to relate Burns's social and literary manners to the society that shaped them. Carswell was a close friend of D.H. Lawrence (who died within weeks of her book's appearance with an unfinished novel

about Burns lying in his trunk), and her vision is very much affected by Lawrence's view of the importance of environment.

Unenlightened as the poet may have been in morals — though more recently, the historian Peter Laslett has described him as the "classic" problem of Scottish social history — Burns was very much the child of a wider European enlightenment in which Scotland, and her old ally France, played the fullest part. The fields of Alloway and Mount Oliphant proved as intractable to the son as they had to the father, William Burns — so spelt — but Robert Burns had been infected, as all Scotland had been since the crash of the Darien venture, with a passion for Improvement. It wasn't so much the desperate infertility of the soil that dragged him down, as the intractability of a Presbyterian establishment that rejected any suggestion of human perfectibility.

It is probably advisable to read *The Life of Robert Burns* as a kind of researched novel, in which Carswell follows Lawrence's injunction to "fictionize the circumstances". For the Burns Clubs of 1930, though, the "circumstances" were a little too convincingly bleak to swallow with their whisky and haggis.

Nostalgic memories of childhood days in an Irish Ruritania

Hazel Leslie

TO SCHOOL THROUGH THE FIELDS AND QUENCH THE LAMP

By Alice Taylor

Brandon, £4.95 each

WHEN Alice Taylor's newborn brother was brought downstairs by the midwife, their neighbour Mrs Casey immediately greeted this first son of the house with the words "Welcome to Lisnasheoga, James Nicholas".

"This was no wrist-tag baby whose name was as yet open to question," writes Alice Taylor. "This was a child whose grandfather's name was waiting for him and whose roots in this very house stretched back through many years."

This scene took place in the 1940s in County Cork, on the farm where Ms Taylor grew up and where her family had lived for eight generations. When her account of her country childhood, *To School Through the Fields*, was first published in Ireland two years ago, it sold out the same day and was reprinted eight times in 12 months. It must have expressed its readers' nostalgia for the rural, tribal life, unaffected by modern technology, which many of them remembered. The life it describes was a rich

one for children. They helped to run the house and farm and, unlike most children today, had plenty of chance to observe adults at work, which made for a healthy respect on both sides. They went to school, but their real education took place by a kind of osmosis which had nothing to do with the classroom. Alice shocked one of her teachers by including a description of the sex-life of a cow in a composition called "Life on the Farm", and was puzzled when it came back, ringed with red pencil as "not suitable". Their knowledge of people came from close contact with neighbours, many of whom today would be

thought distinctly odd — like old Nell, with soot-blackened face and stiff greasy hair, who refused to repair her cottage roof for fear of disturbing the birds. No psychological theories of childhood were available, or needed. As Ms Taylor puts it: "We were free to be children and to grow up at our own pace in a quiet place close to the earth."

Success is hard to follow and her sequel, *Quench the Lamp*, has a slightly dutiful air about it. Adolescence has arrived, the golden glow of childhood is beginning to fade, and Eden is being modernized. But the new inventions produce some good stories. One poor soul sat on a flush toilet for the first time, pulled the chain, and rushed out with his trousers down shouting that the whole place was going to be flooded. Another tried to cut expenses by installing only one light switch so that when it was turned on the whole house lit up.

Together the books celebrate a way of life that few of us could support, but many of us love to live vicariously.

Comments to reckless eccentricity



Eternal triangle: the pyramid folly at Blickling Hall, Norfolk

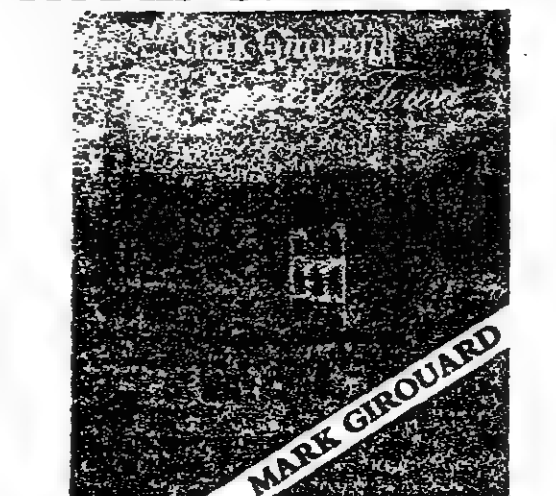
columns, obelisks, pyramids and so on — because although undeniably expensive and quite without any practical purpose, they are at once downright classical, noble and fitting, altogether far too sane to be seen as remotely silly.

What we are looking for are vast pavilions with roofs in the form of burgeoning pineapples or domed like St Paul's, grotesque like giant ogres' faces, their entrances being snarling mouths forever agape, and ruined castles that were built to be ruins, each brick and fractured mullion placed with care. They are all here, along with temples, pagodas, kiosks, screens, mosques, eye-catchers, forts, dovecots, windmills, mausoleums, pavilions, bridges, towers, tunnels, and menageries.

The authors write in a befittingly light-hearted style, while a bedrock of research and expertise back up their assertions at no expense to readability. They make it perfectly clear what is and what is not a folly — unlike other art forms, the contrivance should be evident. Itake this to mean that the leaning tower of Pisa would only trade up from being a curiosity to a folly if it had been engineered with the specific intention that it should lean. Folly builders leave nothing to chance: even the ivy rambling over a "ruined" abbey is meticulously cultivated and trained.

Although this book is a joy, it is a shame that despite the fact that the inclusion of Ireland in a future edition was promised in the original 1986 hardback, it is still being promised now. Further, the authors frequently (and quite permissibly) resort to detailed architectural terminology, but in a well-indexed 500-page book complete with a sound bibliography, failing to include a glossary while glibly assuring the reader that such may be found at the rear of any of Pevsner's *Buildings of England* strikes me as both inexplicable and inexcusable. For reservations apart, however, *Follies* is a winner — and it represents a wise investment.

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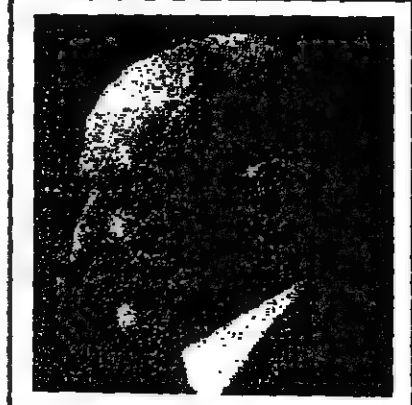
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ARTS

GALLERIES

Salzburg plans a massive museum

Andrew Gibbon Williams reports on bold proposals for the Guggenheim collection

Amid the hullabaloo of Biennale openings in Venice last month, one small exhibit tucked away in a wing of the Guggenheim Museum was easily overlooked: a scale-model elucidated proposal for an extraordinary new museum planned for Salzburg.

Although not part of the Biennale proper, these designs by Austrian architect Hans Hollein could well have a far greater impact on the European arts scene than anything on display in the national pavilions. If realized, Hollein's Guggenheim Museum in Salzburg would be one of the most exciting art galleries in the world. In Europe, only the Pompidou Centre could compare.

The Austrian government first approached the Solomon R. Guggenheim Foundation at the end of 1989 with the suggestion that the American-based body should run its European cultural programme from a new museum paid for and built by Austria. No other privately funded American museum has such a strong commitment to Europe or is more enthusiastic about touring its phenomenal collection of 20th-century art abroad. This was the result of the donation by the eccentric heiress, Peggy Guggenheim, of her private collection and Venetian palace — the Palazzo Venier dei Leoni — to her uncle's Foundation.

After her death in 1979, the New York museum found itself not only with a fabulous additional collection of Surrealists (Peggy had been married to Max Ernst) and American Abstract Expressionists, but with a rather grand European outpost. The terms of the donation, however, stipulated that Peggy's collection should remain separately housed in her old home and open to the public. So, although the foundation had acquired a Guggenheim in Europe, it still had no proper showcase in which to display its New York collection to the European public. The Palazzo Venier dei Leoni, though probably the most picturesque museum in the world, is small in comparison with the many other more imposing palazzi on the Grand Canal.

Nevertheless, the Foundation's director, Thomas Krens, was at first reluctant to accept the offer because the New York Guggenheim Museum is itself in a state of upheaval, about to embark upon a multi-million-dollar restoration of Frank Lloyd Wright's famous snail-like edifice on Fifth Avenue.

For the next 16 months the New York museum is closed while the work is carried out and a new tower block extension built.

The flair and originality of Hollein's conception, however, won Krens over. The Guggenheim Foundation is now collaborating with a special commission set up by the Austrian government to try to bring the Salzburg project to fruition. Provided the results of a feasibility study due this summer are satisfactory, a Guggenheim Museum on the other side of the Alps is a distinct probability.

Technical problems are immense. Hollein plans nothing less than an underground museum. Salzburg's Mönchsberg — a large rock similar to that which dominates Edinburgh — will be hollowed out and a three-level museum space of nearly 12,000 square metres constructed within. Cleverly positioned skylights will provide natural light throughout and entrance will be gained at the main street level of Salzburg from beside the Festspielhaus at the end of the street in which Mozart's Birthplace is situated.

There will be 6,500 square metres of exhibition space, a public auditorium and all the usual museum services. Judging from the detailed model on display in Venice, the asymmetrical interior spaces should guarantee an experience every bit as dramatic as Wright's classic spiral. Krens believes it would be "the most poetic architecture of the century".

Hollein comes to the Salzburg project with an international reputation for museum design. A professor at the Vienna Hochschule für Angewandte Kunst, he was responsible for the Museum Abteiberg in Mönchengladbach and for Frankfurt's acclaimed new modern art museum. His Salzburg design was chosen in a competition organized by the city's mayor.

Before the Salzburg Guggenheim becomes a reality, something more than a positive feasibility study and the approval of the Austrian chancellor is needed. An unofficial estimate puts the cost of the scheme in the region of \$200m (£18m), a sum the commission is confident about raising from the Austrian public and private sector. A very determined alliance between New York "can-do" and Austrian financial acumen will be essential to make Salzburg synonymous with something other than Mozart and *The Sound of Music*.

Dazzling picture of animal magic

OPERA

The Cunning Little Vixen
Covent Garden

IT IS hard to go wrong with Janáček's natural history of an opera, but equally it is hard to go quite as spectacularly right as this. The stage pictures, designed by William Dudley and filled with animal movement by Stuart Hopps, are brilliant, luminous and magical from beginning to end.

The cast of British artists singing in English make Janáček's idiosyncratic lines their native speech. And Simon Rattle makes as glorious a Covent Garden debut as one could have expected, encouraging the orchestra to fill every gesture with the maximum of lustre and expression, so that the performance sounds every bit as radiantly beautiful as it looks.

The connection between visual and musical images goes further, because Dudley cleverly extrapolates from the ostinato patterning of the score to create a stage abundant in rotating devices. A great drum-wheel at the back, shimmering in by Robert Bryan, provides the central metaphor, and doubles as a swinging platform for comic or wonderful mime.

Then there are whorls of vivid green, changing to bareness with

the season, and cycled across the proscenium at an upper level, while white whirligigs below, like brushes at a car wash, stand in for fir trees covered in snow. Everything is immediate, sure and effective, like the music, and like the music it conveys clear-sightedness along with naivety, respect for nature with charm, and a vigorous evocation of the recurrence of seasons and generations, in the natural world.

The costumes, too, hit the right note in their mixtures of animal and human elements. The hens look like pastry cooks, the blue dragonfly and the butterfly like First World War aviators marvellously suspended in flying machines after Leonardo, the badger like an old gent in a black-and-white plaid Ulster. Moreover, the singers, including numerous children in choral groups and small solo parts, have learned delightful animal manners of movement and behaviour. There is also a marvellous high trapeze act from Deborah Pope as the Spirit of the Vixen, a thrilling response to the music's moment of richest outburst.

With Rattle in charge, this moment is rich indeed: within half a bar we are suddenly in the world of Rachmaninov just as at other points there may be a momentary echo of Debussy. However, these are only flashes. The variety of the score is Janáček's variety, and the entire musical performance is a



Production of radiant beauty: Lillian Watson and Diana Montague in *The Cunning Little Vixen*

magnificent celebration of the colour, the intensity and the massive range of tone his work contains.

It is this not only because the orchestra play so wonderfully but also because of the exceptional singing. Lillian Watson's superlative brilliance as the Vixen is precise but suggests wildness: the untameable, amoral animal she acts. She engages sympathy without ever seeming to try for it,

remaining always, as she should, a little appallingly childlike in her confidence and wicked humour.

Thomas Allen as the Forrester is the plain man, utterly to the point, who attains his final Epiphany despite himself, when the animals come forward to join hands with him. The moment is beautifully achieved in Bill Bryden's production. Robert Tear and Gwynne Howell both display virtuosity of voice and demeanour in their

doublings of human and animal roles, though Tear's mosquito mask obscures his voice (the same is true of the jowls imposed on Karen Shelby's lazy dog).

Diana Montague is a superb fox, singing with effortless brightness and sensuality, and Mary King makes a vocally strutting rooster. You will probably have to kill to get tickets, but this is a production that is bound to come back, often.

PAUL GRIFFITHS

Predatory yuppies and whirlpools of passion

THEATRE

Gaspin
Theatre Royal,
Haymarket



Bernard Hill in *Gaspin*

FOR Ben Elton, stand-up comedy is a verbal tarantula. The feeling he gives is that if for a moment he stops energetically gabbling about the inequities of Britain, something awful will happen to him. That is also the impression left by his play. He cannot stop serving one-liners or, finally, making sharp points about capitalism, or we will slum out of the Haymarket and burn him in effigy.

Such relentlessness proved counter-productive last night. It was almost as if the fannier Elton was, the less the friendly audience laughed. A good idea had been flayed, broken on the wheel, pulverized, and buried.

The idea is that a tycoon and his sycophants market the last element to have eluded the profiteers. Air joins land, water and heat as something for which we must pay, thanks to machines that extract its impurities and leave the rich with sumptuous oxygen and the poor with leftover grot.

At this stage there is plenty of unexceptionable fun, mostly at the expense of businessmen and their newsmen. Hugh Laurie and Simon Mattacks, playing sidekicks to Bernard Hill's Sir Chiffely Lockheart, give "non-binding ballpark reactions". A fancy restaurant is described as somewhere that "gives you portions so small you think you have a dirty plate, and it's the main course".

The jokes keep coming, but Elton does try to introduce humanity into what threatens to become a monotonous evening. There is a subplot in which a blustering Laurie is amorously bettered by the smoother Mattacks. More important, air becomes a metaphor for food, stockpiled by the greedy West. When a bland minister advises British have-nots to breathe less, the satire works. But when a reporter mourns dying babies in Ethiopia, Elton is surely pushing his analogy further than taste, sense or comedy will stand.

Bob Spiers's production fails to stretch Hill, who is heavy, arrogant and, as if protesting against such caricature, sometimes inappropriately camp. Laurie, his gawky yelps undermining his self-importance, is more interesting. If implausible as a high-flyer. Perhaps the evening's most enjoyable moments are set-pieces in which he or Mattacks mime being murderously massaged in an executive gym or coping with five portable phones simultaneously.

But they are merely sketches. Elton is a gifted entertainer, no doubt of it, but he has not created a satisfying play.

BENEDICT NIGHTINGALE

Phaedra
Lyric Studio,
Hammersmith

ACTORS' Touring Company opens this unfamiliar version of the legend with stark and fragmented declarations, voiced by the five performers as they dart between semi-circular arena and pyramidal tomb, beneath defoliated trees. What is happening? For five minutes it is hard to say, but the gist of their cries is that men and women are different.

Phungus us at once into such a whirlpool of passion is a bold decision by director Ceri Sherlock, but once the lights have come up, the initial disorder is felt to be a valuable culture-jolt. The characters wear three-piece suits and shot-silk gowns, but their hearts beat to an ancient frenzy.

The version ATC gives us is by the White Russian poet, Marina Tsvetayeva, a contemporary of Pasternak. Her interest in Phaedra's love for her step-son Hippolytus lasts only as far as his repudiation of it: where Seneca and Euripides give him long speeches of dainty disgust, Tsvetayeva compresses this simply in

to the single word, "Whore!" Immediately, branches are ripped from the trees and fall jaggedly across the stage, and when the hubbub stops, Phaedra is seen to have hanged herself from the only unharmed tree. It is a thrilling climax, to which the last scene is merely a coda — though by making Theseus order a single tomb for the two corpses, she provides an innovative final union.

She goes further to redeem her heroine by blaming the Nurse for egging her on to incest. This witch-like creature, played with remarkable breath-control by Dawn Keeler, also plots the ruin of Hippolytus, Simon Beresford's copper-haired athlete, writhing like a voluptuous St Sebastian against his dead mother's pyramid.

Mary Jo Randle's Phaedra, haunted and gaunt, is allowed her brief moment of relief after letting out the truth: "No, it started with you!" then the fear and horror streaks over her face once more.

Michael Glenny and Richard Crane translate the poetry into strong and vivid verse, suiting style and imagery to the different speakers. All in all, the production gives life to a legend that has always seemed chilly and remote.

JEREMY KINGSTON

DANCE

Secrets from the world-beaters

Simon Tait talks
to the acclaimed
Kirov Ballet's
artistic director,
Oleg Vinogradov



Oleg Vinogradov: "To dance well you must dance much."

According to Oleg Vinogradov, "the Bolshoi has more privileges because it is closer to the sun. It doesn't warm us the same way, but we have always known the Bolshoi is in the secondary category next to the Kirov."

Privilege is a vital commodity in the Soviet Union, and the genial bragging of Vinogradov, the Kirov's picturesque artistic director, conceals a smarting pride. He, after all, introduced *perestroika* eight years before Gorbachev.

Dancers in Russian companies have privileges which bring tears to the eyes of Royal Ballet dancers: free apartments, free cars, help to buy a country *dacha*, crèche facilities. But the privileges the Bolshoi dancers have over the Kirov are of status and social authority. "No single ballet from the Bolshoi has come here, but practically all ballets from the Kirov have been taken to the Bolshoi. That is why they are secondary."

Vinogradov, himself a Kirov dancer until 1972, says that in 1977 he was content to be director of the city's Maly Theatre, watching the Kirov slowly disintegrate. The company, he says, had to borrow the *corps de ballet* for *Swan Lake*. Out of 220 dancers, they could not find 32 swans. Sixty per cent of the company had reached pension age, the best dancers had left, and the repertoire was disastrous. "Nobody could persuade me that anything could be changed at the Kirov. I resisted the job for half a year." He eventually took it on with conditions: a new repertoire under his control, touring and guest residences for his dancers, and freedom to bring dancers from abroad.

He has rebuilt the Kirov under a regime created by him but favoured by his dancers' frequent visits to Europe. Six months a year abroad also

meant his dancers could eat properly and build up their strength.

More than 90 dancers have left the Kirov since 1977, and he has had to graft one of the youngest companies in the world (in terms of dancers' age) on to the oldest (founded 50 years before the Moscow Bolshoi). For the present five-week tour of Britain (the first for 18 years was in 1988), he has brought the cream of his dancers: Zaklinsky and Asylmuratova, Neff and Panova, Liepa and Makhmalina among them. His control of them appears to be complete, almost paternal. But they have been hand-picked not only for their ability but their dedication, their taste for hard work, and their size.

None of his females dancers is shorter than 165 centimetres; all have long legs, long arms, small heads and "the necessary proportions". His male dancers are a head taller than the women. Why 165 centimetres? "Because that was the height of Venus."

Despite his optimism, he is frightened that the system he

hoped *perestroika* was destroying is actually gaining the upper hand. "I was not idealistic enough to think of changing the system, so I decided to reconstruct from within. I started *perestroika* in the theatre before Gorbachev did in the country."

"Something quite terrible has happened," he said at his London press conference. "Everyone was shouting for *glasnost*, freedom, democracy. Now that we have been offered all this, no one knows what to do with it."

"The major task is not to lose anything, not to get lost,

not to be blown away by provocation, and there are lots of provocations of different kinds."

That appears to be the message of his reworkings of two traditional Kirov ballets. Vinogradov's *Sleeping Beauty* was premiered in Rome in February. He says he would lose his head if it was seen in Russia, because it breaks the traditional bounds: "The theatre is a museum and I must preserve the objects in it." Then there is *Petrushka* — the puppet which comes to life, but develops human feelings and dies — which Vinogradov sees as a metaphor for the Soviet Union's present struggles. "He stood against the crowd and only after he was dead was he hailed, like Sakharov." Both are in the British tour.

Surprisingly frail-looking for a six-footer with legendary energy, Vinogradov says the secret of the excellence he believes his ballet has now attained is hard work. "The reason the situation in your ballet companies is so critical is that in Italy, for instance, they dance 16 to 20 ballets a year. We dance 16 to 20 ballets a month. In order to dance well you must dance much."

Vinogradov wants the Kirov's name changed to the St Petersburg Ballet, to regain some of the status from its 252-year-old history. "Ballet started here, in Leningrad, no matter where individual ballets originated."

As his new star, Liepa (who has forsaken the Bolshoi to come to Leningrad after a year with the American Ballet Theatre) says: "Our ballet is our audience, which is 250 years old — older than America."

• The Kirov Ballet continues at the London Coliseum (071-836 3161) until July 7, and then transfers to the Birmingham Hippodrome (021 622 7486)

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RECORDS

Haydn storms back without the stress

When I was a music student my friends and I would pour scorn on Haydn — behind the lecturers' backs of course — for being, of all things, boring and predictable. Perhaps the rigours of academic study combined with a natural youthful rebelliousness affected our ability to make proper judgement, or perhaps we had heard (and, in turn, made) too many insensitive performances.

These days there is no risk of our successors making the same mistake. With champions of Haydn's cause, musicianship is as finely attuned to this composer's wit, daring and humanity as that of Trevor Pinnock, the music speaks to us with a vividness unprecedented since Haydn's own times. Moreover, there are no longer any restrictions on what we prize. Not long ago any Haydn symphony that did not bear a number in the eighties or higher would be deemed immature.

Antal Dorati's recordings of all of the symphonies in the 1970s helped change that, as did the popular scholarship of H.C. Robbins Landon. Now Pinnock is enhancing their work by focusing his attention on the so-called "Sturm und Drang" symphonies, composed in the 1770s. The first two volumes of the six planned have already been welcomed in these columns; the greeting must now be extended to volumes three and four, both of which contain some marvellous music and much sparkling playing from the English Concert.

Volume four includes among its riches the Symphony No 51 in B flat, whose horn lines, stretching in the slow movement and Minuet to the very limits of that instrument's compass, are just one of its delightful and challenging eccentricities. Other idiosyncrasies include Haydn's tendency in

CLASSICAL

Stephen Pettitt

Haydn: The "Sturm und Drang" Symphonies, volume 3 (Symphonies Nos 41, 48 and 65). English Concert/Pinnock. DG Archiv 429 399-2 (CD).
Haydn: The "Sturm und Drang" Symphonies, volume 4 (Symphonies Nos 43, 51 and 52). English Concert/Pinnock. DG Archiv 429 400-2 (CD).
Schubert: Symphony No 9. London Classical Players/Norrington. EMI CDC 7 49949-2 (CD).
Schubert: Allegretto, D915/3. Klavierstücke, D946/12 Ländler, D790/4 Impromptus, D935. Andras Schiff. Decca 425 638-2 (CD).
Handel: Acis and Galatea/Look down, harmonious saint. Soloists/King's Consort/King. Hyperion CDA 66361/2 (two CDs).

the first movement to collide two contrasting kinds of material, one purposeful, the other lyrical, while the innocently simple beginning of the final rondo proves to be a touch deceptive.

This work is followed by the C minor Symphony No 52, which, as Nicholas Kenyon's notes point out, can be seen as embodying the essence of *Sturm und Drang* as applied to Haydn's music. The cut and thrust of its drama, its use of a minor key and of abrupt contrasts and wide leaps, and in the slow movement, the intensity of its emotion, all contribute to an early but effective manifestation of the Romantic spirit.

The "Mercury" Symphony, No 43, a more solid kind of piece, but one nevertheless with plenty of its own surprises like the triple-time first movement with its ingenious false recapitulation, begins the disc. Sometimes the recording seems weighted unduly towards the strings, with the oboes often submerged by the brightness of the violins, but the readings seem spontaneous, radiating a genuine

pleasure not often experienced in studio performances.

That spontaneity is equally evident in the third volume, which contains no less breathtaking a variety of music, this time united by a common celebratory theme. The centrepiece here is the "Maria Theresa" Symphony in C, No 48. This work thrillingly combines a Classical sense of balance, an almost Mozartian use of chromatic harmony (which sometimes lends a tantalizingly dark air to the music), and a fair degree of sheer, high exuberance. There is also another C major work, the Symphony No 41, again full of bold and original touches, and made the more majestic by the addition of trumpets and drums, while the record is completed by the Symphony No 65 in A, with its strangely turbulent Andante, its savagely dramatic first movement, and a finale impressively evocative of the hunt.

Such descriptions, however, do no justice whatsoever to the effect of this music when experienced at first hand. That is also true of Roger Norrington's recording of Schubert's Ninth Symphony with the excellent, vividly recorded London Classical Players. Norrington has cultivated the healthy habit of looking at familiar music from unfamiliar angles, and he makes no exception in this performance.

It is not merely a matter of using period-style instruments either. The departing point here is that this is a work which represents Schubert's first mature effort at the symphonic form. Its composer is making an important and confident debut rather than taking his leave of the world. Thus, by paying careful attention to dynamics and accents and to all the repeat marks (including those of the Scherzo second time round), Norrington creates what is in effect an unfamiliar piece, with all

its most optimistic aspects enhanced.

There are no attempts to enoble certain moments, like the return of the big tune at the end of the first movement, by meddling with speeds, though at the same time this is not an inflexible account. Norrington's tempi tend towards the fast side — the second movement has a particularly easy momentum about it — but because of all of those repeats the piece lasts only a shade under the hour. It becomes in Norrington's hands an innovative, freshly lyrical but still grand epic, and whether you like it or not, at least it will make you listen.

In contrast to the grandeur of the Ninth Symphony, Andras Schiff's lovely disc of piano pieces reveals a more intimate, though not necessarily less substantial, side of Schubert's musical personality. To begin there is the eloquent C minor Allegretto, a fine example, indicative of what is to follow, of economy of means and subtlety of expression. Then come the three Klavierstücke of 1828, the first and last of which are simple, effective pieces contrasting fleet or fiery outer sections with gently lyrical, personable centres; the second of these pieces, however, is structured in an altogether more sophisticated way. It is an extended rondo in E flat, with a ritornello, borrowed from an opera, whose tune recalls Schubert's most profoundly simple songs.

Perhaps the slightest music is represented by the dozen brief Ländler, played end to end. But even within their restricted timespan, these pieces are more than mere trifles. Schiff plays them, in a seamless sequence, with the perfect combination of refinement and drama, as he does the four Impromptus, D935, where his naturally elegant flexibility embraces the music in a loving, extended caress.



Finely attuned: Trevor Pinnock, helping Haydn's music speak to us with unprecedented vividness

CLASSICAL UPDATE

Messiaen: La Transfiguration, La Nativité du Seigneur. Soloists, Westminster Symphonic Choir, National SO/Dorah (Decca 425 616-2, two CDs). Multicoloured birdsong, mountain music, huge chorales and modal, gong-blessed narratives contemplate the mystery of the god-man in Messiaen's biggest work before his opera. Simon Preston's

recording of *La Nativité* shows where it all began.

Berlioz: A-Rome, Crises of London. Swingle II (Decca 425 620-2).

The bigger work here is a one-volume encyclopaedia of ways of projecting words and the voice. *Crises* uses the singers more as a vocal consort in fantasies on street cries.

Schoenberg: Pierrot lunaire, Serenade. Thomas, London. Sinfonietta/Atherton (Decca 425 626-2).

A classic performance of *Pierrot*, with Mary Thomas going strongly for character: frail, macabre, savage. The apt companion piece is Schoenberg's later nocturne. *Ligeti: Melodien, Double Concerto, Chamber Concerto, Ten Pieces*. Soloists, London Sinfonietta/Atherton (Decca 425 623-2). Four beautiful, fascinating works of 1963-72, when Ligeti was finding melodic routes between his extremes of stiffness and crazed motion.

A-Z GUIDE TO ROCK

Part 33 of David Sinclair's collectors' A-Z, a guide to the essential albums of the most enduring performers of rock. To qualify for inclusion in this series, an act

must have sustained a recording career of at least 10 years, and have mustered at least one decent album during that time. The entries are designed to be pasted

on to index cards and stored in a 6in by 4in filing box, available from most good stationery shops, to form an instant guide to the hits and misses of rock history.

JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP

While most rock has about it the brash, pungent air of the big cities which spawned it, John Cougar Mellencamp has managed to mould much the same musical vocabulary into a form that gives convincing expression to his rural background. His 1982 album, *American Fool*, which houses two million-selling singles in "Hurts So Good" and "Jack & Diane", picked him squarely into the American mass marketplace. The emotional tenor of the album is one of old-fashioned, no-frills honesty, music which strikes a chord in the blue-collar, Springsteen/Seeger tradition of adult rock. The follow-up, *Uh-Huh* (1983), is notable for the US hits "Crumbly" and the classic "Pink Houses", one of those ambivalent anthems of loyal protest that only Americans seem capable of writing. On *Scarecrow* (1985), along with clenched fist, stadium-rock salutes like "R.O.C.K. in the U.S.A.", the financial plight of America's small farmers is an issue that is more specifically targeted and unequivocally condemned.

NEXT WEEK: Van Morrison, The Neville Brothers



Green: Joni Mitchell

JONI MITCHELL

Long before Tracy Chapman, Suzanne Vega, Joan Armatrading, Rickie Lee Jones and many others arrived to profit from her example, Joni Mitchell brought a voice of icy, tinkling purity, a penchant for savage self-examination and a bohemian folk troubadour's touch to bear on the post-hippie music of the early Seventies. "Big Yellow Taxi" from *Ladies Of The Canyon* (1970) may or may not have been the first certifiably green pop song, but it undoubtedly established her presence on the international stage. The follow-up, *Blue* (1971), however, is in a different class, with the brilliant lustre of songs like "California", "This Flight Tonight" and "Carry On" offering a stark yet loving appraisal of the heartache and neuroses lurking just below the surface of the free-wheeling Californian lifestyle. Mitchell subsequently transported her folk textures to a jazz environment, most memorably on Don Juan's *Reckless Daughter* (1977), a bold collaboration with Wayne Shorter and the late Jaco Pastorius of Weather Report.

Pictures from an exhibition

JAZZ

Clive Davis

Various Artists: Jazz on a Summer's Day (Cass. Hendring Video HEN2-239, 77 minutes).
Various Artists: Jazz At Ronnie's (Castle Hendring Video HEN2 240, 80 minutes).
Michael Pettucci: Live At The Village Vanguard (Parkfield Publishing MKJ-0010), 52 minutes.
Lionel Hampton: Lionel Hampton's One Night Stand (Parkfield Publishing MKJ-0018), 54 minutes.

Let the buyer beware. From being an exotic rarity, jazz videos are now increasingly common. Yet quality still lags far behind quantity. Too many cassettes, marketed on the basis of a star name, turn out to be random compilations of mediocre talents. Worse still, the standard of direction usually falls between the prosaic and the incompetent. These are good reasons for welcoming the video issue of *Jazz On A Summer's Day*, Bert Stern's sumptuous record of the 1958 Newport Jazz Festival.

There has been much grumbling about the film. Serious jazz lovers tend to be dismayed by the cutaways of crowd reactions, as well as the scenes of the America's Cup trials off Rhode Island. Thelonious Monk has barely begun his solo on "Blue Monk" before the camera wanders away to admire the yachts and the surf. Some of the coy footage of vacation life ashore undoubtedly brings back bad memories of "Look At Life". The sound on my cassette was also well below cinema standard.

Yet the film is still a bewitching portrait of an age, a creative in its way as *Woodstock* was to be a decade later. Stern is helped, of course, by a superb roster of artists, from Anita O'Day (in her wonderful hobble dress) to Chuck Berry, Mahalia Jackson to Chico Hamilton and Louis Armstrong. In its cool sophistication, Jimmy Griffin's opening performance on "The Train And The River"

encapsulates the mood. Besides, the audience footage is by no means as intrusive as it might have been. Whether or not it was intentional, the images can now be read as a wry view of the hip Fifties jazz lover. This was the era of Eisenhower innocence, when the relationship between the performers — most of them black — and their white patrons must have seemed fixed forever. Time, politics and Free Jazz would soon bring changes.

Jazz At Ronnie Scott's is a generally lively compilation of recent performances at the club. The presentation is uneven, from the home-movie shots of Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers playing "Dr Jekyll" to the pop video gloss on Curtis Mayfield's "Move On Up". Anita O'Day's lined face is subjected to some cruel lighting, but her feline delivery of "I Can't Get Started" and "It Don't Mean A Thing" scarcely needs the help of pictures in any case. Half-lost in dry ice, Chico Freeman's fusion band looks as if it is playing on a film set rather than the club. Nina Simone receives adequate treatment, though after her last erratic residency she might have been more accurately represented by a static shot of an empty chair. Chet Baker (playing "Love For Sale"), Memphis Slim and Taj Mahal were all worth capturing. Roy Ayers' jazz-funk is probably for party-goers only.

The camerawork on Michel Pettucci's trio date in Greenwich Village is, at best, efficient. No attempt is made to enliven a performance which acts as the visual counterpart to the pianist's 1984 live album with bassist Paule Danielsson and drummer Eliot Zigmund.

Lionel Hampton's followers should avoid his *One Night Stand*, a farago of middle-of-the-road entertainment shot in 1971, presumably for American prime-time TV. Mel Torme does his honourable best to compete an all-star show which reduces jazz to the level of *It's A Knockout*. Zoot Sims, Cat Anderson and Gene Krupa are among the extras shunted into view at intervals.

ROCK UPDATE

Burning Tree: Burning Tree (Epic 46669 1). Young Californian trio whose music is to Jimi Hendrix and Cream what the Cult's is to Led Zeppelin and AC/DC. A capable if frequently unoriginal appropriation of many familiar riffs and guitar solos.

Soul II Soul: Vol II — 1980 A New Decade (10 DIX 90). Second chart-topping instalment of languid, irresistible groove courtesy of the charismatic Jazelle B and an impressive cast of guests including Marcia Lewis ("East A Life"), Kym Mazelle ("Missing You") and Courtney Pine ("Courtney Blows").

Robert Plant: Manic Nirvana (Es Paranza 7567-91336-2). His fifth solo album is streets ahead of anything that a revamped Led Zeppelin could now hope to achieve, a testament to Plant's alertness to modern developments.

JAZZ UPDATE

James Morrison: Snappy Doo (WEA 9031-7121). The Australian multi-instrumentalist uses overdubbing to create an engaging replica of a big band, balanced by relaxed quartet tracks with Roy Brown, Herb Ellis and Jeff Hamilton.

Jack Teagarden: That's A Serious Thing (RCA/Bluebird ND-90440). The greatest trombonist of them all is well served by a splendid compilation spanning three decades from 1928. The Texan imposes his personality on all the pieces, even on the stiff-necked "symphonic jazz" of the Paul Whiteman Orchestra.

Bill Allred's Goodtime Jazz Band: Swing That Music (Big Bear CD31). Due to tour Britain next month, the Wild Bill Davidson trombonist leads a well-arranged recital of familiar standards, recorded at the last Birmingham Jazz Festival.

Home-grown music man

From ELO to the Wilburys — what next for Jeff Lynne? Mike Nicholls reports

The term House music generally refers to the repetitive, if occasionally melodic, dance records released by the likes of Adamski and Technotronic. However, it is in the process of being redefined by Jeff Lynne, formerly the brains behind the Electric Light Orchestra.

Lynne disbanded ELO four years ago in order to devote more time to writing and production. Next week he releases his debut solo album, *Armchair Theatre*, an apt title considering the uncomplicated manner in which it was made — recorded not in a studio, but in a house.

This follows the pattern Lynne established when he produced George Harrison's *Cloud Nine* album in 1987, and continued with Tom Petty's *Full Moon Fever*, and *Mystery Girl*, the last album by the late Roy Orbison. But the method was perfected on the Travelling Wilburys, Vol 1 — the first fruits of a band comprising Petty, Orbison, Harrison, Bob Dylan and Lynne, which was generally reckoned one of the best records of the late Eighties.

Unlike the usual kind of House music, on Lynne's new album state-of-the-art equipment is conspicuous by its absence. "It was just recorded with a few microphones, as it would have been in the Sixties," Lynne says. "That was the main reason why George Harrison and I hit it off. We both agreed not to use unnecessary machines like computers and samplers. I mean, why copy piano sounds when you can play the real thing?"

On *Armchair Theatre*, Lynne sings and plays guitars, piano, bass and an old-fashioned analogue synthesizer, with Harrison helping out on backing vocals and slide guitar. The album was made in Lynne's home in Beverly Hills. "Every room has a different quality so you can create sounds not possible in the one big room of a studio," he says. "The guitars were recorded in the kitchen, the vocals in a passageway, and the dining-room was the control room with a 12-track mixing desk, none of your fancy 48-track stuff."

Tom Petty's album was recorded in his guitarist's garage, with a downstairs bedroom doubling as vocals booth. The recording of the Travelling Wilburys' album was even more outlandish: "We hired a house on top of a mountain near Malibu and wrote all the songs sitting in a circle in the ballroom. Rehearsals took place in the library. Apart from selling a lot of copies, that record helped to establish the fact that whatever the prevailing musical trend, there is room for everybody. It was bought by a lot of kids who were too young to have been familiar with us as individuals."

How did the Travelling Wilburys come into existence? Lynne explains: "After finishing *Cloud Nine*, George and I started fantasizing about putting together a band with all of our favourite musicians. A few months later, George needed an extra song for a B-side, so we decided to call all these people up, found out they were free, and drove to Bob Dylan's house to record a song. The record company decided it was too good to fitter away on a flipside and offered us lots of money to make an album. We finished it in 10 days as opposed to the usual 10 months."

"The fact that it was a great success was amazing, since it was released without any fanfare or big promotional campaign."

Despite selling more than 10 million albums with ELO, Lynne reckons he has had more success subequently with these few records. Yet he retains his Birmingham accent, and enunciates the name of a posh neighbourhood like Beverly Hills as if it were on a par with Stoke-on-Trent. Lynne also has no pretensions about his craft, describing it as "making noises from scratch."

His next project is another Travelling Wilburys LP, which he describes as "half finished". Lynne says no one has replaced Roy Orbison. "Everybody from Dave Stewart to Roger McGuinn of the Byrds has been mooted, but Roy is irreplaceable. He probably had the best voice in the world."

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GARDENING

Francesca Greenoak takes a caring look at the colourful lupin family, old-fashioned favourites that deserve a revival

The blooms that blazon a trail into summer

It is strange how plants float in and out of fashion: when lupins were the darlings of the 1940s and 1950s, no garden was complete without a bank of gaily coloured hybrids. These were the result of careful hybridizing by James Kelway at the end of the last century, and later by George Russell, after whom the Russell lupins are named. Lupins are still found in garden centres and seed catalogues, but they are no longer the front-runners.

Lupins are not to be despised: they blazon the transition from early to full summer, in a surprisingly complete range of colour. The early foliage, with its spoke-like leaflets, is particularly beautiful early in the season, more so with dew or raindrops on it. There are a number of bi-coloured varieties where the petal colours contrast, but I prefer the plain colours.

Looking closely at a lupin, one sees that even in the all red or all cream varieties, the upper part of the petals is slightly different in shade from the lower. It is this slight difference which gives the lupin its shimmering effect, particularly in the pale colours.

Mass plantings have given way to more subtle groupings with other plants. Creamy yellow or white lupin spires, rising to a height of about 4ft from a splendid plant, look well planted singly or in small groups, combined in a plant setting of greens, golds and whites: for example, white, creamy and rusty foxgloves, lady's mantle, variegated dogwood, pulmonaria and the creamy bottlebrush flowers of Aruncus or meadowsweet. Soft pink lupins can be used in context of hardy geraniums

(*Geranium macrorrhizum* for example), salicaria, pink asters and bluish spires. Blue and purple lupins are numerous, and make a soft grouping with foliage plants such as white-blotched lungwort, blue irises, hostas, and blue-flowered clematis.

Lupins will do well in sun or dappled shade (scent is better in sun, flowers last longer in shade). It is best to choose a place where the soil is not too rich, or growth will be too lush and sappy. If this happens they will need staking, which is not a great problem, but they will also attract aphid attack, and possibly virus disease transmitted by these insects. Ideally, lupins like a lighter soil of a sandy or acid composition. They bloom quite nicely on heavy clays but are said not to live so long on heavy soil, and they are not lime tolerant.

The aphid which specifically attacks lupins is an American newcomer which came first to mainland Europe about nine years ago and then became a serious nuisance in Britain. It is a large, greyish, waxy insect, probably a match for ladybirds, which do not appear to be predatory in this species. Look out for them when the flower spikes begin to form, tucked up on the flowerbuds, or underneath the leaves. They tend to fall off the plant and clamber back on when your back is turned, so it is best to pick them off or spray thoroughly with insecticide.

Brian Woodfield, a specialist lupin grower and hybridizer, says that synthetic chemical sprays used thoroughly will work. Possibly organic, soft-soap based sprays are also effective, particularly if used early and repeated within a fortnight.



but I cannot say for certain because I have so far escaped the aphid. Liquid derris is stronger and should work, but must be used with care, particularly near ponds or if there are bees in the vicinity. Hundreds of lupin varieties were developed over the past 50 years, but only a few are now available. One person who has a special interest in them is Mrs Pat Edwards, who took on the conservation of

the National Collection of Russell Lupins in her garden at Albrighton, Shropshire, where the family nursery and garden centre business is on the land where Russell carried out his hybridizing work well into his old age. Building up the collection has proved more difficult than anyone anticipated, but out of 150 or more varieties which Mrs Edwards has ordered from all over Britain, only 12 seem to

be true to form. Rather than give up, she has returned to some old Russell seed which she had, and is growing and selecting in much the same way as he did, helped by local people who still remember the old man and his plants. If any readers have a Russell lupin which they believe to be an early named Russell variety, Mrs Edwards would very much like to hear from you (contact her at

WEEKEND TIPS

- Keep greenhouses and conservatories well ventilated.
- Feed tomato fertilizer once the first truss has set.
- Take cuttings from pink, using non-flowering shoots from below a leaf node (budge in stem).
- Cut grass in which there are naturalized bulbs (check that leaves are yellowed and seeds are ripe).
- Net soft fruit and wall cherries if birds are a problem.
- Pinch out side the shoots of cucumbers on single cordon plants, grown up supports, and take out the central shoots when they reach the top.

GARDENS TO VISIT

DORSET: Cranborne Manor Gardens, Cranborne (10m N of Wimborne on B3078). Beautiful, historic gardens laid out originally by John Tradescant and enlarged this century: herb garden, knot, and white gardens, Elizabethan flowers, water and wild gardens. Teas. Plant sales Adult £1.50, OAPs £1. Today 9am-5pm.

HAMPSHIRE: The Manor House (6m SE Basingstoke in Upson Grey village, on hill immediately above the church). Beautifully restored Jekyll garden of domestic proportions: borders, nutmeg, tennis lawn, rose garden, wild garden with pond. Adult £1, child 50p. Tomorrow 2-5pm.

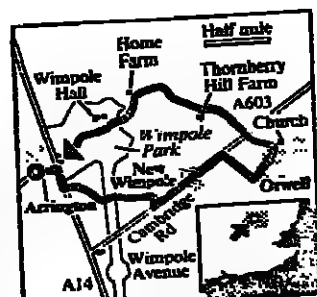
OXFORDSHIRE: Hill Court, Tackley (9m N of Oxford, turn off A423 at Sturdy's Castle). Walled 2-acre garden influenced by Russell Page: herbaceous borders, shrubberies, replanted orangery, pink-blue terraces. Fine views. Teas. Plant sales. Adult 80p, child 20p. Today and tomorrow 2-5pm.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE: Skretton Cottage, Sorey (8m SW Newark). From A46 Fosse Rd, turn E to Car Colston, left at green and on for 1m. All-year-round landscaped garden: trees, shrubs, herbaceous in 1.75 acres. Teas. Adult 75p, child 20p. Tomorrow 2-5pm.

WALK

Wimpole Park, Cambridgeshire, 6 miles from Cambridge, is an oasis in rich arable country, the rolling chalkland under fencer beans, rape, barley and wheat in huge fields from which most of the hedges have been removed. Wimpole Hall is owned by the National Trust and is open from 1-5pm (closed Monday and Friday) from March 31 to November 4, so time the walk to arrive during these hours and in time for tea.

Start at Arrington church, just off the A14, whose aisles were removed when the village population dwindled. Back at the main road turn right, then left on to a footpath across an arable ground, signposted New Wimpole. This path crosses the grand avenue running for 2½ miles south from Wimpole Hall, now a shadow due to Dutch elm disease, and being replanted with lime saplings. Cross this to a farm, then follow the farm track to the Cambridge Road, A603. Turn left and cross the estate village of New Wimpole and then right along the road to Orwell Turn left at the church, which has a fine chance of 1398, and cross the A603 on to footpaths heading north-west across country, passing to the right of Thornberry Hill Farm, which has an old threshing mill built in 1804. The path passes the



Wimpole estate woodland and turns left on to the metalled track to Park Farm. This has a big thatched barn designed by Sir John Soane in the 1790s, and a farmhouse of 1860. Turn left and then right through a kissing gate into the parkland of Wimpole. Cross the medieval ridge-and-furrow corrugations to the 1851 red brick and stone stable block.

Beyond this, visit the hall itself. The south front is mostly as remodelled by Henry Flitcroft in the 1740s for Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, but the architectural history is more complicated. Near the house is the church, mostly rebuilt by Flitcroft in 1749. Access to the Home Farm with its farm machinery collection and rare breeds is via the house.

After the tour, walk west through the park and out through the west gates back into Arrington.

Martin Andrew

WEATHER

IN spite of this week's rain, the exceptionally dry spring poses problems for farmers, growers and gardeners. This is surprising, as the winter was one of the wettest in the past 250 years. So, although deep ground water levels were not fully restored after the long dry spell last summer, the surface soil moisture levels were high.

The available moisture in the soil, with temperature, wind speed and hours of sunlight, governs the growth rate. A typical well-established grass sward suffers no appreciable check until about the equivalent of an inch and a half of water has been extracted from the ground. Then growth slows until about 3in has been used up, at which point growth effectively stops.

Where irrigation is permitted and makes economic sense, the basic rules are simple. Every 10 days or so, any significant shortfall below one inch of rain should be made good. Some irrigation is

needed in southern England in the summer in at least seven out of 10 years.

These figures disguise a wide range of variations depending on soil type and weather conditions. But for anyone whose lawn goes brown and threadbare at the least hint of drought, the answer may lie in the soil. Compacted ground, full of rubble and completely lacking organic material, will hold little water, whereas good quality, friable soil, which helps the formation of a good, deep root system, can produce a lawn able to survive even the worst drought.

As for vegetables or prized shallow-rooted shrubs, any watering must be designed to replenish the soil moisture to a good depth. This means about four gallons a square yard every week or so during a hot dry spell. The best time for watering vegetables in a severe drought is approximately two weeks before maturity.

W. J. Burroughs

HOMES & GARDENS

Continued on next page

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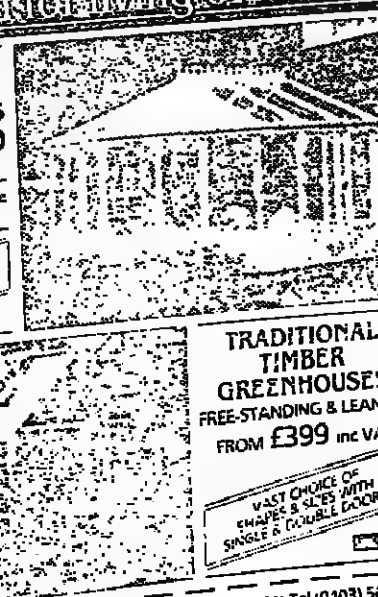
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SHOPPING



Fashion, mystery, allure, even eye-protection... Nicole Swengley reports on what people are wearing, and paying, to achieve a darker shade of bright



"Hi, there" round, black and gold sun-glasses by Christian Lacroix, £162, from Harrods, Knightsbridge, London SW1



Black butterfly specs, £81, by Cutler & Gross, 16 Knightsbridge Green, London SW1. Photographs by JOHN SWANNELL

Spectacular ways to be someone else

Fashion sun-glasses have the potential for endless role-playing. Lurking behind a pair of shades can change the wearer into a Jackie Kennedy, Jack Nicholson, Bob Geldof, Bruce Springsteen, Madonna or Clint Eastwood. At least, that's the idea. But buying sun-glasses is no longer simply a question of forking out a fiver. Designer shades cost well over £50, and it is not uncommon to find price tags of £150 or lots more.

Harrods, for example, sells gold-plated Cartier and Giorgio Armani sun-glasses at about £3,000. And even these titles in the field of vision can be further gilded - at a price. Nigel Carrier, owner of the London style shop Brats, says: "Cheap sun-glasses are difficult to sell. Five years ago, people were spending £10 to £15 on a pair, and Ray-Bans were considered expensive at £50. Now people want prestige makes. They have become used to quality lenses and will pay for these and for hand-made frames."

Fashion sun-glasses were born in 1936 when Ray-Ban put a sun-glass lens into its now-classic, and much-imitated, Aviator frame for the United States Army Air Corps, to protect pilots from the effects of ultraviolet and infrared rays and glare.

In 1951, it introduced a new lens and the following year put it into a new frame. Suddenly, the famous Fifies-style Wayfarer was all the rage. Given its devoted following, it is not surprising that the Wayfarer has spawned a flood of cheap imitations. Genuine frames bear the imprint "B&L Ray-Ban", and a model number. Both lenses are engraved with the B&L (Bausch & Lomb) insignia.

Gail Steele, retail director of opticians David Chulow, says: "At the end of last year, I would have said that Wayfarers had had their day. But this year we have sold more than ever."

The Wayfarer phenomenon may be due to the brand having become collectably cult, in the same way as Zippo lighters and Mont Blanc pens.

But Ray-Ban is aware of fashion's fickle finger and has diversified the range by introducing several new shapes. The move may also be a bid to woo fashion-conscious shoppers away from designer names such as Jasper Conran, Christian Lacroix, John-Paul Gaultier, Giorgio Armani, Paloma Picasso and Patrick Kelly - all of whose sun-glasses are selling fast, despite the eye-opening price tags, at outlets including Harrods in Knightsbridge, London SW1, and Fenwick, 25 New Bond Street, London W1.

Sun-glasses have always been a handy for a quick-change act. Invaluable for covering up "morning-after" bags under the eyes, they are also a lazy alternative to eye make-up - and sometimes an air of mystique is adopted by wearers who have the psychological advantage of avoiding eye contact while still being able to see.

Stefan Zaguta, marketing executive at Dolland &

Aitchison, the opticians, says: "People are buying a look, and they are prepared to buy more than one pair to suit different moods. The Jackie Kennedy look is very popular, so is the round-eye John Lennon look. Persol sun-glasses are following hard on the heels of Ray-Ban, helped perhaps by guitarist Eric Clapton wearing them on his *Journeyman* album cover."

Sun-glass wearers are often criticized as posers, particularly when sporting shades indoors. But Mr Zaguta says: "A few years ago, if you wore sun-glasses after 6pm or in winter, people assumed that you were either famous or mad. That has changed. Sun-glasses have become a fashion accessory."

But is it sensible to wear sun-glasses unnecessarily? Susan Courard, press officer at the Institute of Eye Care, says: "Our eyes are able to cope with average sunlight conditions. If you shade your eyes constantly from ordinary light they may become allergic to light and start to water excessively - a condition called photophobia. My advice is not to wear sun-glasses when you do not need to."

What are the truly hip buying this summer? Many are lured by the designer names; for example, Christian Lacroix's black-and-gold framed specs, £162, or Giorgio Armani's round, half-tortoiseshell model, £127, from Harrods. Others are opting for pop-up double lenses, such as those by Vision, £12.50, at Fenwick, or a sun-grille version, £13.75, from Crackers.

Adam Simmonds, of trendy Soho opticians Eye-Tech, says his clients hunt out the more exclusive designs. "They're choosing antique-style, hand-finished frames based on Thirties designs by Oliver Peoples. "LA Eyeworks is also at the forefront because its fashion frames are different from the mainstream. Alain Mikli, the French avant-garde spectacle designer, is not quite so wearable, as the frames are more extreme, but anyone looking for a simple classic design with good quality frames and lenses is going for Persol."

Eye-Tech, of 44 Brewer Street, London W1 (071-734 1415), sells Matsuda's first sun-glass range in the UK. The small, antique-looking metal frames start at about £150.

Tony Gross, of Cutler & Gross, 16 Knightsbridge Green, London SW1 (071-581 2250), says: "My clients are going for a more glamorous look, like the big butterfly frames."

Ms Steele adds: "Romeo Gigli's new range of Thirties and Forties-style sun-glasses are small and subtle. They come in understated colours and there is nothing flashy about them. I'm sure these will sell well this summer, along with John-Paul Gaultier's sun-glasses, which really are different because he has made a feature of all the nuts and bolts on the frames."

Confused? Perhaps the answer may be to commission your own bespoke pair. Anglo American Eyewear will undertake any suitable design. Prices start at about £95. For details, contact Anglo American Eyewear, South Hill Park, Hampstead, London NW3 2SB (071-435 3811).

'The fickle finger of fashion has diversified the range'



Russian-style sun-glasses with a pop-up grille, £13.75, from Crackers, 62 Church Road, Barnes, London SW13

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THE WEEK IN PREVIEW

GALLERIES

LEE GRANDJEAN: New large sculpture, predominantly in wood, in which figures struggle with often unseen threats and challenges, by an artist who is moving closer towards mastery of an expressive and wholly original style. Wolsey Art Gallery, Ipswich (0473 213761). From Fri.

20TH-CENTURY RUSSIAN WATERCOLOURS AND DRAWINGS: Works by, among others, Bakst and Goncharova, who were commissioned by the Impresario and director Diaghilev. Ashmolean Museum, Oxford (0865 278000). From Tues.

POSTERS OF PERESTROIKA: Graphics produced by Interplast, a Leningrad poster workshop which issues propaganda about subjects previously unacknowledged in the Soviet Union such as AIDS and the plight of war veterans. Cornerhouse, Manchester (061 228 7621). From Sat June 16.

THE SOLSHEVNIK POSTER 1917-1925: Housing works on themes

such as illiteracy, public health and food production which were distributed around the Soviet Union after the October Revolution. Whitworth Art Gallery, Manchester (061 273 4865). From Fri.

RUSSIAN FACES, SOVIET LIVES: Paintings 1910-45 of realist, social realist and modernist pedigree from the State Russian Museum, Leningrad. City Art Gallery, Manchester (061-236 5244). From Sat June 16.

COURTAULD INSTITUTE GALLERIES: The entire major collection of paintings, from Giovanni Bellini to Monet and Van Gogh, goes on show in its new permanent home. Courtauld Institute Galleries, Somerset House, London WC2 (071-873 2526). From Fri.

THE BRITISH ART SHOW: This collection of radical works by artists under 35, which was much maligned by critics for its partiality and narrow-mindedness when shown previously in Glasgow and Leeds, arrives in London. Hayward Gallery, London SE1 (071-261 0127). From Thurs.

CONCERTS

AUTUMN PREMIERE: *String around Autumn* by Takemitsu, the Japanese composer whose music usually has much grace and unpredictable colour, receives its London premiere from the LSO under Kent Nagano with Nobuko Imai, the Japanese violinist. Then comes Mahler's Symphony No 9, which is dark and full of foreboding. Barbican Centre, London EC2 (071-638 8891). Tomorrow.

WEBSTER EXCURSIONS: Cello concertos by Haydn and Vivaldi, plus an arrangement of the popular *Adagio* attributed to Albinoni are heard from Julian Lloyd Webber, who directs the London Mozart Players as well as soloing. Luigi de Filippi takes over for Bach's Brandenburg Concerto No 3 and himself plays the violin in Vivaldi's perennial Seasons. Barbican Centre (as above). Mon.

CORSAIRE AND CONCERTOS: A sensitive conductor, Charles Dutoit

has charge of The Philharmonia for Berlioz's brilliant *Corsaire* Overture and Berlioz's Concerto for Orchestra, works which are equally exploratory of instrumental colours and textures. In between, the orchestra takes a back seat during Chopin's youthful Piano Concerto No 2 while the soloist, Emanuel Ax, dreams and rhapsodizes to his heart's content. Festival Hall, South Bank, London SE1 (071-928 8800). Tues.

VOYEURISM AND MURDER: The contemporary music group curiously named George W. Welch undertake Bley's *Murder* and give the world premiere of Hugh's *Voyeurism and Cochrane*. Also promised is Gardner's picturesque *Band Street*. Purcell Room, South Bank, London SE1 (071-928 8800). Wed.

FOUR QUARTETS: The Bingham Quartet favours us with a quartet of string quartets, one by Oudine de la Marinière, Elisabeth Maconchy's No 6, Haydn's Op 33 No 4, and Tippett's madrigal-like Quartet No 2. Purcell Room (as above). Fri.



THEATRE

Anyone who ever saw Carol Channing (left, in a Hirschfeld cartoon) as Dolly Levi in *Hell, Dolly!* will be aware that the creator of the role on Broadway could hardly be surpassed in it. The Jerry Herman musical, which has been phenomenally successful all over the world, makes a one-night re-appearance in London tomorrow, with Channing back where she belongs, centre-stage. The Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital will benefit from the proceeds of a gala production, organized by Barry Misher. The evening features Chita Rivera, Kaye Ballard, Dolores Gray, Nicholas McLaughlin, Maxine Audley, Josephine Blake, Wayne Sleep, Lee Roy Reams, Marie Helvin and Robert Meadmore among others, directed by David Toguri and Carole Todd. Composer Herman, David Jacobs, the Band of the Scots Guards, 24 drum majorettes and about 80 singers and dancers from West End shows will also be appearing. Donald Pippin and Jae Alexander will conduct the orchestra. Palladium, London W1 (071-437 7373). Tony Patrick

AFTER THE FALL: London premiere of an Arthur Miller 1963 play, directed by Michael Blakemore. With Josette Simon, James Lauderston, Lois Baxter. Cottesloe, Royal National Theatre, South Bank, London SE1 (071-928 2252). Previews from Fri. Opens June 20.

BERNADETTE, THE PEOPLE'S MUSICAL: Ernest Maun directs Natalie Wright in this musical based on the story of St Bernadette. Dominion, London W1 (071-580 8662). Previews from Thurs. Opens June 21.

JULIUS CAESAR: Caroline Smith directs, with Patrick O'Connell, Pip Donaghy, Martin Clunes. Open Air Theatre, Regents Park, London NW1 (071-486 2431). Previews from Mon. Opens Wed.

ROCK

They Might Be Giants swept into our nation's chart last January as if from nowhere, — a phenomenon consisting of two men, an accordion, an acoustic guitar and some mildly zany talk about erecting a "Birdhouse in Your Soul". Gradually, details began to emerge about the two Johns from Brooklyn and even if the album *Flood* brought with it more than its fair share of bilge, audiences warmed to their hyperactive combination of harmony pop, vaudeville and lightweight rock'n'roll. Now they are back on tour for more oddball interplay with their fans, while tooting another whimsical ditty as a new single, "Istanbul (Not Constantinople)". Irish Centre, Leeds (0532 480887) Mon. Ritz, Manchester (061 236 4355) Tues. Pavilion, Glasgow (041 332 1846) Thurs. Redcar Bowl (0642 480636) Fri. David Sinclair

CINEMA

A TALE OF SPRINGTIME (U): Eric Rohmer's absorbing study of the games people play, with Florence Durrell as a capricious teenager hoping to push her new friend (Anne Teyssedre) into her father's arms. Camden Plaza, London NW1 (071-485 2443), Chelsea Cinema, London SW3 (071-351 3742). From Fri.

MISS FIRECRACKER (PG): Holly Hunter as a feisty Missouri Miss determined to enter the local talent contest. Engaging, though writer Beth Henley overdoes the warm eccentricity. With Mary Steenburgen and Tim Robbins. Directed by Thomas Schlamme. Odeon Kensington, London W8 (071-602 6644). From Fri.

TREASURE ISLAND (PG): Stevenson's adventure newly filmed with Charlton Heston as Long John Silver, Christian Bale as Jim, and a cast of British stalwarts. Written and directed by Charlton's son, Fraser C. Heston.

ANITA BAKER: With her lovely voice and classic auster look, she is every inch the soul diva for the CD era. Wembley Arena (081-902 1234). Fri-Sun June 17.

THIN WHITE ROPE: Faintly countenanced, highly recommended, psycho-frenzied gang band from the desert community of Davis, California. Astoria, London WC2 (071-434 0403). Sat June 16.

URBAN DANCE SQUAD: Post-hip hop/heavy rock fiends from Amsterdam, renowned for their super-maniac energy and ferocious live show. Marquise, London WC2 (071-437 6603). Wed.

NEW MODEL ARMY: Northern, post-punk, clog-wearing enegades with a slavishly devoted following. First dates featuring revamped line-up with bassist Nelson replacing the departed Jason Harris. Queen Elizabeth Hall, Oldham (061 678 4072) Wed; Riverside, Newcastle (091 261 4388) Thurs; Brixton Academy, London SW9 (071-326 1022) Sat.

Warner West End, London WC2 (071-439 0791). From Fri.

THE INTRUDER: Welcome revival of Roger Corman's punchy drama from 1961 about a racist (William Shatner) stirring up trouble down South. Plus Welles's *Touch of Evil*, both in new prints. ICA Cinema, London SW1 (071-930 3647). From Fri.

SKI PATROL (PG): Broad comedy shenanigans at the Snowy Peaks Lodge, from the producer of the *Police Academy* series; with Roger Rose and Martin Mull. Director, Richard Corbett. Cannon Haymarket, London SW1 (071-639 1527). From Fri.

THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA (18): Harry Alan Towers's tedious variation on Gaston Leroux's story, starring Robert Englund (from *Nightmare on Elm Street*) as a marauding Phantom in the mould of Jack the Ripper. With Jill Schoelen, Alex Hyde-White, Stephanie Lawrence. Cannon Oxford Street, London W1 (071-630 0310). From Fri.

FESTIVALS

ALMEIDA INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF CONTEMPORARY MUSIC: Highlights include festival commission by John Cage, *Europeras 3 and 4*; Philip Glass's *The Fall of the House of Usher*; works by Kurt Weill (see Opera); and pieces by Iannis Xenakis, Elliott Carter and Terry Riley. Almeida Theatre, London N1 (071-359 4404). From Thurs.

EXETER FESTIVAL "Reflections": is the theme, with candlelit concerts in the cathedral; a Jessye Norman recital; and festival commissioned work from Richard Harvey. Also dance and drama at Northcott Theatre. Festival Office, Civic Centre, Exeter (0392 265200). From Wed.

WORTHING CENTENARY: Events to celebrate the formation of the borough. Taking place at various venues. Town Hall, Worthing, West Sussex. (0903 39999 ext 374). From tomorrow.

HEVER CASTLE SUMMER FESTIVAL: Kent Repertory Company perform at Lakeside Theatre: *The Tempest*, *She Stoops to Conquer*, and *Arms and the Man*. Also concerts of Mozart, jazz, and Charleston music. Box Office, Hever Castle, Edenbridge, Kent (0732 866114). From Fri.

BAILEYS SUMMERSTAGE: Open-air concerts from jazz to classical held in National Trust, English Heritage and other properties from this week, including Kedleston Hall (today), Audley End, Dyrham Park, Hopetoun House, Harwood House, Penvensey Castle, Kingston Lucy, Castle Howard and Bateman's. Details from venues (cc bookings 071-379 4444).

DANCE

KIROV BALLET: Performances of *Swan Lake* Mon-Sat. Coliseum, London WC2 (071-836 3161).

NORTHERN BALLET THEATRE: Christopher Gable's unusual production of *Giselle*. Sadler's Wells, London EC1 (071-278 8916). Tues-Sat.

DANCE INTO GLASGOW: International summer season of modern dance, with London Contemporary Dance Theatre offering two programmes of their latest productions. Theatre Royal Glasgow (041 331 1234). LCDT Tues-Sat.

FOLD: New work from Belgium by Kristina de Chatelet. Tramway Glasgow (041 227 5511) Fri and Sat.

RAMBERT DANCE COMPANY: Two programmes this week including Stephen Davies's new *Cherwon* on Fri and Sat. Bristol Old Vic (0272 284388).

JAZZ

ANDREW CYRILLE: Rarely sighted Free Jazz drummer, best known for his work with pianist Cecil Taylor. The Junction, Brighton (0273 207192) Thurs; Greenwich Festival, Trident Hall, London SE10 (081-317 8687) Fri; Leeds Trades Club (0532 742486/606301) Sat.

ANDY SHEPPARD: On the road with a curious saxophone-cello-percussion-vibes line-up featuring Ernst Reijseger. Bath Festival, The Pavilion (info 0225 463362) tomorrow; Zeffirelli's, Ambleside (05394 33845) Mon.

OPERA

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE: Covent Garden debut for both Simon Rattle and for Janáček's *Cunning Little Vixen* itself. Bill Bryden's production and William Dudley's designs are stunning; Thomas Allen and Lillian Watson head an excellent cast. Superbly conducted. Covent Garden, London WC2 (071-240 1068). Mon and Fri.

MOZART ENCOUNTER: John Eliot Gardiner conducts his period-instrument orchestra in concert performances of *Idomeneo* and *La Clemenza di Tito*. Strong casts include Anthony Rolfe Johnson (Idomeneo/Tito) and Anna Sofie von Otter (Idomeneo/Sesto). Queen Elizabeth Hall, South Bank, London SE1 (071-928 8800). Mon (*Idomeneo*), Thurs and Sat June 16 (*Clemenza*).

MODERN MUSIC THEATRE TROUPE: Paul Barker, a major operatic talent, presents his *Wall and Alcega Empedocle* in a double bill. Cast includes Brett Fanny, Barry Patterson, Simon Vaughan and Philippa Dames-Longworth. The Place Theatre, London WC1 (071-836 0008). Tues, Thurs and Sat June 16.

WELSH NATIONAL OPERA: The theme of the loss of our spiritual instincts is powerfully treated in John Metcalfe's new opera *Torrik*, superbly directed by Mike Ashman. Hippodrome, Birmingham (021-622 7486). Wed.

WELL MUSIC THEATRE: The excellent Matrix Ensemble celebrates the Kurt Weill anniversary with sequences from Paris and New York music theatre scores. Almeida Festival, London N1 (071-359 4404). Thurs and Sat June 16.



Music Box could not be further from the celebrated Laurel and Hardy two-reeler of much the same name. Director Costa-Gavras is a past master of the serious political drama, and the subject matter here is the quest for truth about Nazi war crimes. Jessica Lange plays the probing heroine — a Chicago criminal attorney defending her Hungarian-born father (Armin Mueller-Stahl, above with Lange) from accusations of heinous crimes during World War Two. As the investigation proceeds, the family's life becomes poisoned by fear and suspicion. The film re-unites Costa-Gavras with producer Irwin Winkler and writer Joe Eszterhas, who last joined forces on *Batman*. Eszterhas, himself the son of Hungarian refugees, researched several recent war crimes cases, including John Demjanjuk's epic trial in Israel. Costa-Gavras, however, places the emphasis on understanding the past, rather than vengeance. "The important thing is to discover how, as human beings, they could have committed such acts." The film met with a muted response in America, but European audiences have warmed to its worried questioning about family life and hidden guilt: at this year's Berlin Film Festival, *Music Box* shared the top prize. Odeon Haymarket, London SW1 (071-639 7697), from Friday, certificate 15. Geoff Brown

BRIDGE

When all else fails," wrote Somerset Maugham, "love, sport, ambition — bridge remains a solace." So, if even the dog ignores you, and you've given up on ever winning the London Marathon or playing the violin like Kreisler, you can still keep trying to raise your bridge game.

Without doubt, where most players could most readily improve their results is in the opening bid. Beginners are taught a Table of Preferred Leads, starting with such august holdings as A-K-Q and running the gamut, with the correct card undetermined. This temporary prop should soon be abandoned.

Paramount is not so much the particular card to lead but the choice of suit. This is a complete strategic problem, to be solved in the light of the bidding.

In the Omar Sharif Individual, West was faced with this problem:

W N E S
16 No 10 No 27 No
Do No No No

With both sides vulnerable, West held:
♠ K 5
♥ A J 3 2
♦ 9 8
♣ A Q J 10 8

At rubber bridge a bid of three clubs would be preferred to the double.

A defender looking at his suit in *vacuo* would probably lead his small doubleton. In context, this would be wrong, for if South is going to come anywhere near his contract he will have to make tricks in diamonds.

Wrong, too, as West is not sure he wants to ruff. In any case, there will be time later, as West has control of trumps.

The most promising line is to try to run declarer out of trumps by forcing him to ruff clubs. Such a plan is often the most powerful form of defence. Here, even if South has the king of clubs, it may still work.

In fact, South, sitting under the opening bid, is quite unlikely to have this card among his values. A badly placed king is a ground for *not* contesting the auction.

This was a deal where only repeated club leads would have set the contract. Picturing the unseen hands is the first step towards a good lead, but in the early days of artificial bidding systems the process of visualization sometimes led to bizarre results.

North dealer. Neither vulnerable.

♠ AKQ8642
♥ C A 10 8
♦ 9 7 5 2
♣ Q 8 5 4

W N E S
No 10 No 16
No 66 No 40

This was the year, 1954, when Britain won the Bermuda Bowl. For Italy, North's one diamond was artificial and forcing. South's one spade merely indicated a king, and three spades set the trump

suit. North finally bid six spades because he expected a stronger heart suit.

But the slam was hopeless. Declarer had a certain club loser and a diamond. West could have led any card in his hand and beaten the contract.

Could have, but didn't get the chance to. For East, Adam Meredith, led the jack of spades out of turn.

Meredith had pictured the layout for what it was, with the spade length in North's hand rather than South's. His subconscious mind therefore decided to treat North as the declarer.

South accepted the spade lead, won it in dummy, and took three rounds of hearts, ruffing. Now the 10 of spades in the closed hand was the entry that enabled him to cash two long hearts for 12 tricks.

Meredith, one of the greatest, had not only led out of turn but had broken a reliable rule: when leading a trump against declarer's expected eight or nine-card combined holding, lead the lowest. Had he led the 3 of spades instead of the jack, South would have had no way home.

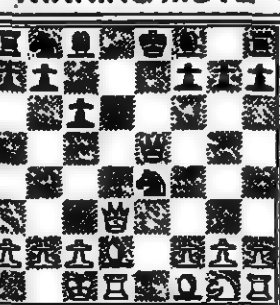
This rule is so firm that it should be followed even with a sequential holding such as J-10-8.

Leading the 8 gives nothing away, but leading the jack allows South to win in hand and finesse the 9.

Albert Dormer

CHESS

WINNING MOVE



White plays and wins.

Send your answer on a postcard with your name and address to: The Times Chess Competition, The Times, Pennington Street, London E1 9XN. The first three correct answers drawn on Thursday next week will win a Times wristwatch personal chess computer. The winning move will be printed in *The Times* next Saturday.

Solution to yesterday's position: 1. Phe2 mate. The black king.

The three winners of *The Times* personal chess computers are: Andrew Angel, Welwyn; Christopher T. C. King, London; and Alan Hargreaves, Folkestone, Kent.

In October in New York, transferring to Lyons at the halfway stage, Karpov will challenge Kasparov in their fifth battle in six years for the world title. How are both contenders shaping up in their recent events? Last year, in two mighty performances in the tournaments at Tilburg and Belgrade, Kasparov gained brilliant first prizes and pushed his rating to a record 2800, exceeding Fischer's previous peak by a full 15 points.

In this title match year, though, there have been disturbing signs that the world champion may be taking on too many responsibilities. This may distract him from his primary goal of retaining the title against Karpov.

Among these are his ongoing attempts to reform the Grandmaster Association, of which he is president, to become a more effective weapon in his lifelong battle against his arch enemy, Florencio Campomanes, the head of FIDE, the World Chess Federation. Even more extraordinary has been his recent foundation of a new political party in Moscow to oppose the communist establishment. There must be a danger that these extracurricular activities will take their toll of his concentration.

White: Kasparov; Black: Short. Paris, May 1990.

In this context, for example, I wonder how many readers

spotted what Kasparov missed in his play-off game against Nigel Short from Paris. In this position, which I gave last week, Kasparov played 37 fxe3+ and won on the 51st move. Much simpler would have been 37 Qf4! Kg4 38 f3+ Rxg3 39 Qxg3 mate. A singular occurrence for the world champion to overlook such a simple mate.

Karpov, meanwhile, has also been experiencing his own problems. According to my records the former champion has now gone for two years without winning an

undivided first prize in a tournament. Over that period he has come in second, or even third, to Nigel Short, Kasparov, Ivanchuk, Timman, Elisev and now in the Swedish tournament at Haninge, he was runner-up to the American Grandmaster Yasser Seirawan. The conclusion of their individual game must have been particularly galling for Karpov.

White: Seirawan; Black: Karpov. Haninge 1990.

In this position Seirawan has the advantage of rook

against knight but Black's passed pawn on f3 offers significant compensation. I would say that the position should end in a draw, but it has been played out, but at this moment Karpov overstepped the time limit and lost by clock forfeit.

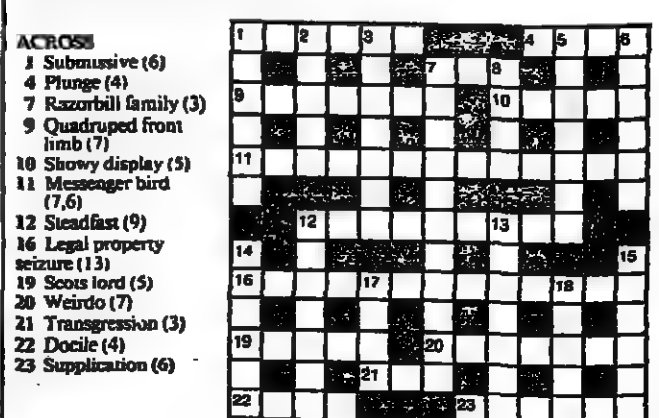
It should not, though, be overlooked that Karpov often discovers extra reserves of energy when it really matters. A case in point was his overwhelming match victory against Jan Timman earlier this year, in Kuala Lumpur, the contest which qualified Karpov for the renewed challenge in New York and Lyon against his perpetual rival.

Raymond Keene

CROSSWORD

CONCISE NO 2198

Prizes of the Collins Concise Dictionary will be given for the first two correct solutions opened on Thursday June 14. Entries should be addressed to: The Times Concise Crossword Competition, 1 Pennington Street, London E1 9XN. The winners and solution will be announced on Saturday, June 16.



ACROSS
1 Submissive (6)
4 Plunge (4)
7 Razorbill family (3)
9 Quadruped from limb (7)
10 Showy display (5)
11 Messenger bird (7,6)
12 Sledfish (9)
16 Legal property seizure (13)
19 Scots lord (5)
20 Weir (7)
21 Transgression (3)
22 Docile (4)
23 Supplication (6)

DOWN
1 Bear upon (6)
2 Court panel member (5)
3 Bones, teeth constituent (7)
5 Mitigate (7)
6 Invention (6)
7 Exasperation (11)
8 Foreign Legion coat (4)
12 Seek information (7)
13 Non day pupil (7)
14 Refuge (6)
15 Fisherman (6)
17 Finishes (4)
18 1990 World Football Cup host (5)

SOLUTION TO NO 2197
ACROSS: 8 Stealth 9 Novel 10 Erg 11 Par-simony 12 Steer 14 Egghead 17 Relapse 19 Abode 20 Paramedic 24 See 25
Down: 1 Assets 2 Mergre 3 Claptrap 4 Thor Heyerdahl 5 Aau 6 Evzone 7 Flayed 13 Tee 15 Glancing 16 And 17 Rapids 18 Lariat 20 Onside 21 Energy 23 Musk

The winners of prize concise No 2192 are: Mrs S. Costello, Stonebridge Grove, Farnham, Surrey, and J. F. Richmond, Warwick Road, Solihull, West Midlands.

SOLUTION TO NO 2192 (last Saturday's Prize Concise)
ACROSS: 1 Biceps 4 Stub 7 Low 9 Nirvana 10 Annual 11 Great Salt Lake 12 Hired hand 16 Play hard to get 19 Revere 20 Exerted 21 D R 22 Tusk 23 People
DOWN: 1 Benign 2 Curve 3 Planer 5 Tankard 6 Bullet 7 Law and order 8 Wart 12 Heavens 13 Article 14 Spirit 15 Stodge 17 Head 19 Get-up

Name: _____
Address: _____

Swindon's troubles deepen

By LOUISE TAYLOR

OSVALDO Ardiles, manager of Swindon Town, was flying back to England from Argentina last night as the troubled affairs of the club threatened to become even more turbulent.

The Inland Revenue is understood to be stepping up its interest in alleged irregularities at the club, which was demoted from the first to the third division after a Football League management committee inquiry on Thursday. And the League may be far from finished with its own investigations into illegal payments made to players and officials and abuses of the transfer system intended to defraud fellow clubs between 1985 and 1989.

Not only did Swindon plead guilty to 36 such charges before the League commission but they also admitted a further 20 offences. Such was the magnitude of Swindon's misdemeanours that the League is understood to have seriously contemplated expelling them.

The charges relate to a period between 1985 and December 1989 during which time the club rose from the fourth to the second division.

That period includes the arrival of Ardiles, the former Tottenham Hotspur and Argentina player, who was installed as manager last August, and it is known that four of the players who proved prominent in Swindon's promotion to the first division for the first time benefited from payments in breach of League regulations. Although Gary Herbert, the present chairman, did not succeed Brian Hillier until April of this year, he was previously a vice-chairman and has been a director of the club since 1983. Herbert and the entire board of directors, plus Ardiles and nine players presently with Swindon and three now at other clubs could be the subject of a another League commission which will determine whether further will be imposed on individuals.

Its convening could be delayed by the need to avoid prejudicing the impending legal proceedings involving charges laid against Hillier, Macari, and Vincent Farrer, the former club accountant. The trio are on conditional bail following their arrests in May for offences involving failure to declare tax and



Focus of attention: Gary Herbert (second left), the chairman of Swindon Town, at the County Ground yesterday, announces the club's intention to appeal against their demotion from the first to the third division with (from left) Colin Howard, a Swindon director, Derique Montant, the mayor of Swindon, Simon Coombs, the local MP, and Chris Scott, the chairman of the supporters club, in attendance

national insurance liabilities. They are due to appear before Swindon magistrates on Tuesday but it could be months until the case reaches Crown Court.

The League has confirmed that it will be re-convening the transfer tribunals which fixed the transfer fees of Tim Parkin, sold to Swindon by Bristol Rovers, Jon Gittens, who arrived from Southampton, Colin Calderwood, who came from Mansfield Town, Steve Foley, bought from Sheffield United, Ross MacLaren, signed from Derby County, and Martin Ling, who moved from Exeter City.

"The six selling clubs have been de-frauded, they are entitled to compensation, and the situations will be reassessed," Andy Williamson, the League's assistant secretary, said yesterday.

It is understood that Swindon officials misled the transfer tribunals as to the amount it could afford to pay the

players involved, thereby prompting the tribunal to lower the transfer fees, whereupon Swindon paid the players extra cash, neglecting to declare such sums for tax and national insurance purposes.

The League management committee will announce which clubs will take up the first and second division places left vacant by Swindon's demotion on Monday at the latest, but it is understood that Sheffield Wednesday and Bournehead, relegated from the first and second divisions at the end of the season stand to benefit, as opposed to Sunderland and Tranmere Rovers, the beaten second and third division play-off finalists.

In 1968, when Peterborough United were demoted to the fourth division for transfer irregularities, Mansfield, who would otherwise have been relegated, were allowed to retain their third division place.

Nevertheless Swindon yes-

terday informed the League that they intend to appeal to the Football Association.

Captain Stevens

IAN Stevens, the lock forward, will lead London Irish rugby union club next season, in succession to TW Fitzgerald, who is now working in the United States. Air Commodore Paddy Forsythe, formerly the club chairman, has been elected president.

Hornets transfer

ROCHDALE Hornets rugby league club has agreed to pay Halifax around £50,000 for Colin Whitfield, aged 29, the former Salford and Wigan utility back. Whitfield, a former Great Britain Under-24 international, has accepted a one-year contract with Rochdale.

Harwood at York

THE Australian golfer, Mike Harwood, who won the Volvo PGA golf championship at Wentworth last month, will play in the £250,000 Murphy's Cup at Fulford, York from August 9 to 12.

REGULATIONS BROKEN

Extract from Regulation 58. Clubs shall not make or offer to make any payment whatsoever in cash or in kind to Players or their families or any other person as an inducement to sign other than those provided for in these Regulations.

Extract from Regulation 57 (2). Full. All of all payments to or benefits, paid in cash or in kind on behalf of Players must be included in the contract of service.

It shall be a condition of all payments to Players that all stipulated sums in the contract of service shall be strictly adhered to by all Clubs and Players.

Regulation 70. (1) If in the opinion of the Management Committee a contract of service has been drawn up or amended with the purpose or effect of avoiding or evading the payment of full compensation in accordance with the intent of the provisions of this Regulation, the Management Committee shall require the Club which is responsible for so drawing up or amending the contract to pay to the Club entitled to compensation the amount of compensation which the Management Committee considers in its absolute discretion ought to be paid.

(2) If in the opinion of the Management Committee any Club unfairly traffics or deals in the registration of any Player or other person in any way the system of transfer and compensation provided for by these Regulations or the intent thereof, such Club shall be treated as having committed a breach of these Regulations. If applicable, the Management Committee shall require such Club to pay to the Club from whom the registration of any Player was transferred such sum as the Management Committee may consider just.

Regulation 57. No club shall make any contractual arrangement pursuant to which a Director shall be remunerated (as provided in Football Association Rules), or pursuant to which the terms of any such contract or arrangement as previously approved hereunder shall be altered unless and until full details thereof have been submitted to the Management Committee and received its written approval. The appointment as a Director of a person other than a Director of the Club shall be subject to a contract of arrangement with a club pursuant to which such person receives or may receive remuneration shall be an arrangement falling within this regulation.

DeFreitas sends down unkindest cutter for all

By ALAN LEE, CRICKET CORRESPONDENT

ENGLAND had to wait until past 5 o'clock yesterday before the weather related long enough for them to take on further New Zealand wicket. It was, however, the sort of day when it might have been kinder to everyone, not least the crowd, to abandon hope.

When even one ball had been bowled, it meant that the long suffering customers would receive no refunds. And, in truth, there was never likely to be much more than that, such was the gloom hanging over Nottingham.

DeFreitas, scantily rewarded for his fine bowling on Thursday, was one who did not complain. His first ball accounted for Priest, edging a leg cutter to Russell. His second over was less auspicious - two short balls which brought seven runs for Bracewell, then a warning from umpire Bird for encroaching on the pitch.

Soon, Bird was fretting and the batsmen made justifiable gestures about the light and, after five overs, the inevitable happened, greeted with noisy disavowal by what remained of the crowd.

The last time England's Test team was seriously grounded by rain examined every stiff upper lip as seldom before. It was in Trinidad, 11 weeks ago, and the cost of it was a series in the Caribbean. By comparison, yesterday's depressing vigil was greeted with silent resignation by a few thousand patrons for whom a washed-out cricket match was like a long lost friend.

It has been three summers since the weather took a hand in a Cornhill series and the Test and County Cricket Board might have been forgiven for forgetting to pay their premium on the facility

for repaying spectators for a completely lost day. Conditions were so miserable yesterday that, soon after lunch, groups in the crowd were loudly demanding that play should be abandoned. They may, of course, have been anxious to acquaint themselves with the N'konos and Mboush of Cameroon, but it has to be said that this match has not provoked a stampede at the turnstiles.

Old habits die hard and, no matter that New Zealand's recent record commands the utmost respect, the public is evidently loathe to discard their traditional snuffy dismissal of them as less than compulsive viewing. Given the response to England's winter efforts, one might have expected the first three days of this game to be sold out.

Those who watched proceedings closely would have been struck by the appearance of the England players in new practice gear, sporting the name of the Test sponsors. This is rather more than a spot of propaganda; it may indeed be a signpost to the future as, later this month, England will support a proposal, due before the annual meeting of the International Cricket Council, to allow advertising on shirts and sweaters in international matches.

Such overt commercialism on clothing has always been taboo in Test cricket but I understand that West Indies, New Zealand and Pakistan will join with England in pressing for new legislation.

The likelihood is that discreet names, or logos, will be permitted on the collars and breast-pocket of shirts, and possibly on sweaters. England's authorities expect that such an opportunity could bring in £1 million a year.

TRENT BRIDGE SCOREBOARD

NEW ZEALAND First Innings				
	50	100	150	200
T J Franklin b Malcolm	33	-	2	177
David Gower b Malcolm	8	-	-	81
Pauline b Stewart b B Smith	8	-	-	45
A H Jones b Stewart b Malcolm	39	-	4	142
M D Brown b DeFreitas	59	1	5	112
Jameson not out	1	-	-	18
M J Greenbush b Hemmings	1	-	-	8
M W Priest b Russell b DeFreitas	28	-	1	75
Jameson not out	0	-	-	29
M C Snedden not out	15	-	-	115
J G Brindley not out	15	-	-	115
Extras (b 1, lb 6, w 1)	8	-	-	188
Total (8 wickets)	188	-	-	188

England: D A Gough, M A Atherton, A J Stewart, A J Lamb, R A Smith, N H Fairbrother, H C Russell, P A J DeFreitas, E E Hemmings, G C Ball, D E Malcolm.

TELEVISION COVERAGE: Today: BBC1: 10.55am-8pm: Grandstand Live play from third day (with football, tennis and racing). BBC2: 4.40-6.30pm: Live play. BBC3: 8.10pm: Highlights. Tomorrow: BBC1: 10am-midday: Highlights of the third day. WEATHER: Bright start but becoming cloudy and showery. Temperatures 15-18°C. Wind light, northerly.

World Cup opens with a sending off

From DAVID MILLER MILAN

Argentina 0
Cameroon 1



More World Cup football page 48

THE World Cup opened last night with the holders, Argentina, astonishingly beaten by Cameroon, who were down to 10 men when they took the lead in the 66th minute through a header by Omam Biyick. The ball went under the body of the Argentinian goalkeeper, Pumpido, who reacted slowly. Minutes before, Kassa Biyick, had been sent off for a professional foul.

Argentina and Cameroon may not have been setting exceptional standards, but Michel Vautrot, the referee from France, was doing his best. If the rest of the referees in this fourteenth World Cup are to emulate Vautrot, we should have a competition under control, at least on the pitch.

The teams were led out at the start behind four teenagers bearing a yellow flag em-

blazoned with the words "fair play". Joao Havelange, President of FIFA, had demanded the utmost in observance of the laws. Within nine minutes Massimo, the close marker put on Maradona by Cameroon's Soviet manager, Neponiachi, was booked for clattering into Maradona from behind.

A quarter of an hour later N'dip, Cameroon's sweeper, was also in the book for a tackle which left his stud marks on Maradona's left shoulder. And to balance the books, as it were, a short while

after that, Sensini, one of Argentina's rear guard, was instantly booked for pulling down a through pass with his left hand. The same strictness would have seen four bookings against Argentina in the 1978 final for this last offence against the Netherlands, when in fact nothing was done.

It was not an auspicious opening to the tournament. Argentina quickly revealing that their team work is at sixes and sevens, though just occasionally when they pieced together a movement they would have Cameroon reeling for a few seconds.

The crowd, from the moment the teams walked out, were hugely in favour of the Africans, hooting at Argentina and Maradona in particular, no doubt on account of resentment at Napoli stealing the League title from Milan.

When Cameroon in the early minutes strung together a ripple of consecutive passes, the crowd cheered as though they were winning the Cup itself. The attendance was 73,000, which meant, surpris-

ingly, that there were several thousand empty seats. Against all prediction, Cameroon omitted their star French goalkeeper, Bell, from Bordeaux, preferring N'kono, their hero from the World Cup in 1982. But Neponiachi decided to leave Milla, his 38-year-old forward brought back into the squad after two retirements, on the bench.

With M'Fede playing an intelligent deep lying attacking role on the left and supplying long through balls and diagonal crosses for Omam and Maknaky, the early initiative was with Cameroon. Argentina were languid, occasionally in a muddle, their movements uncoordinated. There seemed plenty of rust in the machine, and up front Maradona stood around waiting for things to happen. Mostly, they didn't.

Yet the electricity was always there in those short explosive legs if defenders around him even half hesitated.

Argentina should have gone in front after a quarter of an hour when Cameroon's back

line failed to pick up a run by Basualdo from midfield, and with an unmarked header he put the ball untidily wide. Five minutes later it was Argentina's turn to shiver. For the second time, Pumpido in goal, one of five survivors from the winning team in Mexico, was dreadfully slow coming off his line.

Maknaky almost beat him to the ball some 10 yards out and Basualdo, desperate for defending, almost put the ball in his own net as he scrambled it away for a corner.

There was no real rhythm from either side, though Cameroon were finding the better balance of two inconsistent teams. Then on the half-hour a marvellous piece of dexterity by Maradona, spinning, side-stepping, and floating the ball over N'dip, made a difficult half-chance for Burroughs which he could not take and was blocked by Ancono.

A few minutes later Ancono punched away off Valdo's head following a corner.

Argentina (1-2-5-2): 1 N Pumpido; 20 J Simon; 10 O Ruggeri (sub: 8 C Gamba); 17 R Sensini (sub: 6 G Calciolari); 11 Fobert; 13 N Lorenzini; 2 S Basile; 14 J

Basualdo; 7 J Burroughs; 10 D Lorenzini; 3 A Basso.

CAMEROON (1-2-5-2): 16 T N'kono; 17 A N'kono; 4 B Messing; 14 B Tanyi; 6 E Kunde; 5 D Eweh; 9 E Eweh; 2 A Kassa; 10 L P' Milla (sub: 15 T Lili); 7 F Otonu; 20 C Maknaky; Referee: M Vautrot (FR).

Grant threat

The Sports Aid Foundation, which gives money to leading British sportsmen and women, is to withdraw the grant of anyone tested positive for drugs in competition or training.

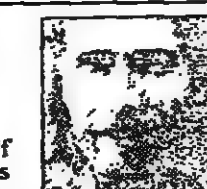
René keeping his cool for rush job

Rome

THE eternal city is bracing itself for the Coppa del Mondo. So is the rest of Italy, especially the poor Sardinians, who have drawn the short straw, and the English. But here in the capital we can think globally, and ponder one of the eternal questions of existence - well, it will be an eternal question for at least the next four weeks. The questions is, of course, who will be the player of the World Cup?

This column is going for René Higuita. Inevitably, bearing in mind the imperishable traditions of this space, Higuita is a goalkeeper. He plays for Colombia, and if all goalkeepers are crazy, this one is de-motivated beyond all hope of redemption. His ambition for the length of the pitch and score. He sees life in terms of the big issues, and refuses to be tied down by those dull, tactical demands of the role that are normally accepted by the small-minded. Higuita is what in playground games was termed - at least in the playgrounds of my youth - a rush-goalie.

He plays as sweeper as well as goalie, and loves to set off on mazy dribbles upfield, looking for an open-



SEBASTIAN BARNES ON SATURDAY

ing, with the goal unprotected behind him. For him, goalkeeping is an adventure, an unending search for glory at either end of the pitch. One penalty area is an insufficient stage for a man of his nature and his talent. He takes all the penalties, as you would expect, and he hits them with either foot. In fact, he scored the winning goal in a qualifying match against Paraguay. His record for saving penalties is pretty good as well. "I stay cool because I know what I am doing," he said.

A couple's bridled joy

Congratulations to Caroline Arnold and Gerry Murphy, who are in Sicily to follow the fortunes of the Republic of Ireland team, and also to get married. The couple will do the deed today in Gangi, Palermo, which is, I learn, a sister city to Clonmel in Ireland. After the wedding they will ride into town in a carriage surrounded by honours. I wish them joys throughout the World Cup and beyond into real life.

Let's hear it for Wolfgang Overath. For Wolfgang is the most successful player in World Cup history, and I can prove it. So, he scored only three goals in 19 matches for West Germany: that is not the point. The point is his record: he was on the winning side in 15 matches in three tournaments, and no one can beat that.

US happily waffling on

Clearly the No. 1 oddities of this tournament are not Cameroon or the United Arab Emirates, but the United States, who surfed out here on a tidal wave of national indifference, leaving behind them a country utterly overwhelmed by its acquisition of the World Cup for 1994. The team itself has got the grumps with its training camp in Terrenia, nine miles south of Pisa. Theirs is the most heavily guarded team of the tournament, and they find the lack of festive atmosphere rather depressing. Efforts to make them feel happier include the importation of a cook from a US Army base to teach their Italian cooks to prepare muffins and pancakes for breakfast. "There was a bit of a cultural gap," said a not inaptly named spokesman for the US Army. Jeff Fry. "The Italian cooks kept asking us whether Americans really did eat all this for breakfast." He

added handsomely: "Once you get past breakfast, Italian food is fine."

Sad lack of posthaste

THE world of golf can relax again: disaster has been averted. Life can continue, for the putter with which Bill Rogers won the Open in 1981 has turned up after going missing for six months. It was sent through the post, vanished into the maw of the Post Office, and seemed to have disappeared forever. The idea was that it would become a part of the Royal and Ancient's new golf museum at St Andrews in Scotland, which opens later this month. However, the putter - why do they make the bats such a silly shape in this game? - turned up in Portsmouth, which is not bad for a near miss. Apparently, Portsmouth is the place to which all lost things in the south of England gravitate. It was rescued from oblivion by a Post Office golf out.

G Brian Hyslop, a player with the Great Britain amateur rugby league team (losing the South Pacific, was sent off in a match against Apia in Western Samoa. The Western Samoan disciplinary committee fined him one pig. This must be provided in time for the banquet that follows the match against Western Samoa today.

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The Times on the first day of the World Cup finals in Italy as the home nations prepare to meet the challenge

Robsons united in choice of champions

FROM STUART JONES
FOOTBALL CORRESPONDENT
CAGLIARI

THE England manager and his captain spoke with one voice yesterday when they considered not only their first-round opponents, but the whole of the field in the World Cup. Both Bobby Robson and Bryan Robson picked out the Netherlands as the immediate concern, as well as the potential champions.

With the exception of Mühren, the Dutch side is the same as that which won the European title two summers ago. Even Rinus Michels, who was in charge then, has been reinstated. "If they can find their rhythm again," Bobby Robson said, "they will be a danger."

His namesake forecasts that the

Netherlands "could go all the way if Gullit turns it on". But Bryan Robson does not discount the possibility of England playing them twice in the tournament. The two nations collide here next Saturday, and could bump into each other again in the final on July 8 in Rome.

"I would be more than happy to reach the final," Bryan Robson said. "We know it won't be easy, but this is the best England side in my 10 years. The only way to prove that is to go beyond the quarter-finals. We haven't been that far since 1966. The semi-finals often come down to luck. The form of the players matters, of course, but you need a bit of good fortune on the day."

He remembers his own cruel misfortune in the competition four

years ago, when he dislocated his shoulder during the goalless draw against Morocco in Monterrey. "I knew I needed an operation but so many people advised me that, if I exercised, I would be all right. I did hundreds of press-ups a day but the gamble didn't work."

Like his manager, he feels that Argentina, the eventual champions, did not beat England convincingly in the quarter-final. "The first goal in big games like that is so important," Bryan Robson said. "After Maradona's famous goal, they could defend in numbers and hit us on the break. The top teams are especially good at that. Maradona would not have been allowed to score that second goal against many international sides."

"We knock our game, but nearly

every foreign side blocks people who are going through. I've been elbowed in every game I've played for England."

He is about to collect his 36th cap, and he estimates that injuries have cost him another 32. He declares now that he is fully fit. He is also ready to erase the dark memories of the European championship in West Germany in 1988.

In spite of creating, in Bobby Robson's opinion, "three times as many openings" as the Republic of Ireland, England lost the opening tie 1-0, and never recovered from the initial setback.

"If we make as many chances against them on Monday I don't think we'll miss all of them again," Bryan Robson said.

"A good start is so important. You only have to look at us in the

last two World Cups to see that."

In 1982, he claimed the fastest goal in World Cup history, after a mere 27 seconds, against France in Bilbao. "We got off to a flying start, won 3-1, and that gave us confidence. We ended up unbeaten. In 1986 we lost 1-0 to Portugal, although we didn't play badly, and struggled to qualify."

The leader of the squad, he states that Bobby Robson's impending departure has not affected the spirit or the determination of his colleagues. "We knew that either the FA or the gaffer would want a change after the World Cup so it wasn't a surprise, but we expected it to come out later. We've worked together for four years for this, not just a few months, and we all hope now to reap the rewards."

Wright and Woods, who will be

chosen as a reserve central defender and goalkeeper respectively if they are fit, will undergo further examinations tomorrow. Otherwise, the team is prepared.

Bryan Robson said that he is on an individual as well as a collective mission. He wants to win 100 caps, a target which would require him to feature in the qualifying stages of the 1992 European championship. He intends to be involved.

"I'll have to keep Paul Gascoigne, Neil Webb, Steve McMahon and David Platt out of the side, and they are all excellent players."

"But I want to play well enough during these finals so that the new gaffer finds it difficult to leave me out."

That possibility can already be disregarded.

Whelan to return for tie with Egypt

FROM CLIVE WHITE
RABAT, MALTA

RONNIE Whelan finally faced up to the inevitable here yesterday when he ruled himself out of the Republic of Ireland team to face England in their opening World Cup game in Cagliari on Monday. But with renewed optimism he declared that he would definitely be fit for the Republic's second game, against Egypt, in Palermo, in eight days' time.

Whelan, who has sustained an injury to his left thigh in his efforts to recover too quickly from a broken right foot, soon realised after the start of the full-scale practice match that the promise he made two days ago about attaining fitness was based more on hope than expectation.

"I just can't get any quicker," he said after withdrawing himself 10 minutes from the end of the hour-long match. "I'm one pace all the time and it's not a very good pace. I couldn't get through that game so I've no chance of getting through the game on Monday. If I was in a situation where I had to chase Linaker I'd have no chance without being 100 per cent fit. A couple more days and it might have been different."

Despite what Jack Charlton, the Republic of Ireland manager, said afterwards about "mixing it up and giving everyone a game" the practice match, certainly from the outset, looked distinctly like the Probables versus the Possibles. Whelan was declaring his hand in a match played before a handful of holidaymakers and only a couple of British and Irish journalists, then the team to play England would be Bomer, Morris, Hughson, McCarthy, Whelan, Houghton, McGrath, Townsend, Sheedy, Aldridge, Cascarino.

The notable omissions from that line-up, other than Whelan, were Staunton and O'Leary. Staunton played throughout the hour-long match. O'Leary only came on in the second half for McCarthy. Morris and Staunton had been Charlton's first-choice full back pairing since the European championship finals two years ago, in which Staunton has gained 13 caps, the most recent only last Saturday against Malta. Morris has appeared in 21 of the Republic's last 24 internationals.

Houghton has performed on either flank usually only in the case of injury to the other two. But since arriving here at the start of their 11-day build-up to the finals, the Tottenham Hotspur full back has, in the words of Morris, "been playing out of his skin". Staunton conceded that Houghton's "10 years' first division experience and that of a European championship" could tell against him. He admitted that his own form has not been outstanding. Just to compound his concern, Staunton scored an own goal in a 2-1 win for the Probables, for whom Aldridge scored two.

Inexperience is hardly an excuse which O'Leary, with 51 caps, could use should he again be overlooked at a crucial moment by the manager. He fell out with four years ago when the Arsenal defender put a family holiday before a tour to Iceland.

There was good news, though, for Houghton, the other Liverpool player over whom there was serious injury doubts when the squad left Dublin two weeks ago. He proved that doubt his recovery from a back injury with a sharp performance.

Dublin may move

The Brighton defender, Keith Dublin, aged 24, is to have talks with Watford. He has missed only seven games since joining Brighton from Chelsea for £35,000 nearly three years ago.

Galliers to coach

The former Wimbledon mid-fielder, Steve Galliers, who joined Maidstone last season, has been appointed full-time youth team coach by the Kent fourth division club.

WORLD CUP NOTEBOOK

Cup could go East in year 2002

WHILE the globe's countless million football followers have now immersed their noses in the World Cup trough, the game's jolly administrators are already looking ahead to the next century.

João Havelange, the president of FIFA, the game's governing body, said: "In the year 2002, the Cup could be held in Asia." He warned that Korea would have to become one country to become a candidate, pointed to Japan's experience at organising the Olympic Games and to China's hosting of the Asian Games in September. Saudi Arabia is also in the frame, having successfully staged the FIFA youth championship.

Japan has, typically, stolen a march by distributing a glossy brochure in Rome boasting its facilities.

Sitting tenants

UNEXPECTED beneficiaries of the World Cup are Rome's squatters and rent dodgers who will be left undisturbed, as the city authorities have diverted the city's 11,000 police and Carabinieri to the more pressing matter of ensuring the success of the finals over the next month.

Barnes in front

JOHN Barnes astounded his England team-mates on the golf course next to their hotel at Is Molas in Sardinia by driving a ball 315 yards - having never played the game before.

The party's golf addicts were not the only ones to be impressed. A golf coach said: "He's a natural. He has to take up the game. The average professional hits the ball around 260 yards."

Barnes's effort won the design prize in a competition organised by Wilson, the sports firm, but the "Wilson World Cup" was collected by Steve McMahon, Barnes's Liverpool team-mate. The coach, however, warned: "By the next World Cup, John will be winning the golf tournament for sure."

Goalless zone

McMULLEN, the brewery in Hereford, has designated some of its public houses as "World Cup free zones" for customers who want to sup their pinters clear of the moving football frescoes of wall-sized video screens and the pervasive presence of World Cup know-all.

Freedom road

HAVING ridden the road to freedom, Romanian sports officials and football supporters are now taking a free ride to Bari and Naples to watch the World Cup.

The 1,000-strong party are being given an all expenses-paid trip by the Italian authorities. "We are doing this as friends of the Romanian people and out of solidarity for the Romanian people," Constanza Iannotti, a hotel owner in the southern city of Telesse, said.

Tana's reward

LONG-DISTANCE support has brought its reward for Dan Tana, who spent £20,000 travelling from his home in Los Angeles to Europe to watch Yugoslavia play their qualifying matches. Tana, once on the board at Brentford, is a guest in Italy of the Yugoslav football federation.

Cup overflow

ALL moans about television's obscenity to the World Cup, thank your stars that you do not live in Brazil. All four television networks are promising live coverage of every Brazil match. One of them, Manchete has named its coverage "Total World Cup", promising 20 hours of football daily. Both Manchete and Bandeirantes will show all 52 matches in their entirety.

FROM RODDY FORSYTH
NAPOLIO

THE overblown structure of the World Cup finals is a guarantee that, in the opening stages at least, the two-dozen managers and coaches are obliged to have a grasp of arithmetical possibilities which would do justice to a bookmaker's tallyman. Group C is no exception to the ferment of calculation which has overtaken the participants, but it is not easy to distil a consensus from the predictions emerging from the various camps.

The Brazilians have suddenly developed manic depressive tendencies, despite the general feeling that this tournament offers them the chance to restore their ascendancy. They have pulled up the drawbridge at their training camp in Asti, declining to talk even to their own compatriots, so that when Roberto Falcao arrived yesterday to visit the squad, the architect of former Brazilian triumphs was mobbed by grateful journalists.

He offered no substantial hope that Brazil will electrify as so many expect them to do. "We have no Socrates, no Zico, no Pele. We have had to make arrangements which are not usual in our style of football," he said.

"We have fears for our form, which are not good for a team which needs to express itself through its football. I think both Scotland and Sweden could cause us serious problems. The first game against Sweden will have a lot to do with the way this group develops."

If Andy Roxburgh, the Scottish coach, could have heard Falcao, he would have nodded in agreement. Instead, he was attempting to fathom the result which would suit Scotland best from the collision of the Swedes and the Brazilians and failing to reach any firm conclusions.

"A draw might be the most useful outcome for us because,



Johnston: steady recovery

if we beat Costa Rica in our first match, we would then be top of the group and that would be a very handy position to be in."

However Roxburgh conceded that if the Swedes were to beat Brazil, they might approach their second match against the Scots secure in the knowledge that a draw would carry them into the next stage and that, in such circumstances, they could be less inclined to exert maximum pressure on their opponents.

All of this, of course, is no more than a diversion from the main object of carrying Scotland into the second stage of the tournament for the first time in five attempts. The platform for Scottish success depends on victory against Costa Rica in Genoa on Monday, because the Scots will be content to be third in their group providing their goal difference holds up.

Yesterday, Roxburgh turned his mind to the kind of victory which would best suit his players, and he said: "If you told me now that we will beat Costa Rica 1-0, I would



Practice makes perfect: Marco van Basten, the forward, spearheading The Netherlands' challenge in the World Cup finals, is squeezed off the ball during a training session in Palermo yesterday by his colleagues, the defenders, Ronald Koeman (left) and John van Loen

Sardinian fair-deal appeal

BY JOHN GOODBODY, CAGLIARI

AS THOUSANDS of England supporters began flooding into Cagliari, the leading Sardinian newspaper yesterday appealed to local residents not to regard all their visitors as potential hooligans.

In a front-page editorial, which tried to calm the fears of the inhabitants and at the same time restrain any of the local youth from attacking the English, *L'Unione Sarda* spoke of the "hooligan psychosis" which has developed on the Mediterranean island.

"They say the hooligans are probably racist. This is probably true, but at least we Sards should try to judge people by their behaviour and not their nationality. Witch-hunting in any era has never brought any good," it said.

The words had particular force because yesterday three Englishmen were attacked, but not seriously injured, by some local young men.

The paper said: "Maybe it was inevitable after people have talked about nothing else but violence for months, but the island has been taken over by hooligan psychosis with a result that every male English citizen

who is between 15 and 60 becomes indelibly stamped the hooligan."

"It is really believable that all the 10,000 English arriving in Sardinia are hooligans devoted to fortuitous violence," it asked. "Generalisations like these are always dangerous."

The newspaper added that it was probably too late to appeal for good sense and asked people not to behave in this way. It agreed that England possessed a history of football-related violence but added: "We should remember the furious battles outside our own stadiums before setting out the equation: the English equal hooligans."

Steve Beauchamp, a spokesman for the English Football Supporters Association, applauded the leader, stating that it was "about time the Sardinian press, after months of whipping up hysteria was finally seeing sense". He appealed to the English supporters to turn the cheek and to walk away from trouble.

Meanwhile, officers of the National Football Intelligence Unit arrived from London with a computer carrying details of 1,200 known troublemakers.

Baker's brother

KEVIN Baker, aged 15, of the Lilleshall Hall club in Shropshire, the brother of European PGA Tour professional Peter Baker, has entered the Esso/Daily Express national boys' golf championship. Over 400 players will be playing 12 qualifying rounds before the final in September.

Woman referee

WELLINGTON, New Zealand (AFP) - One of New Zealand's oldest provincial rugby unions has taken on its first women referee, Michelle Smith, aged 17. She is the first woman referee in the 109-year history of the Otago Rugby Football Union.

Vicini dislikes Italy being favourites

ITALY begin their World Cup campaign with a group A match against Austria in Rome tonight, burdened with the weight of public expectation and the title of the bookmakers' favourites.

The Italian coach, Azzeglio Vicini, said: "We know we're one of the favourites, but there are five or six other teams that have players who are just as talented. To be favoured to the degree that we have been perhaps is not good." His caution is justified by the fact that Austria have been in by far the more convincing form during the warm-up matches before the finals and that Italy have been notoriously slow starters in previous finals.

Vicini has yet to select who will partner Gianluca Vialli, who has recovered from a damaged hamstring, in Italy's attack. Andrea Carnevale, of Naples, is expected to win the role ahead of Aldo Serena, Salvatore Schillaci, Roberto Baggio and Roberto Mancini.

Vialli and Carnevale both looked sharp in scoring two goals in a training game against the AS Roma youth squad on Wednesday.

The Austrian coach, Josef Hickersberger, said: "We are really on a high. The team is running like an express train. The Austrians tuned up for the tournament by beating the Netherlands in the European



champions, 3-2 with the lesser-known players, Robert Pecl, Manfred Zsak and Anton Pfeffer scoring the goals. "When

you're confident and playing well then goals can come from any one," Hickersberger said.

Toni Polster and Gerhard Rodas remain the more expected source of goals tonight, although Italy have an impressive defensive record, inspired by their sweeper, Franco Baresi. The free kick from Cruz which brought Brazil a 1-0 win in Bologna last October was the only goal Italy have conceded in their last 10 matches.

The Brazil midfield player, Dunga, passed a fitness test on a strained leg muscle yesterday and will play against Sweden in Brazil's opening World Cup group C match. Dunga is the Brazil coach, Sebastiao Lazaroni's, main ball-winner in midfield.

Sweden pin their hopes on the forward, Tomas Brodin, who has in two months risen from the anonymous ranks of domestic football to become Sweden's prime hope for goals. Brodin, aged 20, has an impressive scoring record of four goals in two internationals.

Romania will be without the suspended midfielder player, Gheorghe Hagi, for their match against the Soviet Union in

group B tonight. Hagi, serving a one-match suspension for being sent off in a qualifying match against Denmark, is expected to be replaced by Daniel Timofe.

● FLORENCE: Bob Gansler, the United States coach, is to retire at the end of the World Cup. Gansler, aged 48, who only became the coach in January made the announcement to his players yesterday (AFP reports).

Sheene cup returns

AN £8,000 solid silver cup, the Mellano Trophy, which is 100 years old and was last won by Barry Sheene in 1976, has been brought out of the bank vault for the 23-race meeting over the full grand prix circuit at Brands Hatch on June 16 and 17. It will be awarded to the rider at the meeting who shows the most improvement on his or her previous result.

Drummond signs

THE former Great Britain rugby league wing, Des Drummond, aged 31, has signed a new two-year contract for Warrington. However, the Warrington forward, Billy McGinty, has turned down a new contract.

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THE TIMES

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FIXTURES

Today

Group B
Soviet Union v Romania (Bari, 4.0)

Group D
United Arab Emirates v Colombia (Bologna, 4.0)

Group A
Italy v Austria (Rome, 8.0)

Tomorrow

Group A
United States v Czechoslovakia (Florence, 4.0)

Group C
Brazil v Sweden (Turin, 8.0)

Group D
West Germany v Yugoslavia (Milan, 8.0)

TELEVISION

Today

EUROSPORT: 10.30am-12.30pm, 12.30-10pm (combined with tennis), and overnight World Cup: Argentina v Cameroon, Italy v Austria, Soviet Union v Romania, United Arab Emirates v Colombia.

ITV: 7.40-10.05pm: Italy v Austria from Rome.

BBC1: 11.20pm-midnight: World Cup group C: Denmark 10.55pm-5pm: Soviet Union v Romania from Bari.

Tomorrow

EUROSPORT: 10am-midnight, 0.10pm and overnight: Brazil v Sweden, West Germany v Yugoslavia and United States v Czechoslovakia.

ITV: 9.30-10.05pm: United States v Czechoslovakia from Florence.

BBC1: 10.55-11.05pm: Brazil v Sweden from Turin.

GROUP A

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Italy	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Austria	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
United States	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

GROUP B

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Argentina	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Soviet Union	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Romania	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Cameroon	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

GROUP C

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Brazil	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Sweden	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Costa Rica	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

EUROSPORT: June 10: Italy v Austria (Rome, 8.0); June 10: United States v Czechoslovakia (Florence, 4.0); June 10: Italy v Austria (Rome, 8.0); June 10: Austria v Czechoslovakia (Florence, 4.0); June 10: Italy v Czechoslovakia (Rome, 8.0); June 10: Austria v United States (Florence, 4.0).

FUTURES: June 10: Argentina v Cameroon (Bari, 8.0); June 10: Soviet Union v Romania (Bari, 4.0); June 10: Argentina v Soviet Union (Naples, 8.0); June 10: Cameroon v Romania (Bari, 8.0); June 10: Argentina v Romania (Bari, 8.0); June 10: Cameroon v Soviet Union (Bari, 8.0).

FUTURES: June 10: Brazil v Sweden (Turin, 8.0); June 10: Costa Rica v Sweden (Genoa, 4.0); June 10: Brazil v Costa Rica (Turin, 8.0); June 10: Sweden v Scotland (Genoa, 4.0); June 10: Brazil v Scotland (Genoa, 8.0); June 10: Sweden v Costa Rica (Genoa, 8.0).

A football dream that turned to nightmare



The way a World Cup was won: and for the West German goalkeeper, Toni Schuster, the moment that crowned a personal disaster in the final, as his hesitation gives Jorge Burruchaga, of Argentina, room to score the winning goal

It's always the same. For weeks on end, players and sports officials had been living together, more or less amicably. Training together. Eating together. Even sharing sleeping accommodation. Fits of hysterical laughter or angry outbursts, tension and clashes — such are the consequences of communal life when you put together nearly 30 adults whose dominant characteristics — not to say professional qualities — are pride and an ego the size of a furniture removal van.

And then all this was suddenly forgotten, swept aside. We all became as polite and timid and moderate as monks in a monastery. Team-mates all but started addressing each other as strangers. We did become strangers to each other. No, it was worse than that: we became strangers to ourselves.

Outside the hotel, in Mexico, just as we were about to get on the coach, Hermann Neuberg, Egidius Braun and all the other West German team officials and supervisors came to see us off, and to wish us luck.

There was a strange apprehension in their eyes as they focused on some distant point over our shoulders. There was awkwardness and reserve. The very few words spoken seemed incongruous and obtrusive. The fear of failure was invisible and unspoken. Intense, indescribable feelings. Huge responsibilities.

I'm the goalkeeper in the West German squad. I've played in two European championships. This is my second World Cup tournament. This time I want to be world champion. No messing about. Each match is a challenge. And today more so than ever. I'm trembling with emotion, with excitement. The other players are quiet. With good reason. Only in silence is there any stature; all else is pathetic.

I want to become world champion. For four years, I've wrestled with the lazy swine that I am deep down inside. I've struggled relentlessly to conquer my own mediocrity. I've trained with iron discipline, every hour, every day. Will these sacrifices soon be rewarded?

Franz Beckenbauer, world champion in 1974, a 'big brother' to us and our coach, moves about with the stiffness of a Prussian general. His eyes gleam with an energy that he seems to want to transmit to us. I can understand the tension and nervousness this once-inspired player must be feeling. Now his job condenses him to have no control over winning or losing, except mentally. Those

agile legs of his are of no help or use to him now. "Schuster lives inside his body as though it were a prison," he once said of me. But today he's in the same prison. And perhaps more so than I am.

Matthäus has a sombre, determined look in his eye. He knows what's expected of him. He has an overwhelming responsibility in this game. One that doesn't seem to worry him too much. He is to be Maradona's marker and keep the Argentinian striker out of the game. This is his assignment.

The final against Argentina must be played as though it were a 10-a-side match, with the Matthäus-Maradona duel a separate issue. Our strategy is simple, not to say stupid. To neutralise Maradona, the football genius. As for the rest, we're relying on the German team's fighting spirit! I feel sorry for Rummenigge, our own football genius. I admire him enormously, despite the stupid things he's said about me, and about the so-called "Cologne mafia" of which I'm supposed to be the Godfather and which supposedly hounds him and persecutes him. Poor martyr!

Today, his face looks as fresh and pink as a little marzipan pig. But either side of his nose is deeply lined. He claims to be in great shape. But he's worked like an animal to reach his form. I take my hat off to him! What's going on in his mind right this minute? Will his brain, his intelligence, hamper his creativity, his goal-scoring instinct? Will his reflexes be curbed, inhibited or, worse still, destroyed?

I know what the after-effects of an injury are like. I know that feeling of hesitation that creeps up on you at the decisive moment. Will those injured muscles and ligaments stand up to the impact? Will they tear? These questions are always at the back of your mind. So you need a truly iron will to do violence to your own body, the tool you work with. Pushing back the barriers of pain is an eternal struggle. Suppressing the pain to the extreme limit, to the point where you can't take it any more. For me, pain is just an illusion. Does Karl-Heinz Rummenigge know this too? I hope so. For his sake and for ours.

We're on the coach en route to the Mexico Stadium. I'm sitting on the back seat, on the right. This is where I invariably sit. Mexico's grubby light penetrates the curtain that I've drawn across the window. Heat and chaos. The air in this town is stifling, despite the air-conditioning. We're late, and to cap it all, we're

trapped in one of Mexico's legendary traffic jams.

The headphones of my Walkman are pressing on my ears. I'm immersed in the music of Peter Maffray, my favourite German rock singer. His music shields me from the town, from this thousand-eyed crowd that I sense, rather than see, through the windows of the coach. The words of the song fit this situation exactly: "I'm strong only with a gut anger... I'm prepared to be torn apart from my friends... I gladly give you your revenge and I'm strong only with a gut-love and anger."

Mexico Stadium. Bright colours. Flags. Doves of peace everywhere. The crowd roaring and shouting. Bread and circus.

Am I also a gladiator? Or one of the wild beasts? I don't like anybody inside this stadium. But I don't feel any gut-hatred or anger. What revenge is that guy Maffray talking about? I wonder? I simply want to become world champion and my opponents are not necessarily my enemies. I've played a clean game so far in this World Cup. Just a couple of days ago, I massaged the Mexican, Hugo Sanchez's, legs — he was suffering from cramp and crying out in pain. And I consoled him, as well as Negrete, off the field, after Mexico's defeat. It wasn't just an act, or put on for show. Contrary to what some cynics have suggested, there was no element of calculation in what I did; it was quite spontaneous.

Training and warm-up sessions for the German team. The assistant coach, Horst Köppel, puts me through my paces. I'm sweating, already my throat is dry. I watch Karl-Heinz Förster. He exudes power and the kind of robustness that you know you can always rely on. The sight of his calmness, of his solid presence, does me good. I could hug him just for being there.

The sun is now directly over the stadium. It's beating down on our heads. There isn't an inch of shade anywhere. Which is very good for the picture on the screen, they say. The Mexicans are relaying these matches to TV stations all over the world. One and a half billion viewers — it's enough to send shivers up your spine. Best not to think about it.

National anthems. "You're the best goalkeeper in the world. You're going to stop every ball. You're a beast of prey, Harald Schuster."

This is what I focus my mind on during endless, countless concentration exercises. It's a trick of mine for sharpening my re-

Toni Schuster became infamous for a foul he committed during West Germany's 1982 World Cup campaign. Here he recounts how he failed to redeem himself

flexes. It has always worked till now. This is what I tell myself while the national anthem of our Argentinian opponents is playing. Then I close my eyes.

I'm sure lots of people think that "Toni", being a chauvinist, has fallen into some kind of patriotic trance. Far from it! I'm simply letting myself escape temporarily into another world: a sandy beach stretching away for ever... a light breeze that makes the palm trees wave like fans... I'm swimming in a deep-blue lagoon somewhere in the Pacific.

Returning from an inward voyage of this kind, I feel better. My concentration is perfect. I have only one thought in mind: "You're the best goalkeeper. No ball can get past you. You're a tiger; the ball is your prey."

This is the secret of my ability to concentrate 150 per cent. To be ready to stop every shot at goal. So, before the kick-off against Argentina, I went through the exercise again. I told myself: "This is your big day. The game of your life. You're at the peak of your form. You stopped a penalty in the match against Mexico. And you played like a god against France."

I felt as though I had wings. I was super-confident. The final begins. A glance to right and left. No sign of any prey. Twenty long minutes go by. Too long. Not a single shot at goal. I'm hungry for the ball, and it's a hunger that increases with every minute that passes. But nothing to the back of the net.

Not a thing in sight. Then comes that fatal free kick, a cross that will lead to the first goal. An Argentinian lines up the ball. My prey! It comes flying in my direction. I move out towards it, determined to catch it.

"This one's yours! You're going to get this one!" I rush forward.

From the moment I start moving, I know that I'm not going to catch anything. Every hundredth of a second seems like an eternity. I go sailing across the penalty area like Lohengrin sailing past his swan. My last hope: "Will a German player manage to head the ball away?"

But it wasn't to be. An Argentinian head gets there first and tips the ball into the back of the net. I watch this catastrophe, dumbfounded. But inwardly, I'm silently shouting. Can it be that creativity suffers from too much concentration? I made no excuses. There was no point in dwelling on it.

"I gladly give you your revenge," Maffray sang in my Walkman headphones. Will there be any revenge for me? I'm sweating. Despite this torrid heat, I feel cold. I'd promised myself I was going to prove that I was the best keeper in the world, that I wasn't going to make any mistakes. "And this is how you start the final! So much for wanting to play like a god!"

I have no choice now: for the remaining 75 minutes, I have to play a perfect game! Like a faultless machine. And make everyone forget how I leapt like a nanny goat into the void. What a fool I made of myself! What about that wild beast I'm supposed to be?

A goalkeeper never scores a goal. And he can't correct his mistakes. He can only envy the striker who, with a single shot that finds the mark, can wipe out a hundred balls that he's sent sky-high. For a keeper, it's all or nothing. Success or failure. He's either a king or a nobody.

I really hate myself. Now I've got that gut-anger. The "prey" is still bouncing around. A long way off. No threat. And then suddenly dangerous. It's brought under control and kicked about by Germans and Argentinians. Matthäus is still marking Maradona closely, but all the same, the field is swarming with Argentinians.

One of them breaks away. Valdano. He's got the ball. I run forward and try to draw him. I give him an opening as I move towards him. He goes the other way. The prey grazes past my knee, out of reach, and carries on to the back of the net.

"Stay on the line," shout Förster and Magath. Rummenigge manages to score off a corner taken by Brehme. 1-2. Jubilation. A little later, comes an unhelped-for equaliser. 2-2. We go wild. The Germans are always on the offensive. Much too often. We're taking too many risks.

"Stay on the line," my teammates told me.

Five minutes before the end of the game, an Argentinian breaks away with the ball and comes hurtling towards me. I have to come off the line. But I hesitate. This time I get there too late — and the penalty for misjudging it is I let another goal through.

The whistle goes and it's the end of the match. There's no extra time. No penalties I could have saved — penalties that would have redeemed mistakes.

"A good goalkeeper is a player who's in a position, at several points during a game, to save his side. By his individual efforts, by going beyond his capability in a voluntary act." So said Jean-Paul Sartre. And he was right.

But this time, I haven't saved anything. Had I become a bad goalkeeper?

Dejection — no, depression is the word to describe the feeling that washes over you from head to foot when you've lost a final. You think you're going to die.

The winning side are elated. They leap around, their tiredness and exhaustion forgotten. The losers feel thrashed, beaten, bone-tired. Only our plucky midfielder player, Briel, has tears in his eyes. Rummenigge is deathly pale. The disappointment in the German side is tremendous. The losers are alone in the midst of this crowd shouting with joy. And every one of the 11 defeated players is alone with himself. The eleventh man, the keeper, the outsider in the game, is on his own yet again.

Only victory creates a sense of union within a side. I feel I'm to blame. A missed ball is an opportunity lost for ever. Frustration. Empty hands. A wind inside my head.

I would have given anything to be world champion. Well, not anything. Not my children. Not my parents either. Nor my wife, Marlies, nor Rüdiger Schmitz, my friend and personal manager. But otherwise, I'd have given anything, including my health.

I would have been prepared never to play football again after this final if I could have become world champion.

I've missed my chance. I know that, for me, there isn't going to be a next time. Football isn't like ice-hockey, where there's a world championship every year. For us footballers, four years is a long time. In Spain, and in Mexico, the German team has had to be content with second place. And by the time the next World Cup comes round, I'll be 36.

FOOTNOTE TO THE FINAL

After that defeat in Mexico, I looked at Oliver's photo, and I said to myself: "Look, Toni at least you've got healthy kids." That suddenly made me feel better and gave me new strength. I was ready to face the world again, and the press and officials.

I know that I deserve my enemies. But I'm not going to let this get me down.

Since the 'foul' I committed on Batistoni in Spain, in 1982, I'm perfectly aware that people have a negative view of me. There are plenty who would like to topple Schuster from his pedestal. A bit like Muhammad Ali, in his day. He was another big-mouth, but what class!

"People can't stand a big-mouth, but they always listen to him," the boxer used to say.

And everyone hopes and wishes that he'll lose one day, at least once. Before Mexico, people regarded me as a kind of monster. A block of marble standing in front of the net. A guy with no human feelings whatsoever, and only one concern: not to let any goals in! The perfect German machine, as it were.

And then I go and make a terrible mistake, the kind of mistake only a thoroughly ordinary human being could make. My critics were completely thrown by this, like dancers who start a fox-trot on the wrong foot. I was inundated with messages of sympathy. People felt sorry for me; even the press.

I had finally matured. I had acquired a human aspect. All this is a bit simplistic — although kindly meant, I admit. In fact, I had always been human, but crazier than most, more obsessed, too, by my responsibility in goal. For years, I had been classified as some kind of wild animal, and given a place in humanity's chamber of horrors. Because I was German, people thought I was made of the same metal as the torturers at Auschwitz. And now people were beginning to see me in a more favourable light.

I was delighted by this wave of sympathy. It was a real balm to my injured pride. But nice though the new sympathy was, I couldn't forget that it was just a tide turning after years of mistrust and hostility towards me. I'd never been a monster. Just an ordinary guy who wanted to be successful.

Adapted from *Blowing the Whistle* by Toni Schuster, published in paperback by WH Allen and Co (£2.99).

MOTOR RALLYING

Wet weather should suit the favourite

HEAVY rain in Scotland in the past few days has made David Llewellyn, of Wales, an even stronger favourite to win the CHI Scottish rally which starts from Glasgow today (a Special Correspondent writes).

Winner of two of the three previous rounds, Llewellyn begins the fourth championship in his four-wheel-drive Toyota Celica with a 15-point lead over Malcolm Wilson, who is restricted to two-wheel-drive on his Ford Sierra Cosworth.

Colin McRae, winner of the opening round in another Sierra Cosworth, is the most likely threat to the top seeds on the 35-stage three-day event as his father, Jimmy McRae, and another previous winner, Russell Brookes, both have less powerful cars.

YACHTING

Atlantic race losing appeal

A FALLING number of entries and a lack of sponsorship threaten the future of the two-handed transatlantic race, according to the Royal Western Yacht Club (RWYC), which organises the event (Keith Wheatley writes).

There are 37 confirmed entries for this year's race, which starts from Plymouth at noon tomorrow, only half the number that competed in 1986. Tony Bullimore, the British owner-skipper of Spirit of Apricot, the

leading British multimillionaire, has withdrawn because of a back injury suffered in a recent car crash.

According to the RWYC's commodore, Lloyd Pearson, there is a distinct possibility of the existing race being replaced by a new Anglo-Soviet event from Plymouth to Leningrad, via the Polish port of Gdynia.

"There is no doubt that this race to Newport has run its course," said Pearson. "There are so many more long-distance

events than there used to be and competitors are becoming blasé. Perhaps people don't get excited about crossing the Atlantic any more. It has certainly proved impossible to raise sponsorship."

The RWYC has received an invitation from a Leningrad yacht club to run a joint race in 1994 and initial soundings have suggested considerable enthusiasm for the idea. "We're certainly very keen as a club to have a go at it," Pearson said.

The gold medal winner, Dobrev, of Yugoslavia, who is now a top world prospect in small bore and air rifle, equalled the air rifle world record of 596 then, with 103 in the final, set a world final record of 699.4.

Results: 1st, Dobrev, 699.4; 2nd, J. H. Steyn, 698.2; 3rd, J. H. Steyn, 698.2; 4th, J. H. Steyn, 698.2; 5th, J. H. Steyn, 698.2; 6th, J. H. Steyn, 698.2; 7th, J. H. Steyn, 698.2; 8th, J. H. Steyn, 698.2; 9th, J. H. Steyn, 698.2; 10th, J. H. Steyn, 698.2.

RIFLE SHOOTING

Wallace well placed after setting record

NIGEL Wallace, aged 23, who won the British senior air rifle championship during his last year as a junior in 1987, set a British record of 599 out of 600 in the UTT World Cup meeting at Zurich, which is being used by Britain as the final selection test for the world championships (Our Rifle Shooting Correspondent writes).

Despite his British record Wallace was "counted out" of the final by a German on the same score.

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POWERBOATING

Drivers prepare for a unique test at Bristol

By BRYAN STILES

This year, Gyorgi Csapregi, of Hungary, and Akimori Komishi, of Japan, came under scrutiny for this weekend's British grand prix at Bristol, the second in this year's world inland circuit series.

The lightweight craft have propellers that are designed for the left turns customary on all world series courses, but Bristol has, in addition, two right-handers, which can throw the unwary. Its water is also far more turbulent than any encountered in the series.

Don Johnson, of the United States, won the first race in the series, in Zolder, Belgium, but will encounter stiff opposition this weekend as Jonathan Jones, the world champion, from Wales, enters the lists, after missing the opening round because his boat was not ready.

CYCLING

Jones hopeful of a treble in time trial

MANDY Jones will want to put the last six weeks behind her when she goes to the start of the women's national 25 miles time trial championship at Seaton Burn, Tyne and Wear, tomorrow (Peter Bryan writes).

The former world road race champion badly injured in a crash which halted her preparation for a month, has twice previously won the time trial but is not optimistic about completing a treble.

"I suspect that my accident has set me back too much," she said yesterday. Jones has only training mileage to 70 a day. Tony Doyle, riding the final stage of the Milk Race today from Manchester to Liverpool, for the first time since his serious crash in the Munich stage last November.

Salsabil set for classic double

By Mandarin
(MICHAEL PHILLIPS)

HAVING won the 2,000 Guineas and the Derby last year and the 1,000 Guineas this spring, Sheikh Hamdan Al-Maktoum now looks poised to add the Gold Seal Oaks to his prized collection at Epsom today with Salsabil.

It was, of course, the same filly who gave him that classic success at Newmarket in May when she has been trained especially with today in mind in order to attempt to become the first since Midway Lady to pull off the fillic classic double.

After Newmarket we know how good Salsabil is over a mile. By tackling today's longer trip she will be entering the realms of the unknown.

Unlike the milers who failed in the Derby, she has a pedigree which suggests that she ought to cope handsomely. Her sire, Sadler's Wells, is already responsible

for last year's French and Irish Derby winner Old Vic, not to mention Thursday's Coronation Cup winner, In The Wings, and Brashco, who has won the Ormonde Stakes at Chester and the Yorkshire Cup this season.

Salsabil's dam, Flame Of Tara, won over a mile and a half while Nearctic Flame, her first foal and Salsabil's full sister, was placed in last year's Ribblesdale Stakes at Royal Ascot.

In the 1,000 Salsabil ran on really strongly to account for Heart Of Joy by three-quarters of a length. As Heart Of Joy was subsequently beaten three lengths by In The Groove in the Irish equivalent.

Why then should not In The Groove beat Salsabil today, having already shown that she can at least stay further by winning the Musidora Stakes at York? My answer is that the Heart Of Joy, who was beaten so comprehensively on the



John Dunlop: stamina test for Salsabil

Curragh, was not the same filly who stretched Salsabil all the way to the line at Newmarket.

The form of the Irish race could be misleading. A line through Houseproud, though, would certainly appear to give

Salsabil the beating of Sheikh Hamdan's other runner, Gharman.

As likely as not the pace will be set by Ahead, who was bred to get the job done and to Salisbury when making all the running to win very impressively, albeit when opposed only by maidens.

Kartajana, on whom Michael Stoute is pinning his hopes of a fourth Oaks success, is also bred on the right lines. She impressed me when winning at Newbury last month, and she has captivated on-lookers at Newmarket since.

Salsabil and In The Groove both boast classic speed though and also greater experience. That speed, to the stamina, ought to be flowing through their veins, and I feel that they can dominate the finish.

If the Oaks eludes them this time, Stoute and the Aga Khan can at least pick up the London Brick Ebbisham

Stakes again with Zarna, who nearly fell at York last time after winning nicely at Doncaster.

By all accounts, the Stoute camp are also hopeful of winning the John O'Gaugh Stakes at Haydock Park with Field Glass, who had no luck at all in running at Sandown last time. But I cannot oppose Bold Russian, the runaway winner of Europe's most valuable handicap on the Curragh a fortnight ago.

Finally, there could easily be a fairytale ending to what has already been an extraordinary week in the life of Charfoun and Pat Eddery.

Wrybhill (7.45) and Deploy (9.10) are taken to give them a double at Leicester this evening, with the day's nap reserved for Wrybhill to win the Mercury Handicap now that both the ground and the distance will suit him to

BIG RACE LINE-UP C4

4.5 GOLD SEAL OAKS (Group 1: 3-Y-O fillies: £101,475: 1m 4f) (8 runners)

- | | | | |
|---------|---|--------------|----|
| 401 (2) | 0-1 AHEAD 31 (D.F.) (G Leigh) G Harwood 9-0 | R Cochrane | 70 |
| 403 (7) | 32-14 KARTAJANA 22 (F.G.) (H Al-Maktoum) P Stoute 9-0 | Pat Eddery | 56 |
| 404 (5) | 32 GAMES PLAN 16 (Mrs H Phillips) C Baines 9-0 | B Marcus | 60 |
| 405 (4) | 12-3 GHARAM 27 (F) (H Al-Maktoum) A Stewart 9-0 | M Roberts | 89 |
| 406 (6) | 13-2011 IN THE GROOVE 14 (F.G.) (B Cooper) D Elsworth 9-0 | C Ammassen | 98 |
| 407 (3) | 11 KARTAJANA 22 (F.G.) (H Al-Maktoum) P Stoute 9-0 | W R Swinburn | 86 |
| 408 (8) | 212-2 KNIGHT'S BARONESS 28 (F) (F Salmen) M Cooke 9-0 | T Quinn | 82 |
| 411 (1) | 121-11 SALSABIL 37 (F.G.) (H Al-Maktoum) J Dunlop 9-0 | W Carson | 95 |

BETTING: 9-4 In The Groove, 5-2 Kartajana, 11-4 Salsabil, 12-1 Gharam, 14-1 Ahead, 16-1 Knight's Baroness, 33-1 Cameo Performance, 50-1 Game Plan.

1989: ALYSIA 9-0 W R Swinburn (11-10 fav) M Stoute 9 ran

The Times selections: Mandarin (Michael Phillips): Salsabil. Michael Seely: Kartajana.

Private Handicapper: Salsabil. Newmarket Correspondent: Kartajana.

Form guide to the eight contenders

AHEAD

May 8, Sandown, good to soft: (8-11) beat 100lb (8-4) 12 (1m 4f, grad. 22.94, 7m).

May 4, Newmarket, good to soft: (8-11) beat 100lb (8-4) 12 (1m 4f, grad. 22.94, 7m).

May 2, Sandown, good to soft: (8-11) beat 100lb (8-4) 12 (1m 4f, grad. 22.94, 7m).

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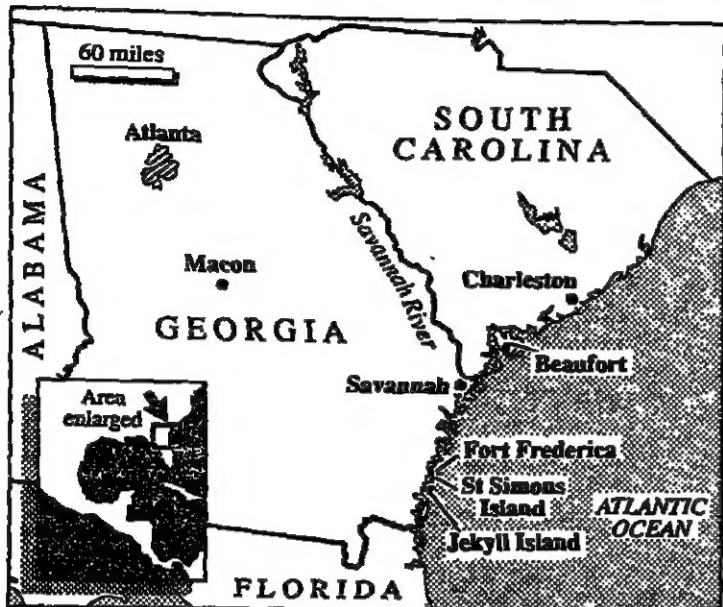
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● BACK TO THE HASTINGS BATTLEFIELDS
● MICHAEL WATKINS IN NAPLES

TRAVEL

The spirit of Georgia in Kelly's Bar

The morning sun in Atlanta transforms a brash American city into an elegant gateway to Georgia, last of the 13 original United States. Tom Millar visited islands, churches and bars, but never made it to Jimmy Carter's peanut plantation



Playing Lego on the moon: downtown Atlanta is the phoenix long risen from the ashes of Sherman's burning. With its elegant buildings and litter-free market squares, the "Big A" is now a vibrant centre of business and government

He was black and he was bunning a quarter. "Guess you ain't feeling kindly to the homeless, sir." It was said without bitterness, almost teasingly. Across the street, a man displayed a hasty notice of condition and intent. "I want to eat. I will work." The light was fading. The travel agent had somehow found me a hotel in what seemed a black ghetto. Minutes earlier, a white man had warned me to get off the street before dark.

I returned to the hotel and to television and wondered, for the first of many times, what the pictures and the hype told me about America. The adverts, obsessed with fast food and fast remedies for indigestion, sleeplessness and stress. The sitcoms, unbelievably banal. The news, a trawl of the world in 30 minutes. There was Thatcher. Here was Tammy Faye Bakker, her eyes like wells gushing liquid mascara. What or who could explain the devotion of middle America to the Bakkers and Swaggarts?

Still sleepless at 3am, I opened the curtains to look out on the Atlanta Expressway where cars, six abreast, headlights gleaming, hissed past like miniatures on some distant racetrack. Would I make it?

In the morning sun, it was different. I breakfasted at a Wendy, sought directions from a fellow diner and walked confidently along North Avenue and Peachtree Street. Parts of suburban Atlanta seem to be the work of someone playing Lego on the

moon. Downtown, the "Big A" is the phoenix long risen from the ashes of Sherman's burning. Once described as "a good location for one tavern, a blacksmith's shop, a grocery store and nothing else", it is now a vibrant centre of business and government.

It boasts the largest airport in the world. Its state capitol building of cool Indiana limestone has a gold-plated dome. Elegant buildings give way to market squares, clear of the litter that makes a hell hole of London's West End.

South to Macon, then east along highway 16 and the renewed experience of an American Interstate, lined with trees, mile upon mile. The occasional gaps in the tree line suggest that the aim is to hide the Great Bugger All that stretches on either side, acres of trees and swamp grass. Roadside notices warn of \$300 fines for throwing trash on the highway. Here and there on the hard shoulder great chunks of retreat provide moments of some unspeakable event. The somnolent miles are interrupted by the passage of a snorting five wheeler or a Greyhound bus, its passengers featureless shapes behind the tinted glass.

Speed signs come and go, minimum 40, maximum 65. The sign posting provides early warning, but, in heavy following traffic, "Right lane must turn right", can breed panic in the unfortunate who intended full ahead and for whom Exit 19 holds no attractions. Lane discipline deserves the rear window advice "Passing side... suicide". It is where slip

roads merge with Interstates and Expressways that danger lies. Mistime entry and you're dead.

Savannah is where Georgia began, last of the 13 colonies that made up the original United States. Here James Edward Oglethorpe marked out two dozen symmetrical squares. They are shaded with great oaks, their branches trailing tails of Spanish moss. Chipmunks forage in the grass or sit up, rub their paws and peer inquisitively around. Dignified white clapboard homes border the squares and line the streets.

From Bay Street, almost vertical stone steps pitch down to Factors' Walk, with its walls of oyster shell, ballast and brick. Cobblestone paths provide a less precipitous route to the walk and to River Street below.

On a sunny morning I visited the Independent Presbyterian Church, a branch of the Church of Scotland. I had taken in the oval dome, the solid mahogany pulpit and the slave entrances in the gallery before the church guide appeared, to admit blushing that she had nodded off in a back pew. Now "a little old southern lady", she had been baptized at that marble font. Lowell Mason, author of "Nearer My God To Thee" and "From Greenlands icy Mountains" had once been the church organist. In the parlour of the old manse, Woodrow Wilson married Ellen Louise Axson.

In a waterfront Irish pub a Yankee immigrant provided the sales pitch for a visit to Beaufort in South Carolina. Its gimcrack main

street gave no hint of the elegance of the mansions fronting the bay. To visit George Parson, Elliot House or Lafayette House, once occupied by Union soldiers, was to experience at a distance the pain of Confederate owners forced to flee these lovely homes and to return to meet their debts with a worthless currency.

From the main street an outside wooden stairway led to the mark of Kelly's Bar and to the Carolina habit of serving spirits in miniatures. A faded notice provided the tariff for a bar-answering service.

Not here 25c
Just left 50c
On his way 75c
Haven't seen him:
In a week \$1.50
Who? \$2.50
Just left with his wife No charge.

Across the bridge to Lady Isle and dinner at the Steamer Oyster and Steak House. The sturdy table had a hole in the centre for a metal pail and the napkin was torn from a roll of kitchen paper.

The Frogmore Fish Stew was delicious and the presence of several attractive, pregnant waitresses gave the place a homeliness that helped explain its popularity.

Charleston beckoned but so too did the Golden Isles strung along the Georgia coast. Some are inaccessible hideaways of the exclusive rich. From the top of the St Simons Island lighthouse there is a fine view of Jekyll Island and the Atlantic Ocean with, in the distance, the all wooden Christ Church and with trussed Gothic

roof and, nearby, Fort Frederica. A morning stroll along St Simon Pier. A friendly dog appeared, followed by its well groomed, attractive owner. In minutes she had my name, where from, where going? Travelling alone? So far, so good. Given a bank statement, I could picture myself rocking gently on the veranda of her stately home and accepting a mint julep from her smiling, coloured maid. She asked my age. I made the mistake of telling the truth. Somehow, all that hope seemed to wither. I turned to look at the shrimp boats, their arms outstretched to catch the harvest, their following nets raided by screaming gulls.

Too early for dinner at Blanche's Courtyard, I was directed to Murphy's Bar and promised the company of "eccentric millionaires, some businessmen, construction workers and the crews of the shrimp boats". I could believe it. The place had the atmosphere of some last chance saloon. There was a long bar, four pool tables, two dartboards over a massive brick fireplace and a seven-shelf corner of books that looked untouched since Oglethorpe defeated the Spaniards at Bloody Marsh in 1742.

There was only one girl in the place. She wore calf-high tooled leather boots, denim and a sleeveless black waistcoat. Between breaks at the table she donned a straw hat. Her presence helped explain why most men sat with their backs to the bar.

A Gabby Hays (eccentric millionaire) in an immaculate tropi-

cal suit and deerstalker accepted my offer of a pipeful of Coodor. Warned that it was strong tobacco, he replied: "I'm 81. Do you think I can stand it?" He had to admit later that I was right - about the tobacco.

He suggested that I visit St Augustine in northeast Florida. He was not the first and I was not disappointed. A 400-year-old community, established in the time of Philip II of Spain to protect the treasure fleets homeward bound. Here I attended Sunday morning service at Memorial Presbyterian Church. The text was, "Do you know how to pray?" A glance at the well-heeled congregation suggested that supplications for the good things of life were usually successful.

Go where you will, there is always somewhere else and, as departure day draws near, "you can't get there from here", takes on new meaning. You are too early or too late for the Prater Mill Country Fair or the Cherokee Fall Festival. You haven't tried hang gliding from Lookout Mountain or white-watering on the Oconee River. You haven't visited Jimmy Carter's peanut plantation, FDR's home at Warm Springs or the apothecary shop of John Pemberton, creator of Coca-Cola.

The couple who have just pulled into the motel courtyard haven't been there either. He must talk, she is anxious to get settled for the night and appears twice to call him in. "She ain't the best natured woman, I pay no attention and it passes."

His courtesy, his interest in the

stranger provide a sad but telling contrast for the last lap home on the Royal Scot from Euston. On a crowded train an old, white haired dame contrived to occupy two first class seats to Lancaster. She met all comers with frosty eyes and lied in a dowager accent that claimed a gentility she had never known. I turned to the paunchy businessman opposite. He closed his eyes to avoid contact, to open them quickly at the first call for lunch. Who now was a stranger in a strange land?

TRAVEL NOTES

● British Airways (081-897 4000) has direct daily flights from Gatwick to Atlanta. A Super Apex fare costs from £238 return. Hertz offers an "Affordable USA" deal. It includes a collision damage waiver, which is essential.

● Motels were used throughout. Rates advertised on roadside hoardings sometimes differ from the price quoted at reception. State tax is additional. Visitors Centres, in or near most towns, supply lists of accommodation. Arrive by noon and shop around. Ask for discount as a foreign visitor/senior citizen or member of the AAA.

● Georgia on my Mind issued by Tourist Division, Georgia Department of Industry and Trade, PO Box 1776, Atlanta, Georgia, provides a guide to its state's many attractions. The Atlanta Convention and Visitors' Bureau, 233 Peachtree Street, NW, Suite 200, 30343, provides first rate information. Talk with your Prommer's Where to Stay USA. At £8.50 it is worth every cent.

The poetry of camping

Michael Young finds lyricism in life under canvas by a French château



Conundrum: the chateau at Domalac de la Forêt

The salt marshes of the Vendée sprawl flat and seamless. Roads run straight as a die through villages of single-storey buildings. An occasional chateau stands clear above the surrounding countryside. Others lurk hidden and ornate in dense woodland. The Chateau at Domalac de la Forêt is hardly visible from the road but found at the end of a rough unprepossessing track.

Attached to the chateau, and nestling on the edge of green forest, is one of the most discreet campsites at which I have stayed. The chateau itself neither dominates the campsite nor hides from it; the two simply exist side by side, separated only by a cobbled courtyard and outbuildings.

At first sight the chateau seemed unused, although not neglected; but an unseen hand opened and closed the windows and shutters and pulled aside the peach-coloured curtains with a rhythm of its own. In the gloom within, I could just see the heavy furniture and the damask lined walls and paintings of what must have been the owner's ancestors with their fixed, unseeing eyes. But I never actually saw anyone moving.

It was a conundrum which could have been plucked from a Peter Greenaway film, and one that increasingly intrigued me as the children and I took our daily swim in what was otherwise an empty swimming pool tucked beneath the building's wide honey-coloured terraces.

Beyond the chateau, the ground dropped gently to two lakes where an old boathouse

seemed to float amid glacial reflections, its roof of terracotta tiles encrusted with mossy hummocks. To one side was a meadow of such beauty it could have been painted by a Monet.

There was a visual symphony of colour, of straw like spun sugar veined with the blue of cornflowers and inhabited only by the strangely beautiful adder and a species of sparkling iridescent lizard. For city-dwellers like myself, senses blunted by exhaust fumes and the dull city light, camping can be a cathartic

experience. Simple everyday country things - the quick guile of animals, the rich and often unexpected colour of wild flowers, the sharp retort from a farmer's bird-scarer, assume a vivid intensity.

If for adults continental camping with fully equipped "luxury" tents and superb washing facilities presents the ideal opportunities for relaxation, for city children camping has the romance of total, unexpurgated freedom. Within the confines of the site, they can simply go anywhere they

please, making new friends with an ease which adults find altogether bemusing. When the pleasures of such freedom begin to tarnish, the on-site couriers will organize games and activities in a way that is both casual and un-regimented.

The Vendée itself possesses a country-cousin blandness when compared to the exotic nature of the south or the bloated, self-satisfied copulence of the Dordogne, but it does have vast beaches and acres of sand-dunes, and there is the Atlantic ocean, where we stood up to our ankles in water that was far too icy to tempt us further, content in the knowledge that nothing but this vast geographical expanse stood between us and America.

Off-season, the Vendée has gypsies too, great tribes of them occupying quiet, out-of-the-way places, the men blocking the roads in gossiping clusters. It has, too, a distinct back-water, quiet, regional feel which I found unpalatable. But on this occasion in early spring, with a far from hostile sun on my back I was more than content to stroke the lengths of the pool, my children splashing at my side and my head spinning with the imagined mystery surrounding the chateau and its owners.

TRAVEL NOTES

Michael Young camped courtesy of Eurocamp (0565-50022). Two adults for 14 nights from £249 low season, 2555 high season; includes ferry crossing. Children under 13 free off season; £43 each high season for 10-13-year-olds.



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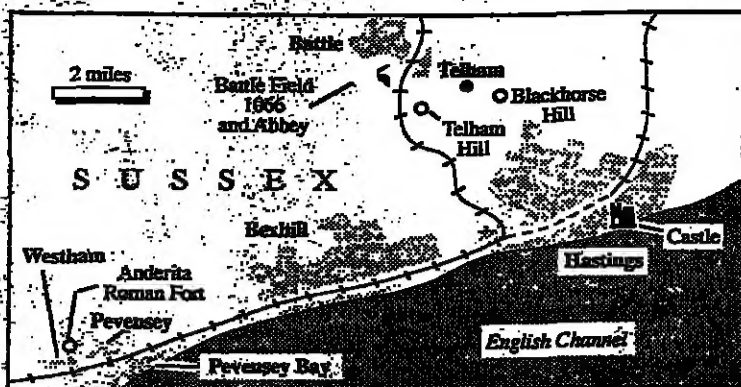
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TRAVEL

By train to the fields of war

Russell Chamberlin
listens to the
Norman war cries
echoing across a
valley near Hastings
and stands where
Harold fell and
shaped our lives



At first sight, the view seems depressingly familiar as one emerges from the crisp little railway station which serves both the villages of Westham and Pevensey, in Sussex. Villages? The area seems the very epitome of Subtopia: dispiriting mass-produced buildings selling mass-produced goods, belonging to chain organizations and bisected by a murderous highway. But all is not what it seems, for like diamonds in clay, there are survivals maintaining continuity with the past: a half-timbered dwelling house; an old farmhouse; the solid stone church of Westham proudly proclaiming "This was the first church in England built by the Normans". Inside there is more continuity, more links between remote past and busy present: a touching little guide-book, written by the children of the parish and drawing attention to such details as the early 15th-century font "where some of us were baptized".

Outside the west door of the church is a holy water stoup: it is almost at ground level, whereas it would originally have been at least waist-high. Evidently, the land has risen greatly during the nine centuries since the ships of William the Conqueror nosed their way round what was then the peninsula of Pevensey, to ground on the shingle beach below the Roman fort of Anderida. The fort is now at least a mile inland and you get your first view of it from Westham church — a view that covers two millennia of England's history. The road curves off sharply to the left, away from the coast, taking with it the lunatic stress of traffic. The old road — old by seven centuries when the Normans arrived — continues. It is fringed now with suburban houses and choked with parked cars; but at the end the vista is blocked by the immense, grey, encircling wall of the fort.

In our passion for "conservation", Anderida has been barbed and manicured until it resembles a vast garden ornament, but it is still deeply evocative. The sheer size is impressive; William's entire force was probably accommodated within it on the night of the landing, and the permanent castle built within it a few years after the Conquest, though large, is tucked into one side. It played a role even in the Second World War, for tucked into the romantic ruins are cleverly sited machine-gun posts.

It was impossible for the Normans to advance northward from Pevensey, for the way was blocked by the Andredswald, the vast forest that covered most of south-

east England. The army therefore moved on to Hastings to await the coming of the Saxon army along the Roman road from Maidstone. I followed William by train and, walking across the flat plain from Anderida to the railway station of Pevensey Bay, received a vivid lesson in geology. Although the station platform is only two or three feet high, you can get a glimpse of the distant sea and, turning round, see Anderida rising up from a promontory. Quite evidently, a thousand years ago the whole of this plain was the sea bed, the railway now running along it to Hastings.

Centuries of wind and rain have shaped the Hastings coastline as drastically as they reshaped that at Pevensey. Today, the beach in front of the town runs in a more or less straight line from east to west: in the 11th century the coast was pierced by two deep inlets with a

The battle started at 9am: Harold received his wound about 5pm, and by dusk it was all over

200ft cliff in between. With a Norman's sure eye for a military position, William ignored the Saxon town established on the western side; instead, his troops ascended the towering cliff and there erected a temporary fort similar to the one they had erected inside Anderida. Ironically, the area of Hastings known today as the "Old Town" is, in fact, the New Bourg established by William's descendants and, along a coastline that has largely succumbed to an orgy of candy-floss stalls, bingo halls and "amusement" arcades, Hastings Old Town still retains its heart and identity, an enchanting medley of styles from the 15th to the 19th century.

The fort at Hastings was so important that it figured by name in the Bayeux tapestry, and was rapidly followed by the permanent stone fort of which the present ruins, high above Hastings, are the remains. This fortified cliff was William's base for 16 days while he awaited the advent of the Saxon *Fyrd* under Harold. Late on the afternoon of Friday October 13, the Norman scouts caught their first

sight of the main Saxon army as it assembled at the rendezvous point, the "hoar apple tree" on the site of what is now the local authority offices in the town of Battle. Sunrise the following morning was 6.30, by which time the Normans were on the march. Four miles from Hastings, Saxons and Normans had their first full sighting of each other, around 8am, from across a valley about a mile wide. The Normans were assembled on a rise called Telham Hill by the chroniclers, but known today as Blackhorse Hill, just off the A2100, while the Saxons lined up on a ridge called Santlache. Gallicized into "Senlac", this was later translated, with romantic hindsight, as "lake of blood", but it was simply the Anglo-Saxon for "sandy ridge".

I followed on by train. Would Dr Beeching have been permitted to wield his axe today quite so indiscriminately as he did in the Sixties? I doubt it, for even with our powerful and ruthless road lobby it is becoming evident that road transport is devouring itself. Above all, the train slips through the landscape causing the minimum of change so that, allowing for natural change, one is seeing what has survived for centuries.

Battle railway station is a delight. Built by William Tress in 1852 in the fashionable Gothic, it not only survived Dr Beeching's attentions, but was one of the first of our stations to enjoy a face-lift, benefiting from the novocentenary celebrations in 1966. Battle itself is the quintessentially English country town: a splendid high street, with buildings of every period from the 16th century onwards, and with the rich Sussex countryside within sight and sound and smell. There is a significant homogeneity about some of the stone buildings erected after the mid-16th century; their stone was plundered from the abbey with which William marked the site of the battlefield. The parts of the abbey that remain habitable today, including the great gatehouse, are a private girls' school. The ruins of the abbey, together with the battlefield itself, are public property in the care of English Heritage.

Astonishingly, despite the nine centuries of change that have taken place in this region — one of the most crowded in western Europe — few man-made objects are visible on the battlefield, the most obvious being the ruins of the abbey on the Santlache. The marshy bottom of the valley, whose nature dictated the Norman tactics, has now largely resolved itself into four ponds and the land has risen so

much that only one relic of the battle, an axehead, has been found. But the approach to the ridge along which the Saxons assembled is still steep enough to provide an indication of the formidable challenge presented to the Normans. It is even possible to identify the hill-ock, on William's left flank, where he stationed the Bretons, one of the three elements of his army. English Heritage has provided excellent but discreet signposting around the battlefield, making it possible to follow physically each known phase of the battle. It is deeply moving to discover how small was this climactic site: you can walk around the entire perimeter in about half an hour. The two armies were separated by perhaps five minutes' brisk walk.

The battle started at around 9am: Harold received his wound about 5pm, and by dusk it was all over. To commemorate it, William

ordered that the abbey be built on the ridge. The monks were horrified by their instructions to build on a waterless height, contrary to every tenet of monastic architecture, and began plans to build, logically, lower down the slope. But William's iron will prevailed: the high altar was to be built precisely on the spot where Harold Godwinson fell. And that was where it was built and tended for five centuries, until a member of yet another dynasty claiming England, the Welshman Henry VIII, decreed its destruction.

The outline of the abbey has been carefully marked in the turf so that it is still possible to identify the site of the high altar. Nearby, in 1903, a French historical society, Le Souvenir Normand, was permitted to erect a monument, generous in intention but of excruciating vulgarity of design. It bears the following legend: "Dieux Aie!

Dans le champ historique de Senlac où tomba le brave Harold le Saxon, 837 ans après la bataille qui donna à la Grande-Bretagne La Loi Normande. Le Souvenir Normand venu des Bords de la Seine à proclamer avec joie la Paix des Normandes". Dieux Aie! — the battle cry of the Normans. It says something about the English that they permit the record of their greatest defeat in the language of the conqueror.

TRAVEL NOTES

There are regular train services to Pevensey and Westham from Victoria and London Bridge, and to Hastings from Waterloo, Victoria, London Bridge and Charing Cross. Second-class return fare to Pevensey and Westham is £10.60, to Hastings £10.90 (first-class single £15.90 and £16.30, respectively).

TRAVEL NEWS

Have chair, will travel

WANDERLUST afflicts the disabled too, and *The World Wheelchair Traveller*, published by the AA at £3.95, cannot be recommended too highly. It is tough, practical and inspirational.

The National Trust has converted a pair of 18th-century farmworkers' houses on its Hadrian's Wall estate in Northumbria for use by handicapped people. Springwell, 150yd from the wall, is the first National Trust holiday cottage to have an electric stair lift. The cottage is equipped for six people and the trust recommends that at least one member of any visiting party be able-bodied. National Trust Holiday Cottages, 0208 753830.

Welsh comfort

LLANGOED Hall, a new country house hotel owned by Sir Bernard Ashley, opens today. The house, in the valley of the River Wye, between Builth Wells, Brecon and Hay on Wye, was designed by Sir Clough William-Ellis (architect of Portmeirion) in 1913 and incorporates part of a Jacobean manor. A double room costs from £105 per night including full Welsh breakfast for two. There is no service charge (0874-754525).

Shona Crawford Poole
Travel Editor

TRAVEL BOOKS

The ultimate test of a travel book is whether it makes you want to go there. The *New Shell Guides* pass with flying colours. The latest additions to the series — *Sussex*, by John Godfrey, *East Anglia*, by Christopher Catling, and *Gloucestershire and Hereford & Worcester*, by Christopher Catling and Alison Merry (each £11.99) — follow the familiar gazetteer format. Each town is described in the detail it deserves, and most pages are illustrated with a good colour photograph. The casual reader can open any of the books at a random page and be assured of finding a destination which looks and sounds interesting. If you don't feel like hopping in your car to explore after reading these books, you are immune to the travel bug.

Even people who think they know Italy well may be unable to pinpoint the subject of *Northern Lazio — an Unknown Italy* (John Murray, £16.95). This is the area, just north of Rome, that was the cradle of the Etruscan civilization which predated the rise of the Roman republic. The authors, Wayland Kenner and Elizabeth Young, attribute travellers' neglect of this area to the fact that it is overshadowed by the glories of the city. But that, they argue, means that northern Lazio, rich in Etruscan and later historic sights, is remarkably unspoilt. The subject makes for interesting reading but the book's use of uninspiring black and white photographs is disappointing.

Jenny Tabakoff

Sally Baker enjoys Devon's wilder side from the comfort of a converted barn

User-friendly Dartmoor

If your last experience of an English country cottage was when friends insisted you borrowed their place in Norfolk, and it turned out to have no running water, cobwebs the like of which you hadn't seen since Pip visited Miss Havisham, and a privy across a muddy field, you could sympathize with the small voice that said from the back of the car halfway to Devon: "It will have an indoor loo that flushes properly, won't it?"

Actually it had two, and they did. It also had a wood-burner, fitted carpets, duvets, colour co-ordinated furnishings, a full set of matching crockery and a television. This was clearly superior accommodation — a converted barn on Dartmoor's northern edge near Okehampton, from whose windows, set deep in the stone, we could watch those gloomy contours appear and disappear behind the grey cloud curtain.

The spring weather was unkind — stinging showers of hail sending the surfboarders skidding ashore at Bideford, and wind lifting the vinyl flooring in the kitchen — but, curled up on a window seat with logs crackling and the rich smell of stew in the air, it seemed churlish to sulk. And when the sun came out, so did we, in search of the River Torridge in the woods below the barn, scrambling down a steep bank glowing with bluebells, primroses, wild garlic, anemones, red campion — and early purple orchids with their black-spotted leaves, which we tiptoed carefully round.

The river was rushing along the valley floor, making all the right sort of noises and looking like just the spot for an otter to call home, but of Tarka's descendants there was

no sign. So we headed for the Dartmoor Otter Sanctuary near Buckfast Abbey, only to be informed that the dear little creatures munching on dead chicks and cavorting in the water for the cameras were merely Tarka's Asian relatives. Why no British otters? Because, said the bored attendant, they're very difficult to catch. We eschewed the urban temptations of Hatherleigh and Okehampton in favour of such natural wonders as Lydford Gorge on Dartmoor's western edge, a deep ravine cut by the River Lyd as it plunges into a succession of whirlpools, including the deafening, boiling Devil's Cauldron, rendered irresistible to children by being reached via a slimy rock-face and a series of slippery gang-planks, while their parents tried not to watch. On the northern side of the moor, perched on a crag 900ft above the Teign valley, stands a man-made wonder:



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TRAVEL NOTES

The Barns at Eastern Town, Meeth are converted into four units, and are bookable through Elkes Country Cottages (0603 783225 for a 1990 brochure; 0603 783221 for bookings). Sample peak season prices are £273 per week for four people.

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TRAVEL

A city that lives on passion and trash

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN SIMS (ALAN KECHANE)

Michael Watkins
treads the wild
side of scruffy
Naples, and finds
a haven on the
Amalfi Coast



There is nothing wrong with Naples that a tough mayor couldn't handle. Two names come to mind: Ed Koch of New York and Teddy Kollek of Jerusalem, preferably working in tandem. Having interviewed both, I know them to be capable of moving mountains. Moving mountains is what is required in Naples, refuse mountains of unspeakable potency. There is nothing rectilinear or select in the application of this filth; it is arbitrary, of almost impromptu disposition. The patina of neglect smeared across the city is self-applied, signalling despair, resignation.

The writing is on the wall in more dialects than one, graffiti inscribed with impunity on both the sacred and the secular. Equestrian statues canter off to long-forgotten crusades spurred on by daubed polemics on their pedestals. Urchin footballers tackle each other between neo-Doric columns of the Church of San Francesco di Paola, slamming goals into doors through which penitents pass to confession. The most of Castel Nuovo, sturdily embellished by Alfonso I of Aragon, is awash with rotting vegetables; the Umberto Gallery is supported by scaffolding, a cripple on municipal crutches. And the stench makes one gag.

I arrived on Saturday, wedding day and eve of the football championship match between Naples and Lazio. Checking in at the Excelsior, where my room overlooked the twin hulks of Vesuvius and the United States aircraft



Shopping Napoli style in the Via Chiara: a vibrant cocktail of voices, car horns and spluttering scooters



Despair: only the young breathed fire in those alleys



'In the alleys, all small boys are Diego Maradona'

carrier Saipan, I made for the Capitaneria di Porto. Brides, married for minutes and mummified in vestal tulle, were being arranged by photographers. Mothers, puce with importance, officiated, assisted by bridesmaids, lactic and gasping in their too-tight frocks. Only the grooms held back, starved and strained until camera shutters coaxed them in perpetuity, one flesh now but two against the world.

A world you might feel inclined to disown if you came from the Via Solitaria, where I spent the afternoon, swallowed by that crepuscular half-light common to slums. Acres of grey washing stirred in a feid breeze; pavements were sticky; people moved in slow motion, reduced.

Only the very young breathed fire in those alleys that reeked of fish and disillusion. Always they had a football, which they dribbled from one tenement to the next, grazing their knees and bloodying their noses, towards those arenas of faith and hope where all small boys are Diego Maradona.

In La Bersagliera, where the copierge recommended I should eat, three old men, accompanied by an accordion, wheezed lackymose Neapolitan songs: *bel canto*, at the customer's so I supped across the harbour at La Scialuppa where, between the antipasto and the mussels, I witnessed two quayside brawls. The participants in the second, and the more pitiless, were women.

On Sunday morning, the sound was tuned up full volume: car horns, rattles, whistles and sirens, these were the battle hymns urging the Naples football team to victory. Flags, streamers, placards and scarves, these were the regimental colours, tribal ju-ju by which Lazio would be crushed. The Church of Santa Chiara was my sanctuary; it offered charity, and reason. Whether you believed or not,

at least it housed order. One would forget the outcome of the afternoon's match, but not the church, not entirely. And if you did, there was always the comfort that the Church might not forget you.

Naples won. Maradona was the hero of the hour. Throughout the long evening and longer night the city gorged on victory. Even American sailors, bullet-headed in bars, joined in the celebration, which was wholesale, ecstatic, affectingly sweet and never vicious. I saw then that there was no alternative to victory, it was a foregone conclusion.

Neapolitans, who were on a losing streak even before the Bourbons, could not afford to lose a game of football.

I left then for Pompeii. Abjuring the gladiatorial autostrada, I took the coast road, which swarmed with more

cars than a summer pond with gnats, the majority with battered wings, a result of traffic lights being designed purely for decorative purposes. It took me two and a half hours to cover less than 16 miles.

Forgive me if you will, but I intend to call three witnesses for the prosecution of Pompeii: Herman Melville, 1857 - "Pompeii like any other town"; Arthur Symonds, 1903 - "The ghastly suburb of Pompeii"; and Rose Macaulay, 1953 - "... the small, plain, windowless houses ... to live in them must have been like living in one of a row of bathing huts". I beg you, when I mention Pompeii's commercial ramifications, not to plead that this is the way of the world, because it is not exclusively so. Consider Ephesus, Jerash, Palmyra. The Pompeii industry is so venal that car

park tickets cost as much as entrance to the ruins themselves. A few tours are undoubtedly scrupulous, but I'll bet others are sinfully un-

Even so, a weird stillness attends the multitude passing through the turnstiles of this crematorium. So many dead, 20,000 or so, baked and buried in lava, calcified one midsummer morning in ancient history. It is a melancholy spot, its exploitation degrading.

The Amalfi Coast, from Sorrento to Salerno, refreshes and revives the spirit. Despite the traffic, the mind-numbing jams caused by leviathan coaches impaled on hairpin bends, this is one of the Mediterranean's most benevolent gifts. I like to think that it is inviolable, protected even from man's ingenuity.

Sorrento and Amalfi act as twin magnets, their pull immeasurable. Positano, once plundered by Saracenic pirates who made off with the Virgin from the Church of Maria Assunta, is plundered by Visigoths of a new order. It is relentlessly picturesque, miraculously sculptured in rockface, three-dimensional like a child's pop-up picture book. I loved it once; now I am content to love it in my mind's eye. Love (not romantic love, the adman's weapon) needs space in which to grow, and every square metre of space in Positano has been developed.

Occasionally, I dream of a fennel-scented terrace high above the sea, junk-free and silent, where I can make my own rules. Although I have never found it, I have discovered substitutes. One such is Praiano, two and a half miles from Positano. Here, at the whitewashed Hotel Open Gate, they gave me a clean room with a vast terrace above the sea for the equivalent of £40 a night.

Before dinner, I trod the steep way to a harbour pinioned by sheer, dark cliffs. I followed a footpath and when it gave out I turned back. Fishermen dragged their boats up the shingle, others drank at the Bar Alfonso; one raised a hand in salutation.

From Praiano I reassembled my thoughts about Naples which, in its way, is immensely generous, wildly uninhibited. Even today, everyone smokes cigarettes, puffing away until smoke comes out of their ears. The reason they do this, apart from self-indulgence, is because there is no tomorrow; despite their Catholicism, there is no reckoning. Wearing their hearts on their sleeves, they thrive on scandal, about which they are quite uncensorious. They are undisciplined, innovative, passionate, maddening; combining sexuality with motherliness, they are hard to resist, particularly from a distance.

Up at the Palazzo Sessa in 1791, Emma Hamilton - wilful, warm, vulgarly theatrical - embraced Naples because it suited her temperament. She created a stir, considerable even by Neapolitan standards, by dallying with yet another married man - Nelson.



Memories: a new life starts with traditional photographs in the Piazza Municipio

TRAVEL NOTES

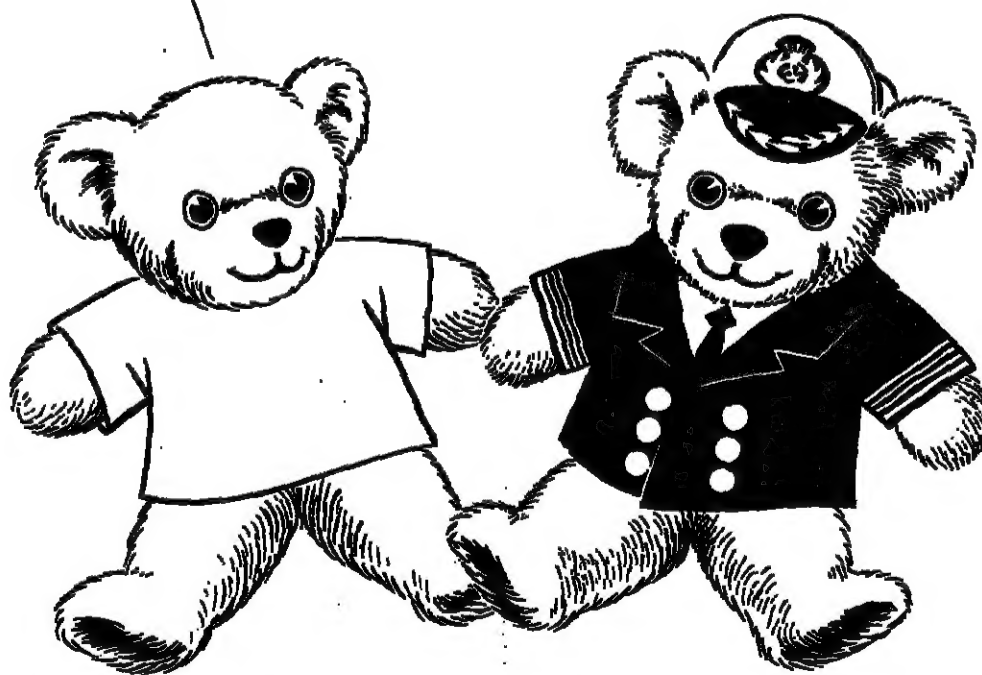
● Michael Watkins's travel arrangements were made by Italitour, 241 Euston Road, London NW1 2BT (reservations 071-383 3888). It specializes in the Amalfi Coast and does not feature Naples in its brochure, but will make individual bookings in the city. For example, seven nights at the Excelsior, including 5&B and return flights by Alitalia, Gatwick-Naples, costs £360 per person.

● Example of a 14-day holiday in Sorrento with Italitour: half board at the Hotel President, including return flights by Alitalia, Gatwick-Naples, £1,048 per person in high summer.

● Hotel Open Gate, Praiano (010 3889 874148); charters from £149 midweek in June with P&O (061-748 1333)

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